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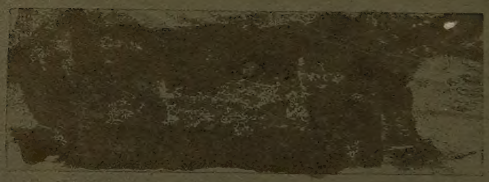

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From a photograph by Gutekunst, taken in 1878.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF BAYARD TAYLOR

EDITED BY

MARIE HANSEN-TAYLOR

AND

HORACE E. SCUDDER

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

SECOND EDITION

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From humble home-lays to the heights of thought
Slowly he climbed, but every step was sure.

J. G. WHITTIER, *Bayard Taylor*.

Dear is the Minstrel, yet the Man is more.

Goethe Ode.

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PREFACE.

It is six years since Bayard Taylor died, and if it had been thought necessary only to satisfy a passing curiosity concerning him the delay in publishing his memoirs would have been unwise. But if a volume had been brought out within a few months of his death, it must have failed to present any full and intelligible interpretation of a career which was frequently misunderstood through superficial acquaintance with it. The delay in the appearance of this work has enabled the editors to gather a larger number of letters, to arrange them, and to supply such connecting links and slight comment as seemed necessary to a clear and comprehensive narrative. It has been their aim to let the poet tell his own story so far as is possible, and above all to follow the clew which his own confession affords. No man's life can be truthfully written which does not take very close account of the ideal

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which the man has kept before himself; and fortunately for the reader, Bayard Taylor repeatedly discloses in unmistakable language the dominant idea of his life. By keeping that in mind one easily brings the various turns of an apparently changeable life into an order which explains every movement.

Thanks are due to the several correspondents of Bayard Taylor, who have generously contributed the letters which they held. These letters leave but few gaps to be filled. Perhaps, if those which could not be secured had been accessible, they would have added nothing material; yet the reader will share the regret of the editors that the letters written to Mr. Putnam had been destroyed by fire, and that the absence of Mr. Howells from the country made it impracticable to obtain those which Bayard Taylor wrote to the former editor of the "Atlantic Monthly."

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Bayard Taylor's Early Home.

CHAPTER I.

SURROUNDINGS AND EARLY LIFE.

1825–1841.

Scarce from the void of shadows taken,
We hail thine opening eyelids, boy!
Be welcome to the world! Awaken
To strength and beauty, and to joy!

The Two Greetings.

CHESTER COUNTY, in Pennsylvania, is a rich farming country, and the traveler who visits it for the first time is at once impressed by the air of solid comfort which prevails, and by the signs of an old, long-settled region. The gently rolling land is occasionally interrupted by steep hills and low-lying valleys, but for the most part the eye travels over cultivated fields and patches of woodland, various in leaf and form. The oak and chestnut and cedar flourish in large, rich growth; the box forgets its stunted life; and there are

the tulip-tree and magnolia, while hedges of osage-orange run by the side of the road. The northern and southern climes meet on common ground; and if one comes from the north, he is reminded that nature has kinder moods than he has been wont to know. The autumn lingers, and the spring hastens, while the water-courses which wind through the broad valleys keep a constant green in the grassy meadows.

The generous farms are ordered from old, substantial houses, which have been occupied by successive generations of the same family. The names of Penn's associates, to whom deeds of land were made, are often the names of present landholders, and the very houses which the first settlers built may yet be seen on some homesteads. There has been little change in the character of the community, except as it has been modified by time.

Fifty years ago there was much the same comfortable prosperity as to-day, but then people rode their horses or drove their carts, where now they keep their carriages, and they had few of the luxuries or graces which wealth brings. Their lives were simple and primitive, and they rarely traveled farther than to Wilmington or Philadelphia market. They belonged for the most part to the Society of Friends, and held to a somewhat rigorous code of manners, but the doctrines of the Friends found expression in a positive adhesion to all forms of protest against tyranny. The position which the region holds upon the border of the two sections of the Union made it the refuge of the slave, and one of the most important stations of the Underground Railway was here. In the days of ferment before the war for the Union, and during the years of the war, famous gatherings were held here, at

which the champions of human rights and individual creeds from all parts of the country met for conference, and were generously entertained by the hospitable farmers. Whittier has sung the praises of one of these families in his verses, "The Golden Wedding of Longwood," and as he sings the vision of that country and its people rises before him: —

Again before me with your names, fair Chester's landscape comes,
Its meadows, woods, and ample barns, and quaint, stone-builded homes.
The smooth shorn vales, the wheaten slopes, the boscage green and soft,
Of which their poet sings so well from towered Cedarcroft.

This country and its people formed indeed a large part of the material from which the poet, born and bred among these scenes, built his imaginative pictures. As one passes over the road leading from Longwood to Cedarcroft he comes to a wooded knoll, where once stood a mighty pin-oak. Here Bayard Taylor rested in fancy, and looked over a familiar landscape. "Yonder," he wrote, —

Yonder, a mile away, I see the roofs of the village, —
See the crouching front of the meeting-house of the Quakers,
Oddly conjoined with the whittled Presbyterian steeple.
Right and left are the homes of the slow, conservative farmers,
Loyal people and true, but now that the battles are over
Zealous for Temperance, Peace, and the Right of Suffrage for Women.
Orderly, moral are they, — at least in the sense of suppression;
Given to preaching of rules, inflexible outlines of duty;
Seeing the sternness of life, but alas! overlooking its graces.
. . . . . .
Nay, but let me be just; nor speak with the alien language
Born of my blood; for cradled among them, I know them and love them.

Was it my fault if a strain of the distant and dead generations
Rose in my being, renewed, and made me other than these are? [1]

The whittled Presbyterian steeple is gone, but the physical and the moral landscape have suffered little change since the lines were written, as the view then was substantially what it might have been fifty years before. The village thus seen was Kennett Square, and here, January 11, 1825, Bayard Taylor was born, the fourth child of his parents, but then their only one, the three earlier having died in infancy. He was born in a two-story house, not now standing, at the corner of State and South Union streets. His father and mother, Joseph and Rebecca [Way] Taylor, both survive him. In an autobiographic sketch which he gave to a German magazine, he says of his ancestry and birth: —

"Robert Taylor, a rich Quaker, who came to Pennsylvania in 1681, with William Penn, settled near the Brandywine Creek, and part of the land which his eldest son inherited from him is in my possession [at Cedarcroft]. His descendants clung to the soil with a Saxon tenacity. I have not, thus far, followed my family-tree beyond Robert; but if I should discover that Bishop Jeremy Taylor sprang from the same stock, I should be prouder of him than of a possible descent from Tudor or Plantagenet. I suspect that Joseph Taylor, the friend of Shakespeare and the first interpreter of Hamlet, was one of my ancestors, for the family has preserved his name. My grandfather, who had married a Lutheran of pure German blood, was excommunicated by his brother Quakers, and none of his children ever returned to the Society.

[1] *Home Pastorals*, August.

I was born the 11th of January, 1825, the year when the first locomotive successfully performed its trial trip; I am therefore just as old as the railroad."

His grandmothers, both on his father's and mother's side, were of South German descent. His father's mother knew hardly any English, but always spoke with her children the curious patois known as Pennsylvania Dutch. His mother's family was from the English Mendenhalls, a name which was used by the poet in "Lars." The name of Bayard was from James A. Bayard, the Delaware senator of that day, and was given by the parents of the boy out of admiration for their neighbor. It was the senator's surname only which was taken. "As a boy of sixteen or seventeen," Bayard Taylor once wrote, "I sometimes attached J. (never James) to my name, foolishly thinking it would look better. When my first volume of poems came out, Rufus Griswold, my first literary friend, put James Bayard Taylor on the title-page, and the small private edition was printed before I could correct it. The matter was an annoyance to me then, and it has been ever since. I felt bound to retain the J., however, until I was twenty-one and became legally responsible for my signature. Then I dropped it instantly, and have never since used anything else than my original and only true name."

When Bayard was four years old, the family moved to the farm, a mile distant from Kennett Square, where they continued to live until the building of Cedarcroft, hard by, gave a home to those of the family who had not left the homestead. It was about this farm that his earliest recollections gathered. "The child," he says, "that has tumbled into a newly ploughed furrow never forgets the smell of the fresh

earth. He thrives upon it as the butcher's boy thrives upon the steam of blood, but a healthier apple-red comes into his cheeks, and his growing muscle is subdued in more innocent pastimes. Almost my first recollection is of a swamp, into which I went bare-legged at morning, and out of which I came, when driven by hunger, with long stockings of black mud, and a mask of the same. If the child was missed from the house, the first thing that suggested itself was to climb upon a mound which overlooked the swamp. Somewhere among the tufts of the rushes and the bladed leaves of the calamus, a little brown ball was sure to be seen moving, now dipping out of sight, now rising again, like a bit of drift on the rippling green. It was my head. The treasures I there collected were black terrapins with orange spots, baby frogs the size of a chestnut, thrush's eggs, and stems of purple phlox." [1]

His nature took deep root in the soil of the homestead, but even in childhood there were signs of the larger desire which made his youth restless and his manhood full of aspiration. "In looking back to my childhood," he writes in another place, "I can recall . . . the intensest desire to climb upward, so that without shifting the circle of my horizon I could yet extend it, and take in a far wider sweep of vision. I envied every bird that sat swinging upon the topmost bough of the great century-old cherry-tree; the weather-cock on our barn seemed to me to whirl in a higher region of the air; and to rise from the earth in a balloon was a bliss which I would almost have given my life to enjoy. . . . I remember as distinctly as if it were yesterday the first time this passion was gratified. Looking out of the garret window, on a

[1] *At Home and Abroad*, ii. 2.

bright May morning, I discovered a row of slats which had been nailed over the shingles for the convenience of the carpenters in roofing the house, and had not been removed. Here was, at last, a chance to reach the comb of the steep roof, and take my first look abroad into the world! Not without some trepidation I ventured out, and was soon seated outside of the sharp ridge. Unknown forests, new fields and houses, appeared to my triumphant view. The prospect, though it did not extend more than four miles in any direction, was boundless. Away in the northwest, glimmering through the trees, was a white object, probably the front of a distant barn; but I shouted to the astonished servant-girl, who had just discovered me from the garden below, 'I see the Falls of Niagara!'"[1]

Of the outside world, two or three great facts made a lodgment early in his mind. He remembered hearing of the battle of Navarino, and of the deaths in the same year of Goethe and Sir Walter Scott. He was seven years old then. He had been taught to read by his mother when he was four, and not impossibly Scott's death was fixed in his mind by Scott's poetry, for poetry had great power over him from his childhood. The education which he received at home and under the impulse of his own nature took precedence of the more formal culture of school-life. Especially was he indebted to his mother, who understood well the refinement of his nature. Like other boys in the neighborhood, he was called upon to help in the work of the farm. He used to tell of the misery which he endured when he went to the mill on horseback, to bring back heavy meal-bags, which would persist in

[1] *At Home and Abroad*, i. 1, 2.

slipping off, to his dismay; for he would have to stand by his horse and wait the chance of some one passing by to help him and his bags up again. "I had a constitutional horror," he says, "of dirty hands, and my first employments — picking stones and weeding corn — were rather a torture to this superfine taste." He had beautifully-shaped hands, a very tender, fair skin, and sensitive nerves, — an equipment not the most adapted to rough farm work, but not always taken into account by those who regarded a boy as a "hand." His mother shielded him so far as she could without interference; she devised indoor occupation for him, and engaged him about tasks which a hearty boy would be likely to accept only as they saved him from more disagreeable duties. Thus she would set him to rocking the baby to sleep in the cradle, which he would do while he read busily. One day she came into the room, when the baby was crying lustily, and a vigorous rocking was going on, to find Bayard absorbed in his book, and rocking himself furiously in his chair, in the vain imagination that he was doing his work faithfully.

Reading had charms for him from the earliest years, and he showed a great aptitude for committing poetry to memory. In the evening, after he had gone to bed, his mother would hear him repeating poem after poem to his brother, who slept in the same room with him. His out-door life, for all that, was a free and hearty one. When he spoke of his shrinking from the repulsive work of the farm, he added: "But almost every field had its walnut-tree, and many of the last year's nuts retained their flavor in the spring; melons were planted among the corn, and the meadow which lay between never exhausted its store of wonders.

Besides, there were eggs to hide at Easter; cherries and strawberries in May; fruit all summer; fishing-parties by torchlight; lobelia and sumac to be gathered, dried, and sold, for pocket money; and in the fall, chestnuts, persimmons, wild grapes, cider, and the grand butchering after frost came, so that all the pleasures I knew were incidental to a farmer's life. The books I read came from the village library, and the task of helping to 'fodder' on the dark winter evenings was lightened by the anticipation of sitting down to 'Gibbon's Rome' or 'Thaddeus of Warsaw' afterward."

For, after all, the boy always came back to his books, as offering the completest satisfaction, and the eagerness with which he read is measured by the hold which his memory kept of those early readings. Years afterward, when on his travels, a poem which he had learned, or a book from the library which he had read, came back to him as he visited in person places which he had known in imagination. "Before reaching the city" (of Barcelona), he writes,[1] "I had caught a glimpse, far up the valley of the Llobregat, of a high, curiously serrated mountain, and that old book of the 'Wonders of the World' (now, alas! driven from the library of childhood) opened its pages and showed its rough wood-cuts, in memory, to tell me what the mountain was. How many times has that wonderful book been the chief charm of my travels, causing me to forget Sulpicius on the Ægean Sea, Byron in Italy, and Humboldt in Mexico!" "Before my twelfth year," he says, in a slight autobiographic sketch, "I had devoured the contents of the circulating library in our little town, as well as Cooper's

[1] *By-Ways of Europe*, pp. 159, 160.

novels and the histories of Gibbon, Robertson, and Hume." The few books which he owned were bought with money which he earned from the sale of nuts he gathered.

Poetry and travel were his chief delight in reading. The former drove him into "desperate attempts at imitation;" the latter fed his eager desire for a wider range of life. At the outset of his first book of travels, he recalls this early passion: "An enthusiastic desire of visiting the Old World haunted me from early childhood. I cherished a presentiment, amounting to positive belief, that I should one day behold the scenes among which my fancy had so long wandered. When a boy of ten years, I read Willis's 'Pencillings by the Way,' as they appeared from week to week in the country newspaper, and the contemplation of those charming pictures of scenery and society filled me with a thousand dreams and aspirations. I wandered along the shores of the Mediterranean, while hoeing corn or tending cattle in my father's fields; the geography of Europe and the East was at my tongue's end, and the confidence with which I spoke of going to London and Paris and Rome often subjected me to the ridicule of my school-fellows."[1]

The education which he received at home and from his own choice of reading was supplemented by a regular schooling during his youth. When he had been taught to read, he was sent to a school kept by Ruth Ann Chambers. His way thither was through a lonely meadow on his father's farm, and a piece of woodland. It was a way not without its trials for a sensitive little boy of six. One day a tree was blown down in a gale, and a servant-girl of his father's barely

[1] *Views Afoot*, p. 17.

escaped being crushed by its fall. So ominous an event lent terror to the woods, and a day or two afterward, when the wind rose again, the boy shrank from the swaying trees, and went home, telling his mother that there was no school, — the first and only "story," she says, that he ever told her. She found him upstairs, that day, lying on the floor, with a large map spread before him, upon which he was making imaginary journeys.

His school was a delight to him, for he was fortunate in the care which he met there. "I have never forgotten," he once wrote to his old teacher, "the days I spent in the little log school-house and the chestnut grove behind it, and I have always thought that some of the poetry I then copied from thy manuscript books has kept an influence over all my life since. There was one verse in particular which has cheered and encouraged me a thousand times when prospects seemed rather gloomy. It ran thus : —

> 'O, why should we seek to anticipate sorrow
> By throwing the flowers of the present away,
> And gathering the dark-rolling, cloudy to-morrow
> To darken the generous sun of to-day ?'

Thou seest I have good reason to remember those old times, and to be grateful to thee for encouraging instead of checking the first developments of my mind."

The Quaker form of this letter was one into which the writer easily fell when he was addressing old Quaker friends ; for while his family was not formally in the Society of Friends, they adhered generally to the principles of the Society. His mother, although brought up in the Lutheran faith, became attached to the Quakers early in life, and taught her children the fundamental doctrines of the Society, as well as nat-

urally adopted the manners and ways which prevailed in the region. Especially she aimed to inculcate that spirit of peace and quiet which was the possession of the Quakers, and a conformity to the doctrine which made all swearing, whether judicial or profane, to be evil. She talked so earnestly on this last point that Bayard's mind became full of it; his observation and imagination were centred upon oaths, until at last he was so fascinated that he became filled with an uncontrollable desire to swear. So he went out into a field, beyond hearing, and there delivered himself of all the oaths he had ever heard or could invent, and in as loud a voice as possible. The discharge was satisfactory, and his mind returned to its customary occupation.

Another teacher in his boyhood was a Quaker, Samuel Martin, who taught in a little stone building on the road leading to Toughkenamon. Friend Martin, who was a lover of nature, found the boy one after his own heart, and they took long walks together, when the teacher answered the pupil's questions, and helped him to a fuller knowledge of tree and plant and flower and stone. Bayard's early acquaintance with nature was both minute and general. He collected industriously and formed a cabinet, but he also had a poet's eye for field and cloud, as he had an ear for melody, lying awake at night to hear the rhythm of the rain upon the house-top. With an ardent love of color and form, his artistic nature, before he knew his true vocation, readily turned to drawing and painting, and he was busy with attempts which were crudely successful. He was self-taught, and though later in life he took a few lessons, the sketches which he made of landscape and figure came to be the pastime of a poet whose true ex-

pression was through another form. He looked back, perhaps a little wistfully, at a road which always had a great attraction for him, and in the maturer thought which recalled his youth dwelt with passionate earnestness upon this early phase of his experience. Thus, with the liberty afforded by a half-autobiographic, half-imaginative poem, he writes in "The Picture of St. John," when dedicating the work to the artists: —

> Because no other dream my childhood knew
> Than your bright Goddess sends, — that earliest
> Her face I saw, and from her bounteous breast,
> All others dry, the earliest nurture drew ;
> And since the hope, so lovely, was not true,
> To write my life in colors, — win a place
> Among your ranks, though humble, yet with grace
> That might accord me brotherhood with you :
>
> Because the dream, thus cherished, gave my life
> Its first faint sense of beauty, and became,
> Even when the growing years to other strife
> Led forth my feet, a shy, secluded flame :
> And ye received me, when our pathways met
> As one long parted, but of kindred fate ;
> And in one heaven our kindred stars are set ;
> To you, my Brethren, this be dedicate !
>
> And though some sportive nymph the channel turned,
> And led to other fields mine infant rill,
> The sense of fancied destination still
> Leaps in its waves, and will not be unlearned.
> I charge not Fate with having done me wrong ;
> Much hath she granted, though so much was spurned ;
> But leave the keys of Color, silent long,
> And pour my being through the stops of Song !

The poetic passion itself was quite as early present with him, and the boy's books show picture and poem following each other indifferently. The form of the

poetry is curiously anticipatory of some of his greatest successes, for already, when twelve years old, he was writing ballads and songs with an ease of movement and even a stir of action which show how native to him was that gift which he used so abundantly. The earliest efforts in poetry are necessarily more or less imitative, and it was inevitable that the poets whom he read should find an echo in his verse.

"Poetry," he writes in his autobiographic sketch, "had great power over me from my childhood; and to-day the poems live in my memory which I read at the age of seven or eight years, and which drove me to desperate attempts at imitation. From my twelfth year I wrote continually, — poems, novels, or historical essays, but principally poems. I read Ovid and Racine in the original; Milton, Scott, Byron, and Wordsworth, as well as all the other American and English authors I could lay hands on."

The themes on which he wrote were foreign and chivalric, for with his poetic temperament the large life seemed always to be outside of the valley in which he lived. He was forever making ideal journeys, and jotting down imaginary incidents in the East, which was especially the land of his dreams. It was this quick imagination rather than philological zeal which stimulated him in the study of languages, and the aptitude which he showed in his travels for acquiring the speech of the people among whom he chanced to be had early illustration. "I never could see," he says, "a book written in a foreign language without the most ardent desire to read it. I remember that I came across a copy of Wieland's 'Oberon,' and as at that time I knew nothing of German it took me several days to understand the first verse. . . . At four-

teen years I began the study of Latin and French, and at fifteen of Spanish. As my father was a farmer, and had inherited only a small part of the original land-grant, he could not send me to college; until my sixteenth year, however, I received as good instruction as our country schools could then afford. At this age my schooling stopped, but I continued my Latin and French three years longer."

A curious illustration of this almost instinctive appropriation of language occurs in one of Bayard's sketches of travel. "I had decided," he says, "to devote my second day to an excursion to the mountain paradise of Valldemosa, and sallied forth early to seek the means of conveyance. Up to this time I had been worried — tortured, I may say, without exaggeration — by desperate efforts to recover the Spanish tongue, which I had not spoken for fourteen years. I still had the sense of possessing it, but in some old drawer of memory, the lock of which had rusted and would not obey the key. Like Mrs. Dombey with her pain, I felt as if there were Spanish words somewhere in the room, but I could not positively say that I had them, — a sensation which, as everybody knows, is far worse than absolute ignorance. I had taken a carriage for Valldemosa, after a long talk with the proprietor, a most agreeable fellow, when I suddenly stopped, and exclaimed to myself, 'You are talking Spanish, did you know it?' It was even so; as much of the language as I ever knew was suddenly and unaccountably restored to me. On my return to the 'Four Nations' I was still further surprised to find myself repeating songs without the failure of a line or word, which I had learned from a Mexican as a school-boy, and had not thought of for twenty years.

The unused drawer had somehow been unlocked or broken open while I slept." [1]

In 1837 Mr. Joseph Taylor was elected sheriff of the county, and removed with his family to West Chester, where he remained for three years. During that time Bayard went to Bolmar's Academy in West Chester, but shortly before the family returned to the farm at Kennett he was sent to the academy at Unionville, where he finished his formal schooling in 1842. The academy building is now occupied by one of the higher grades of the public schools of the town, but forty years ago it was a boarding-school and school preparatory for college, to which the young people resorted from the country about.

Here, knowing that he was to have no higher scholastic training, he gave himself studiously to work, and during the last part of his stay was employed also as a teacher. Unionville was only three or four miles from his home, and there his vacations were spent, while the society of his old friends frequently drew him from the precincts of the academy to Kennett Square. Indeed, his return from West Chester, where he had lived in a small country town, to the rural life of Kennett brought a sense of new joy in all the aspects of nature. He was no longer an unwilling boy, shrinking from the coarse labor of the farm; he was springing into manhood, and the keen delight in physical life, the response to outward beauty, and the eagerness of an expanding intellect made the time one of exhilaration and anticipation. "When I returned to the homestead as a youth," he writes, "I first felt the delight and the refreshment of labor in the open air. I was then able to take the plough-

[1] *By-Ways of Europe*, p. 184.

handle, and I still remember the pride I felt when my furrows were pronounced even and well turned. Although it was already decided that I should not make farming the business of my life, I thrust into my plans a slender wedge of hope that I might one day own a bit of ground, for the luxury of having if not the profit of cultivating it. The aroma of the sweet soil had tinctured my blood; the black mud of the swamp still stuck to my feet."

At Unionville he naturally fell more into letter-writing, and though his letters were boyish productions they indicated the turn which his mind was taking, and that restlessness which was so early developed in him. The school at Unionville was not very satisfying to one who craved a fuller knowledge of the world, and the master was too easy-going and indifferent for a boy who set his hopes and wishes high. Dr. Franklin Taylor, an older cousin, was at this time in Kennett Square, after a term of study in a New Hampshire academy, and fired Bayard's mind with a desire for the same opportunities. A letter which Bayard wrote to his mother not only shows his eagerness, but gives a glimpse of the primitive country life in America forty years ago: —

TO HIS MOTHER.

UNIONVILLE, *March* 18, 1840.

. . . Having now completed astronomy, I am principally studying the languages, and have made such proficiency in French that I am able to read Voltaire in his native language. Don't be frightened. It is not the atheistical works of Voltaire, but his tragedies, which are among the best works in the French language. I am also studying Latin, and am making great progress in it. I thought, as I had but a few weeks more to stay, I would turn my attention to languages, which I had somewhat neglected during the winter. When I was at Kennett Square I

visited Franklin Taylor, as he wished to have some talk with me. He is going back again to the East in the spring. He is much pleased with the schools of New England, which he says are superior in every respect to those of this State. The teachers are better and more experienced men, the opportunities of learning are greater, and the price of boarding and tuition is not much more than half the sum it is here. He says while he was there it only cost him $1.25 a week, which in a year, added to the price of tuition, would only make $97.00 ; and with the expenses of going and coming, clothing, books, etc., would not be any more than what Jonathan Gause charges for a year, if as much. If a person be economical, he says he can live there for very little; and in the vacation (one or two weeks), which happens in August, the scholars form into companies and travel, principally on foot, through Vermont and New Hampshire, and they thus have an opportunity of viewing the most romantic and sublime scenery in New England, Lake Champlain, Lake George, White and Green Mountains, etc., etc., which afford a fine field for the labors of the artist; and if I get a box of the Cræta Lævis,[1] you will see the hills and rocks of New England glowing upon paper, with all the beauties they in reality possess. He also says it is the finest place in the world for mineralizing. Every scholar, almost, has a large box filled with minerals; and as for botany, it affords an inexhaustible field for the pursuit of that study. Another great advantage is, the scholars study in separate rooms, and only meet when they recite in classes, which is a great benefit, for a person can study much more in solitude than amid the bustle and confusion of a school-room. Hence I think I could not do better or learn more than by going there. And if father is going to take me, it would be a fine opportunity for him to see some of the Eastern States; and if I do go, when he comes for me you must accompany him, and thus have a chance of viewing New York, Boston, Albany, Hartford, New Haven, Lowell," etc., etc.

Truly New England seemed as far away to the young Pennsylvanian, and was almost as much of a foreign country, as Germany now is to a collegian. He did not come under the influence of New England in

[1] A species of crayon then in use.

these school-days. He remained in a society which was peculiarly susceptible to certain vagaries and enthusiasms then beginning to excite men's minds. It was the period when discoveries in magnetism had set the world agog with notions of a new force in nature, and there was a disposition to seek for new coincidences in physical and spiritual life. The Quaker, with his openness to spiritual influences and his confidence in the authority of the individual, was ready to experiment and be experimented on. Bayard heard lectures on animal magnetism and took part in the illustrations, which not only attended the public lectures but were a part of the social entertainments of the neighborhood. He had an exuberance of physical life, and possessed an organism which was very highly strung, so that he displayed considerable success in his mesmeric exercises. Phrenology also found a ready audience among a people who were accustomed to emphasize the individual, and to give a spiritual interpretation to physical phenomena.

Then the Quaker, with his historical belief in human equality, was very hospitable to the new doctrines regarding freedom which were stirring men. To Kennett Square came lecturers on Anti-Slavery and the Rights of Women, and found a responsive audience. The questions involved were debated in the clubs and made the subject of social discussion. Bayard heard what was said, but it is interesting to note from his diaries and letters how little active part he himself took in these matters. Literature, in some form, held him more tenaciously. He went here and there in his social mood, but he came back to his books and his own writing with increased ardor.

Something of the fire which burned within him may

be discovered from the warmth with which he entered in his diary his emotions upon receiving a reply to a request which he had made of Charles Dickens, then in this country, for his autograph. "I went to the Academy," he says, "where I received a letter that had come on Saturday. It was from Hartford; I knew instantly it was from Dickens. It was double, and sealed neatly with a seal bearing the initials C. D. In the inside was a sheet of satin note-paper, on which was written, 'Faithfully yours, Charles Dickens, City Hotel, Hartford, Feb. 10, 1842;' and below, 'With the compliments of Mr. Dickens.' I can long recollect the thrill of pleasure I experienced on seeing the autograph of one whose writings I so ardently admired, and to whom, in spirit, I felt myself attached; and it was not without a feeling of ambition that I looked upon it that as he, an humble clerk, had risen to be the guest of a mighty nation, so I, an humble pedagogue, might by unremitted and arduous intellectual and moral exertion become a light, a star, among the names of my country. May it be!"

There was a village debating society at Kennett Square, and Bayard's diaries and letters show him frequently going to the village to take part in the discussions and readings. "The first essay I ever wrote," is his memorandum on a school-boy composition, "On the Art of Painting," which he read before the Kennett Literary Circle in December, 1838; and in 1840 an account sent to his father of a visit made to the battle-field on the Brandywine was printed in the West Chester "Register," much to the concern of the young writer, who was painfully impressed by the number of printer's errors which had crept in. In 1841 was printed in the "Saturday Evening Post" of Philadel-

phia the first of the poems which emerged from the seclusion of the young poet's blank-books. It is entitled "Soliloquy of a Young Poet;" and while it is neither better nor worse than many of the poems which he was then writing, it has an interest as a record of the dreams which were making the life about him seem poor and thin.

A dream! — a fleeting dream!
Childhood has passed with all its joy and song,
And my life's frail bark on youth's impetuous stream
Is swiftly borne along.

High hopes spring up within;
Hopes of the future — thoughts of glory — fame
Which prompt my mind to toil, and bid me win
That dream — a deathless name.

When morning's golden glow
Beams on the eastern sky; in twilight's shade;
When the pale moon lights up the world below —
In all her pomp arrayed:

By light of evening's star
Which looketh down with an unslumbering eye;
Like a lone watcher, gazing from afar, —
Its station in the sky.

When in the sultry noon
The wearied songsters seek the cooling rill;
At morn, at eve, by light of midnight moon,
They haunt me still.

Around my youthful soul
Their adamantine chains are firmly cast;
Yes, they have bound me in their stern control,
Which e'er shall last.

I know it all is vain;
That earthly honors ever must decay,

That all the laurels bought by toil and pain
Must pass, with earth, away.

But still my spirit high
Longing for fame won by th' immortal mind —
On Fancy's pinion fain would scale the sky,
And leave dull earth behind.

Yes, I would write my name
With the star's burning ray on heaven's broad scroll,
That I might still the restless thirst for fame
Which fills my soul.

Another dream, which he committed shyly and with hesitation to his diary, and to the one bosom friend of his early days, was coming to exercise a very potent influence over him. When he was a child at Ruth Ann Chambers's school, Mary Agnew, who also went there, whispered with a blush to the teacher, "May I sit beside Bayard?" They had been school-mates also at Samuel Martin's, and neighbors always. Now his work, his plans, and his thoughts took on a new color which deepened in tone, month by month.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST VENTURES.

1842–1844.

> And with impassioned exultation,
> I reveled in the rage of Song!
> *L'Envoi* (to "Rhymes of Travel").

When Bayard Taylor's schooling drew near its close he began to cast about for a livelihood. There was some thought of his going to Philadelphia to study engraving, and he had evidently the possibility in his mind that he might be a painter. The work which he did in teaching at the Unionville Academy during the last part of his course there was ill paid and irksome to him. He disliked the rough manners of the place; he hated to whip the boys, and made the punishment as perfunctory as possible. Even a whipping may become a slight passport to fame, and one of Bayard's pupils enjoys now a tardy pride in having been whipped by a poet.

Still, when he came back to his father's farm in the early summer of 1842, he made an effort to obtain a school, as the nearest means of support. He did not succeed, and after a few weeks of farm life he was apprenticed for a term of four years to Henry E. Evans, a printer in West Chester, and publisher of the "Village Record." For one who could not be made a farmer, had no liking for teaching, and showed a genuine fondness for books and writing, the most

direct training was plainly to be had in the printing office. The "Village Record" was printed upon the old-fashioned hand-press, and it was the business of the apprentices to set the type, help make up the paper, pull the forms, and send the weekly issues off to the subscribers. The mechanical work was soon learned; the young apprentice was tall and strong, and he found leisure for the pursuits which had already become the business of his life. There was a circulating library in the town book-store, and every noon and evening Bayard resorted to it for his books, devouring especially poetry. It is noticeable how quick he was to discern the soul of poetry without the aid of special introductions. Nothing shows the poetic mind more clearly than a generous and catholic taste, which is independent of fame and reputation. A musical verse, a fine image, were not lost upon him because he came upon them in the corner of a country newspaper; and while he had an ardent admiration for great poets, he gave them his love for what they had achieved in poetry, and not merely for the rank which they held. Nevertheless, there was mingled with his interest in poets and poetry a genuine patriotic ardor. With all his eagerness to know foreign life and scenes, there was none of that half-impatient sense of American crudity which a nearer acquaintance with cities and men might have given him. To him in his country village the nation to which he belonged was a glorious one, and the poets in it who had published books were admitted at once into the fellowship of literature with a simple confidence in the democracy of the republic of letters.

"By the way," he writes to a comrade at this time, "what do you think of Bryant as a poet, and espe-

cially of 'Thanatopsis'? For my part, my admiration knows no bounds. There is an all-pervading love of nature, a calm and quiet but still deep sense of everything beautiful. And then the high and lofty feeling which mingles with the whole! It seems to me when I read his poetry that our hearts are united, and that I can feel every throb of his answered back by mine. This is what makes a poet immortal. There are but few who make me feel so thrillingly their glowing thoughts as Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, and Lowell (all Americans, you know), and these I *love*. It is strange, the sway a master mind has over those who have felt his power. I felt the greatest sorrow at the death of Channing; as much so, perhaps, as if he were a near and dear friend. But you must be tired of this; when I get started on this subject I cannot break off; I would only advise you to read 'Thanatopsis' over again and again, for you cannot feel it in its true beauty at first."

The critical hints of contemporary poetry which he came upon in the journals of the day were seldom of much service, but he was helped now and then by such penetrating criticism as that by Poe, for example, on Tennyson, to which he referred when himself publishing an article on the English poet, many years afterward. "I still remember," he says, "the eagerness with which, as a boy of seventeen, after reading his paper, I sought for the volume; and I remember also the strange sense of mental dazzle and bewilderment I experienced on the first perusal of it. I can only compare it to the first sight of a sunlit landscape through a prism: every object has a rainbowed outline. One is fascinated to look again and again, though the eyes ache."[1]

[1] *Essays and Notes*, "Tennyson," p. 14.

The period during which he worked for Mr. Evans was one of great productiveness, and though few of the poems then written were ever published except in newspapers, and none were retained by him in his collective works, it was undoubtedly a time when his faculty for composition was very active, when he was gaining confidence in his powers and was forming his style. One of his poems, the longest which he undertook at this time, had been begun at Unionville. At first he gave it the name of "Rosalie," and his diary contains frequent references to his progress in the poem. He had published several poems in the "Saturday Evening Post" of Philadelphia, with which Mr. Rufus W. Griswold, also editor of "Graham's Magazine," was connected, and out of the correspondence with Mr. Griswold there came the first literary friendship which the young poet formed. When writing in March, 1843, to a school friend, he speaks with a shy and happy pride of the little opening which he had made: —

"I have met with strange things since I wrote last. Last November I wrote to Mr. Griswold, sending a poem to be inserted in the 'Post.' However, I said that it was my highest ambition to appear in 'Graham's Magazine.' Some time ago I got an answer. He said he had read my lines 'To the Brandywine,' which appeared in the 'Post,' with much pleasure, and would have put them in the magazine if he had seen them in time. He said the poem I sent him would appear in April in the magazine, and requested me to contribute often and to call on him when I came to town. I never was more surprised in my life."

Mr. Griswold was one of the literary magnates in that thin but promising period of our literature. He

was editor of the leading literary magazine, he had edited "Poets and Poetry of America," and if his dimensions have shrunk in the course of time he was then an important personage, whose advice and help were sought and valued. To Bayard Taylor he was a serviceable friend just when the young author desired introduction to the larger world of literature, and he helped him to the publication of his first volume of verse.

"I called on Griswold when down," he writes to a friend, October 10, 1843, "and had an interview with him. He had part of a Romance in poetry ["Rosalie," re-named "Ximena"] which I have been writing, and strongly advised me to publish it with my other poems in a volume. I have it nearly done, — about a thousand lines; I have not concluded whether to do so or not, but a few of my friends to whom I mentioned it urged me to follow his advice. I confess my inclination prompts me to do so, but it may not be altogether prudent. However, I place great confidence in his judgment and the judgment of my friends. I wish I could show it to you, for I can depend on your honest and candid opinion, and you are considerable of a critic in such matters. But what I want to know is this: what would be the cost of printing five hundred copies, of about eighty pages duodecimo (I believe), something like Whittier's 'Lays of my Home,' including binding, etc., all expenses. You can perhaps give me some idea. If I publish it, it will not be before March next."

The answer which he received was so far encouraging that he wrote again to the same friend, December 26: "The price was less than I expected, and I find I can readily raise enough subscribers to pay the ex-

pense of publication. I have therefore fully concluded to issue the volume, in pursuance of which object I shall visit Philadelphia in two or three weeks. I suppose the work could be printed and bound in a week, and I intend to have everything correct, so that the proof need not be sent up. My principal motive for publishing it is to gain a small sum towards defraying the expenses of preparing for my voyage to the West Indies. I also wish to obtain the critical judgment of some of the best literary characters, which can be obtained in no other way. I do not dread condemnation, for if I have to bear it I would rather do it now than at a future time, for errors would now be attributed to youth and inexperience which would then have no excuse. I have no expectation of figuring in the literary world now, nor would I wish it; my object is not to attempt to create a 'sensation.'"

"I am still distrustful of my abilities," he wrote to another young friend, "though when I contrast this time with just three years ago, when my first article was published, I see much cause for encouragement. I have thought much since of Griswold's offer, and am much more inclined to follow his advice, though my mother is opposed to it." The young poet had his way, as most young poets do, and his friends of his own age were ready with their encouragement; but it helps one, in reckoning the influences which were about Bayard's early life, to find his mother and one of her friends, who was always a wise counselor of Bayard, earnestly debating the wisdom of publishing "Ximena," and engaged in special criticism of the poem.

"The boy is quite spirited on our hands," writes the friend to Mrs. Taylor, "but notwithstanding he displays so much decision in opposition to old women's

opinions, let us not withhold them. 'Experience teacheth knowledge,' and those hateful words, 'I told you so,' sometimes contain meaning drawn from experience. Bayard has frankly committed himself into our clutches, and as old women, in common parlance, are only permitted their tongues, the broom, and the tongs as weapons of offense or defense, he must expect to be assailed by the first mentioned, at least, of these war implements.

"But, seriously, I am decidedly opposed to publishing the poem; though nothing serious would likely arise from it, he might, perhaps, be disappointed in a ready sale of the remaining portion. I would like to know how much fact there is in the tale, or whether, as a whole, it may be taken as the invention of a fertile imagination. The plot is more finished than I thought when I spoke with thee: the heroes fall in love, pass through difficulty, and are married, which generally closes a romance. In my humble opinion, if Bayard will continue to cultivate his talent without indulging an anxiety to reap immediate pecuniary advantage from it, he will be able to produce that which will 'create a sensation' without his wishing it. I hope his principal desire to write is prompted by the pleasure it affords him, for this will insure success. Fame is but an empty bubble, but the author of a well-written poem, which with the beauty of its poetic diction diffuses a love or admiration for the higher attributes which govern human actions, is a benefactor to his race." Then follows a detailed criticism of "Ximena," shrewd and discriminating, with a due admixture of pride in her young friend.

It was a trial to Bayard to be compelled to ask subscriptions for his forthcoming volume, but there was

no other way, and by his own solicitations and those of his friends enough subscribers were obtained to secure the publication, and early in February, 1844, appeared "Ximena; or, the Battle of the Sierra Morena, and other Poems. By James Bayard Taylor. 'I am a youthful traveler in the way.' Henry Kirke White. Philadelphia: Herman Hooker, 178 Chestnut Street, MDCCCXLIV." It was dedicated "To Rufus W. Griswold, as an expression of gratitude for the kind encouragement he has shown the author."

None of the fifteen poems contained in this little volume were ever after included by the author in any edition of his writings. They form a faint prelude to the fuller and stronger verse which he was to write, and are chiefly interesting for the indication which they give of an early mastery of form, and for the absence of any reference to the love which, at the time they were written, held so large a place in his thought. Either through timidity or reserve he does not seem to have made his verse to half reveal a secret which he cherished, but he used the inspiration of nature and heroism and patriotism, besides putting into his poetry some of that serious contemplation of life which belongs inevitably to the young poet. The salt with which the poetry is savored is the glow and fervor of an ardent mind, and it was this rather than any fine art in his verse which won him friends among those to whom the little volume was an introduction.

It is clear that the author himself had no immoderate delight in the book, or unreasonable expectation from its publication. He delivered his manuscript to Mr. Griswold, and saw nothing of it again until the printed sheets were placed in his hands. When it was bound, he supplied his subscribers and sent a few

copies to the press and to the men of letters whose judgment he desired. The book served its purpose. It brought him a little money and a few pleasant letters, but chiefly it gave him a new confidence and quickened the impulses which had been working in his nature. A volume of poems published by a young man of nineteen was a rarer thing then than it is now, and the publication conferred a certain distinction upon the author. Whatever his rank, he was among the poets, and though he did not at all overestimate the poetic value of his volume, he could not help having a consciousness which was much more than a secret sense of how others looked upon him; it was a sense of having taken a step forward.

"It is useless to deny," he writes to a friend with whom he was consulting about the publication of "Ximena," "that I have cherished hopes of occupying at some future day a respectable station among our country's poets. I believe all poets are possessed in a greater or less degree of ambition; it is inseparable from the nature of poetry. And though I may be mistaken, I think this ambition is never given without a mind of sufficient power to sustain it, and to achieve its lofty object. Although I am desirous of a share of the world's honors, yet with all the sincerity I possess I declare that my highest ambition is to do good, to raise the hopes of the desponding, to soothe the sorrows of the afflicted. I believe that poetry owns as its true sphere the happiness of mankind. Its use, as Channing says, 'is to lift the mind out of the beaten, dusty, weary walks of life, to raise it into a purer element, and to breathe into it a more profound and generous emotion.' Several secondary considerations also impel me on. I wish to win a name that

the person who shall be chosen to share with me the toils of life will not be ashamed to own, and because I know it will gladden the hearts of my parents. Hence it has always been my greatest care to let no line go before the public that could have an evil influence, but to endeavor as much as possible to exalt and ennoble the soul. How far I have succeeded it is not for me to judge."

Bayard's letters and diaries during the two years of his apprenticeship disclose a growing impatience of the limitations of his life, an uncontrollable restlessness, and a keen sense of his need of larger opportunities. The work of the printing-office, when once mastered, became drudgery; the associations among which he moved were distasteful; he found relief in the society of friends at Kennett Square and in his poetry, but he was constantly planning an escape from his uncongenial circumstance. It was not hard work which wore upon him, but the repression of all that he cared for; and so intolerable had his situation become that in looking back upon it afterward he saw very clearly that his breaking away from it was his only chance of health and spirit.

"As the poetic element in my nature," he writes in the autobiographic sketch from which we have already quoted, "was predominant, and felt itself hemmed in on all sides by the entire want of sympathy and encouragement, I determined to procure better opportunities for education. I hungrily read all European works of travel, and my imagination clothed foreign countries with a splendid atmosphere of poetry and art. I felt as if I were sitting in an exhausted receiver, while the air which should nourish my spiritual life could only be found in distant lands. My desire

to visit Europe grew with the difficulties that stood in my path. The two continents were much farther apart then than now; in our quiet community the undertaking seemed gigantic, and my enthusiasm on the subject was considered little short of madness."

He had already taken one short journey in his own country, in the first year of his apprenticeship, a half-humorous account of which he gives in the paper "The First Journey I ever Made."[1] It carried him as far as the Catskills, for his ambition had long been to see veritable mountains, and he closes his narrative with the words, "This was my first moderate essay, at the age of eighteen. And I advise all callow youths who think it an easy matter to tramp over the whole world to make a similar trial trip, and get their engines into good working order before fairly putting out to sea." He never allowed his own engines to get rusty, for, while negotiating for the publication of "Ximena," he used to make the journey to and from Philadelphia, a distance of thirty miles, on foot.

His first purpose, in publishing his volume of poems, was to secure money enough to carry him to the West Indies, but all other desires became absorbed in the one passion for travel and study in Europe. His cousin, Frank Taylor, was about to go abroad, and urged Bayard to accompany him. The obstacles in the way seemed insurmountable. As he says, such a journey was a far more serious undertaking then than now; his parents were opposed to it, he had two years more of his apprenticeship to serve, and neither he nor his friends had money. He wrote to various people who could advise him as to the expense of the journey, and all the answers which he received named sums which

1 *At Home and Abroad*, i. 1–13.

were prohibitory. The books which volunteered similar information were equally discouraging, but Howitt's "Rural Life in Germany" gave shape to certain vague ideas which he had, and convinced him that it was possible to make the journey on foot, after crossing the Atlantic, at much less expense than others had estimated.

He has given in the introductory chapter of "Views Afoot" [1] a lively account of the difficulties which he encountered, but the greatest difficulty of all he could not there record, for it was too personal in its character. He was bound to his home by the strongest ties of affection, and his sensitive nature was racked by the struggle which took place when he was drawn out into the larger world by half-understood aspirations, and held back by the appeals to his affection and sense of duty. He had a friend who possessed his fullest confidence, and the circumstance of that friend's loss of a mother drew out Bayard's sympathy, which passed naturally, before the letter was done, into a passionate expression of his own troubles.

"When I left you last and went on alone toward this place, I experienced as severe a mental struggle as I ever felt. It is one of those few which happen in the life of almost every one. It seemed to be an era in my life when I must decide on my after-destiny; it was a crisis, which I seemed instinctively to feel was either to carry me on to that station in the hearts of men which is my highest ambition, or to condemn me to a life of obscurity and spiritlessness. I know how much my parents felt, how opposed they were to my going to Europe; for though they did not say so, I could plainly see, and I knew by my mother's

[1] See edition of 1855, and subsequent ones.

voice the anxiety with which she looked upon it, and the opposition of many of my friends, my absence from Mary; on the other hand, the aspirations of my childhood, the dream of my youth. Italy! and Greece! the wild enthusiasm with which I should tread those lands, and view the shrines 'where young Romance and Love like sister pilgrims turn;' the glorious emotions of my soul, and the inspiration I should draw from them, which I now partly feel. How my heart leaps at the sound of

> 'Woods that wave on Delphi's steep,
> Isles that gem the Ægean deep.'

The isles of Greece! hallowed by Homer and Milton and Byron! My words are cold and tame compared with my burning thoughts. But I wander. The struggle within me was very great. In spite of all my endeavors, tears, which I had not shed for years, rushed to my eyes, and I wept like a child. My feelings had been too highly wrought up. I could not bear to give my parents pain, and it almost seemed to me like relinquishing life to relinquish my glorious dream of the Old World. Then, my love! John, I thank God I have such a friend as you, who can feel and comprehend emotions which it would be painful for me to bear 'in silence and alone.' I sat down by the roadside, for it was then dark, and looking to heaven through my blinding tears fervently prayed for strength of spirit to sustain me in my conflict with the world. And the struggle in my breast ceased, and I felt that the path which was to lead me onward and upward was that which was the desire of my soul. I have since written to my mother, and feel almost certain that she will be satisfied to let me go. But

you, — would it be hoping too much to think of you accompanying us? It is in your power, and it will be worth a thousand times the trouble it will cost you, to accompany us. Think of the Rhine, the Alps, the Apennines, the Coliseum, Vesuvius, Pæstum, the Parthenon and Acropolis, Parnassus, Delphi, Corinth, and Marathon! I cannot paint too strongly the advantages and enjoyments of such a tour, but will you not go? Frank is a glorious companion for traveling, and how much it would add to the enjoyment of travel to go together! But I am hardly in the mood for writing thus, and will leave the remainder of my persuasions till I see you. Perhaps some that I have written may seem foolish even to you; not foolish, but wild, visionary. It may be so, but if it is I would rather be visionary than sober and wise." [1]

His resolution did not fail him. He succeeded in obtaining the consent of his parents, and in buying from Mr. Evans the remainder of his apprenticeship time. It only remained now to procure the necessary

[1] The friend to whom Bayard Taylor wrote was John B. Phillips, and many of his most confidential letters in early life were addressed to him. Mr. Phillips was a native of Kennett, studied medicine in Paris, and afterwards settled in St. Paul, Minnesota, where he passed the rest of his life in the practice of his profession and in the office of State Commissioner of Statistics. He was a man of strong character and of marked literary tastes, as his translations from Heine and other German poets as well as his own sonnets show. He had a singular experience once in being seized at Basel on account of his resemblance to Mazzini. It was only after the intervention of the United States Minister, Mr. Jay, that he was released, and the Swiss government was compelled to pay two thousand francs damages. When Dr. Phillips died, at the age of fifty-six, April 27, 1877, Bayard Taylor wrote in the "New York Tribune" an obituary notice of his friend.

money for the journey. His plan was to make arrangements with editors to supply them with letters from Europe, and to secure enough money in advance to get well started, after which he would rely upon further letters, and at a pinch upon his skill as a compositor. "Two weeks before the day fixed upon for leaving home," he writes, "I had secured no employment, and did not possess a dollar toward my outfit. I then went to Philadelphia, and spent two or three days in calling upon all the principal editors and publishers of the city, but I seemed doomed to be unsuccessful. At last, when I was about to return home, not in despair, but in a state of wonder as to where my funds would come from (for I felt certain they would come), Mr. Patterson, at that time publisher of the 'Saturday Evening Post,' offered me fifty dollars in advance for twelve letters, with the promise of continuing the engagement if the letters should be satisfactory. The Hon. Joseph R. Chandler, editor of the 'United States Gazette,' then made me a similar offer. It is needless to say that I instantly and joyfully accepted both, and thus found myself in possession of one hundred dollars. Mr. George R. Graham also paid me liberally for some manuscript poems, and I returned home in triumph, with a fund of one hundred and forty dollars, which at that time seemed sufficient to carry me to the end of the world."

His companions in the enterprise were his cousin, Frank Taylor, and a young townsman, Barclay Pennock. In his sketch of "A Night Walk,"[1] Bayard Taylor has given an entertaining account of the journey by boat and on foot which he and his cousin took to Washington in search of passports. In their sim-

[1] *At Home and Abroad*, i. 14.

plicity they knew no other way than to go to the capital, present themselves to the member of Congress from their district, and by him to be taken to the Secretary of State. At the end of June, 1844, they said their farewells at home, and went to New York to take passage for England. "Ximena" had been the means of introduction to Mr. N. P. Willis, who was one of the most popular and influential men of letters in America, and Bayard Taylor as soon as he reached New York called upon him.

"He gave me," he says, "a note of recommendation, with which I visited the editors of the leading journals, but failed to make any further engagements, except a conditional one with Horace Greeley, of the 'New York Tribune.' When I first called upon this gentleman, whose friendship it is now my pride to claim, he addressed me with that honest bluntness which is habitual to him: 'I am sick of descriptive letters, and will have no more of them. But I should like some sketches of German life and society, after you have been there and know something about it. If the letters are good, you shall be paid for them, but don't write until you know something.' This I faithfully promised, and kept my promise so well that I am afraid the eighteen letters which I afterward sent from Germany, and which were published in the 'Tribune,' were dull in proportion as they were wise. Mr. Willis also gave me letters to some printers of his acquaintance in London, thinking they might be useful in case I should be compelled to resort to my handicraft."

The friendliness of Mr. Willis was the best gift which the young traveler could carry with him. He had just passed through a severe ordeal in breaking

away from his home and early associations; he was going into the wider world of which he had dreamed, and he was going not for adventure, but with an ardent poetic spirit, seeking enlargement of his life in preparation for a literary vocation, and it was very much to him that one so successful as Willis should take him by the hand and bid him Godspeed. The impression which Willis made upon him and his own sensation at leaving America may be learned from a letter which he wrote the night before he sailed to J. B. Phillips: —

"I have just returned from bidding Willis farewell, and feel nearly as much regret as on leaving home; for I never met with one in my life who has won my regard and esteem in so short a time. . . . I will not say anything about leaving home, because I believe I was in a perfectly unnatural state; I cannot describe it to you now, but it was about as if your feelings, conscience, and everything else had suddenly been converted into adamant or limestone; for you have some experience in that line. However, we got to Philadelphia safely, and were occupied the next day and a half with business; I was too busy to be sorry if I wanted to be. But I did not want to. It did not and does not seem like a pleasure excursion; it is a duty, a necessity. I had but little time with Griswold, but found him obliging as ever. He is going to publish a new edition of 'Poets and Poetry of America' next fall, and says he will give me a place among the number. He offered his services in whatever manner I might wish. . . . I will talk a little more about Willis. Griswold intended giving me a letter of introduction, but had no time. I called at his house, and on telling my name he knew me instantly. On

apologizing for calling without a letter, he said it was unnecessary, as we knew each other already, and began conversing as familiarly as if we had been old friends. He commended my plan of going very highly, and gave me a very flattering letter of recommendation to the New York editors, but they appear to be supplied, and a letter to his brother, Richard S. Willis, in Frankfurt, Germany. He did many other kindnesses for me, which I shall not soon forget. I have been at his house three or four times, and when, this afternoon, he gave me his parting 'God bless you,' I felt as if I had left a true friend. I have not time now to give you much of his conversation, but it is daguerreotyped on my memory. He looks very much like the portrait in 'Graham's Magazine,' but not quite so young, although at times, when he becomes animated, you would not take him to be more than twenty-four; dresses with neatness and the most perfect taste, and has the very *beau idéal* of a study, — you can conceive of nothing more elegant. In fact, his poetry is visible in everything around him."

It was the 1st of July, 1844, when the three travelers left New York in the ship Oxford, bound for Liverpool. They took a second-cabin passage, the second cabin being a small place amidships, flanked with bales of cotton and fitted with temporary berths of rough planks. "We paid ten dollars apiece for the passage," writes Bayard, "with the privilege of finding our own bedding and provisions. At a warehouse of ships' stores on Pine Street wharf we found everything that we needed, and received great assistance from the salesman, who calculated with perfect honesty and exactness what articles we should need, and what quantity of each. In our inexperience we

should probably have gone to sea but half supplied. The ship's cook, for a small compensation, undertook to prepare our provisions, thus relieving us from one of the most disagreeable necessities of a second-class passage. On summing up our expenses we were gratified to find that we should reach Liverpool at a cost of twenty-four dollars apiece. . . . As the blue hills of Neversink faded away, and sank with the sun behind the ocean, and I first felt the swells of the Atlantic and the premonitions of sea-sickness, my heart failed me for the first and last time. The irrevocable step was taken; there was no possibility of retreat, and a vague sense of doubt and alarm possessed me. Had I then known anything of the world, this feeling would have been more than momentary; but to my ignorance and enthusiasm all things seemed possible, and the thoughtless and happy confidence of youth soon returned."[1]

[1] *Views Afoot*, pp. 22, 23.

CHAPTER III.

VIEWS AFOOT.

1844–1846.

People can't see that if I had not been a poet I should never have had such success as a traveler. — *Letter to R. H. Stoddard.*

> And, nor with gold nor knowledge weighted, I
> Set forth, and o'er the green Bavarian land,
> A happy wanderer, fared: the hour was nigh
> When, in the home of Art, my feet should stand
> Where Time and Power have kissed the Painter's hand!
>
> *The Picture of St. John.*

The Bayard Taylor who thus left his home to see the world was a slim, upright youth, with rich dark-brown flowing hair, lustrous dark-brown eyes, and an expression which was half of eagerness, half of melancholy. The warmth with which he held to his home associations was more than the simple emotion of one who had never left his home, for change of scene and wider experience had no power to lessen it. The exhilaration which he felt as he trod the deck of the ship which was bearing him to newer lands was accompanied by a wistful backward glance, and in his travels there needed but a touch of some home instinct to move him to passionate expression. Yet the impulse which had driven him abroad came from a clear sense of the needs of his nature, and he gave himself to the appropriation of foreign life with unabating ardor, and with a consciousness of an enlargement of his power. On the shores of Loch Achray he wrote: —

I turn me from the glorious scene
Of mountains blue and forests green,
With braes and crystal lakes between —
My thoughts are far away;

The hills are crossed, the wave is passed,
A lingering glance on home is cast —
The ties that bind the spirit fast
Are proof against decay.

But I shall gain a deeper thought
Of what within the soul is wrought —
A lesson full of feeling fraught,
Riches, but not of earth;

And hail with joy whate'er may still
In human hearts the voice of ill —
The soul with nobler longings fill
And give a purer birth.

The two years which Bayard Taylor spent in travel and study were his university education. It was a necessity with him to acquire knowledge rather through the medium of experience and observation than by the authority of others. In speaking of the printed results of his early journeys, he has said, "It is the work of a boy who was trying to learn something, but with a very faint idea of the proper method or discipline; who had an immense capacity for wonder and enjoyment, but not much power as yet to discriminate between the important and the trivial, the true and the false." In looking back upon the period he was perhaps more sensible of his immaturity of judgment than of the freshness and spontaneity of his expression; but although he deprecated the importance which people continued to attach to his venture, he never overlooked the significance which it had in the development of his powers.

The book which gathers the observations and experience of these two years remains as a full record. His own free outline in his autobiographic sketch will serve to place the external life quickly before the reader's mind. "I knew absolutely nothing of the world, not even at home, but the ignorance of youth is its courage. After landing in Liverpool with two friends who were in a similar condition, I spent three weeks in a walk through Scotland and the north of England, and then traveled through Belgium and up the Rhine to Heidelberg, where I arrived in September, 1844. The winter 1844–45 I spent in Frankfurt on the Main, and by May I was so good a German that I was often not suspected of being a foreigner. I started off again on foot, a knapsack on my back, and visited the Brocken, Leipzig, Dresden, Prague, Vienna, Salzburg, and Munich, returning to Frankfurt in July. A further walk over the Alps and through Northern Italy took me to Florence, where I spent four months learning Italian. Thence I wandered, still on foot, to Rome and Civita Vecchia, where I bought a ticket as deck-passenger to Marseilles, and then tramped on to Paris through the cold winter-rains. I arrived there in February, 1846, and returned to America after a stay of three months in Paris and London. I had been abroad for two years, and had supported myself entirely during the whole time by my literary correspondence. The remuneration which I received was in all $500, and only by continual economy and occasional self-denial was I able to carry out my plan. I saw almost nothing of intelligent European society; my wanderings led me among the common people, but literature and art were nevertheless open to me, and a new day had dawned in my life."

The engagements which he had made with various newspapers determined the character of his literary work during these two years. He began by committing the details of observation and reflection to his note-books and fuller journal, sometimes sketching scenes and figures, and then making a free transcript for the professional letters upon which he relied to meet the expense of his journey. Gradually he fell into the way of making these letters independent of his private journal. He had, in truth, three audiences before whom he was constantly appearing: the public, his family, and himself. He wrote to the newspapers with an ingenuousness which drew his readers to him, but, after all, he did not take them into his confidence so thoroughly as they might suppose. With the readiness gained by constant practice, he wrote rapidly and effectively of the new impressions made upon him as he passed from one place to another, or encountered successive phases of life at Frankfurt or Florence; but with the increase of freedom in thus reporting his daily life, he was able to withdraw himself more completely into the seclusion of his own thought when writing in his journal. Even at the outset the printed description of his travels is very reserved beside the freedom and abandon which he displays in his private diaries, and, in comparing the two records, one may often get a closer view of the ardent youth, even when he is occupied chiefly with external things. Thus, in his diary, near the end of his Atlantic voyage, he makes the entry: —

"*Morning of the* 25*th*. — Hurrah for land, for it is *within* sight, though the heavy fog prevents us from seeing it. But we are in lat. 56°, or off the Hebrides, and but thirty miles from shore. The southwest

wind comes to us strongly freighted with the 'meadow freshness of the Irish bogs.' And it is indeed a pleasant smell, recalling many a pleasant hour of wandering by streams, and hunting wild flowers in thickets, and wading marshes for water-lilies. Land-birds have come near us, as if to cheer us for our long journeying over the pathless water, and repay us by their presence for the deprivation of a sight of their home. Oh! if the mist could rise up like a veil from the ocean, and show us Ben Lomond, standing blue in the dim distance, the first herald of the romantic land we approach! Now that we are so near the Old World, I feel a kind of fear, that I cannot at first realize my situation. I have so long and ardently wished to visit the scenes hallowed by the spirit of many a mighty bard, or consecrated by noble deeds of the men of former times, or marked by acts of tyranny or crime, and standing as silent but eloquent lessons, bequeathed to us by antiquity, that now, when I shall behold them, I fear I cannot reconcile the real with the ideal. The anticipation has been so like reality that the reality may seem as dream-like and vague. I can scarcely think I am 3,500 miles from home; although I see the ocean around me, it appears as if just behind the western horizon lay my native land.

"*Friday, July* 26, 1844. — This morning, like a glorious vision, the Old World dawned upon my view! At sunrise, when we rose, just under the golden flood of light that streamed through the morning clouds, lay afar off and indistinct the crags of an island, with top of a light-house visible at one extremity. While we gazed, a storm, which was gathering along the horizon, seemed to be discharging its wrath upon the waters; and when it had rolled somewhat to the northward, we

beheld, its outline almost invisible, so completely was it blended in hue with the veiling cloud, a lofty mountain, looming up blue and shadowy as the landscape of a dream. While I was looking at it, we had drawn nearer to the island, which began to present a beautiful and interesting appearance. The dim and soft outline it wore at first was broken into a range of crags, with lofty precipices jutting out to the sea, and sloping off inland. As we passed to the north side, the white wall of the light-house shone against the dim hills behind, and the cliffs near to us were of the most airy and ethereal hue. In front was a range of breakers, marked by a line of foam along the coast; the whole scene was so new and picturesque that I felt all the enthusiasm which such a scene is calculated to excite. It appears to be Tory Island, on the northern coast of Ireland; we are now going direct toward Scotland, which we shall see this afternoon. The island has disappeared behind us, but I have secured two sketches of it as a memento of my first view of the Old World. Southward of us stretches the long range of hills, forming the headlands of the Irish coast; the wind is fair, the sunshine bright, and my spirits in a most joyous mood. It was worth all the troubles and miseries of a long voyage to see the island in the golden light of morn, with its airy cliffs and white walls gleaming in the sunshine, and feel all the glorious excitement of viewing this herald of new scenes and new delight,—this gate to the romance and poesy of a glorious clime!"

When he had passed through the first excitement of the Old World and had settled himself to regular work, his diary becomes more completely the repository of thoughts and emotions which he could not commit even

to his most intimate friends at home; indeed, it no doubt served as a safety-valve to an overcharged sensibility. Meanwhile, besides these two forms of expression, and the poems which fell as the more ripened form of his sentiment, he wrote many letters to his family and circle of friends at Kennett Square. These letters, penned in delicate characters upon square sheets, every available inch of which was cultivated, were passed from hand to hand and jealously treasured. Looking at them now, with their yellow hue, frayed edges, and folds weak through repeated handling, one can imagine the meaning which they held at the time to writer and receivers. They are crowded with incidents and with minute details of the personal life of the traveler in connection with the people with whom he associated, and they overflow with eager questions regarding affairs at home, comments on home news, and messages to one and another. They brought back letters which reproduce the life at Kennett Square, the good-natured envy of the younger members and the affectionate solicitude of the older ones, who see in the boy away from home one who is exposed to new and perilous experience of life. The creed which was held with such firmness and loyalty in the little Pennsylvania village was applied with earnestness and undoubting sincerity to the conscience of the wanderer. Thus the ties between the traveler and his home were never consciously loosened.

The most important step which Bayard Taylor took was in his resolution to be domesticated in Germany during the first winter, and there make himself familiar with the German language, and so much of its literature as time would permit. He had already shown something of that facility in acquiring language which

was to be so marked a characteristic of his intellectual disposition. He reached his results by a directness which corresponded with the attitude of his mind toward all subjects upon which he fixed his attention. The magnetism, to call it by a convenient term, which made him friendly at once with those who had common cause with him, was only another manifestation of a nature which appropriated external things, not by slow analysis, but by quick apprehension.

He describes in "Views Afoot" his life in Frankfurt in the family of Herr Schenck-Rinck, and with the companionship of Mr. Richard Storrs Willis, who was then studying music there. It was the fact of Mr. Willis's presence that determined him to make selection of the place and family, and the change from Kennett Square to Frankfurt was one which had a positive influence upon him. He had been too short a time on the way to gather much from the people whom he had passed in his journey, but now he was established in a new home which afforded many contrasts to the one which he had left. A pure moral atmosphere pervaded both, but there the likeness ceased. The tendency at Kennett was to restraint and repression of feeling, issuing often in a real impoverishment, and having the outward appearance of inhospitality. Bayard Taylor had suffered from this, and it was the desire to escape into a freer air which had so much to do with his determination to travel. Now he found himself in a society where the impulses to the demonstration of feeling were obeyed with an unchecked spontaneity. What to many Americans would have been a violation of the conventions of emotion was to him a surprise, a relief, and a great pleasure. Most persons of English training are rendered uneasy by

German effusiveness, but his native sensibility responded to it with sincere thankfulness.

So sympathetic a nature could scarcely resist the impression thus made upon it, and while there resulted a catholicity of temper, which had always been latent in him, he was at first drawn into an excess of sentimentality, which was stimulated by his absence from home and by the half-home life now granted to him. It finds frequent expression in his letters and diaries, and shows itself in the poems which he then wrote but did not print. The reader of "Views Afoot" will have observed how much he was attracted by what struck him as the poetic side of German life, as instanced in the celebration of Christmas.

His appearance as he entered the Frankfurt life is shown in a paper of reminiscence which Herr Schenck-Rinck published after Bayard Taylor's death: "The young travelers reached Heidelberg in September [1844], where Taylor's cousin remained to continue his studies, whilst the former, in company with Barclay Pennock, after hurriedly admiring the splendid situation of the famous college-town, wandered along the beautiful Bergstrasse toward Frankfurt. Here they searched with some difficulty for Richard S. Willis, who was studying the science of harmony, under Schnyder von Wartensee. Willis was living in the house of the writer, and so it happened that when we were all gathered in the family circle, on the evening of the 1st of October, Taylor and Pennock were suddenly announced. I shall never forget the first sight of Taylor. He was a tall, slender, blooming young man, the very image of youthful beauty and purity. His intellectual head was surrounded by dark, curly hair; the glance of his eyes was so modest, and yet so

clear and lucid, that you seemed to look right into his heart." [1]

Bayard Taylor's own appreciation of his German friends appears in frequent references to the hospitable family with whom he lived, especially in letters to his mother; to her also he writes of the quickening of which he and his companions were conscious.

"One can know nothing of a country from the outside. What a world of traveler's prejudices have I read, and did I not now know better, what a strange idea would I not have of Germany! And yet they say one can learn anything from books just as well as by traveling. We could not have learned in two years, in fact we never could have learned to feel as we now do, though it is but six months since we left home. The principal advantage it has been to us I could scarcely make you understand, since it is only evident to ourselves as yet. I mean its effect on the mind, which has been as surprising as it is sudden. Thought seems to have taken a sudden growth, fetters of which we were not before aware have been broken, and we are continually surprised in what a broader light many subjects are presenting themselves."

The very enlargement which this experience had given to his mind had its effect in making him ready to extend his horizon. The Frankfurt life, with all its revelation of German nature, was somewhat restricted. Kennett had been one station from which to look out on the world, and he who left it was able to see a little farther than they who stayed behind. Frankfurt was another such station. As Bayard Taylor went deeper into German literature and became more familiar with the life of the country, he felt that

[1] *Didaskalia.* Frankfurt, April 6, 1879.

while he had not exhausted the society in which he had been living, there lay outside of it a larger Germany, and beyond with its art was Italy. So, when spring came, he closed his books, and took his staff again. "Six months," he says in his diary, "in a small city in a stranger-land is enough to make one tired, even though he has friends there who have made him a home. The Alps and Italy are before us, and who would linger longer than the season allowed in a place so near? Not I, no, — we must be off. I feel oppressed, cramped, confined, — *hinaus ins Freie!*"

None the less, to break away again from a home life and take leave of friends was no light thing with him, and brought back a stronger desire to be through with his wanderings and back in America; and when, a few weeks later, he bade a final farewell to his Frankfurt friends, he committed to his diary the regretful thoughts which possessed him. "How often," he writes, "will the old bridge, with its view up the Main over the houses of Oberrad to the far mountains of the Odenwald, rise freshly and distinctly in my memory when I shall have been long absent from them! How often shall I hear in fancy, as I do now in reality, the heavy tread of passers-by on the rough pavement below, and the deep bell of the Cathedral chiming the swift hours with a hollow tone that seems to warn me how I employ them! Yes, even this old room with its bare walls, little table and chairs, which I have thought and studied in so long that it seems difficult to think and study anywhere else, will crowd out of the memory images of many a loftier scene. If I only preserve for the future the hope and the trust which have cheered and sustained me here through the sorrow of absence and the anxiety of uncertain

toil, it will be well. And there has been many a pleasant hour here, too. I have rushed many a time in at the door, wild with delight at a letter from home, and sat here at the window and read over and over again those dear messages, till my heart was warm with the words of kindness, and I looked up, half expecting to see faces full of affection beaming upon me. Willis has often sat on the sofa behind me, while we have talked away many an hour in friendly converse and the chords of his guitar and the touching, feeling swell of his song seem still to fall on the air with a soft vibration, as if their echoes had not yet died away. The watch ticks hollow on the stand, and there is only now and then a footfall in the street to break the deep silence."

In Italy, and especially in Florence, where he made his longest stay, Bayard Taylor came into a world of beauty in art and nature, and the transition from the limited life he had led into this generous sphere was a change from winter to summer. Heretofore he had satisfied his love of beauty chiefly through the reading of poetry, where Keats had stood for the most sensuous form, and by a close acquaintance with the simple nature in which he had been bred, but he had a latent passion for the exuberance of a warmer clime. There was an Orientalism in nature which he early discovered, even before he was brought into familiar knowledge of the actual East. Thus he used to greet the first dandelion of the year with delight; it was to him a symbol of the ascendency of the sun; and in the early fall he welcomed the pale pink flower of the centaury plant, and its spicy odor with its faint suggestion of the East. His diary is laden with minute descriptions of glorious scenery, which was the feast of

his eyes as he trudged over the Alps into the valleys of Northern Italy, and now he was to kindle at those objects which have made Italy the material in which the artistic imagination works, — the cities, the men and women, and the treasures which mark the triumphs of plastic and pictorial art. It was with a vivid recollection of these first impressions that he afterward wrote : —

> On, — on, through broadening vale and brightening sun
> I walked, and hoary in their old repose
> The olives twinkled : many a terrace rose,
> With marbles crowned and jasmine overrun,
> And orchards where the ivory silk-worm spun.
> On leafy palms outspread, its pulpy fruit
> The fig-tree held ; and last, the charm to close,
> A dark-eyed shepherd piped a reedy flute.
>
> My heart beat loud: I walked as in a dream
> Where simplest actions, touched with marvel, seem
> Enchanted yet familiar : for I knew
> The orchards, terraces, and breathing flowers,
> The tree from Adam's garden, and the blue
> Sweet sky behind the light aerial towers ;
> And that young faun that piped, had piped before, —
> I knew my home : the exile now was o'er ! [1]

He set down with frankness his impressions of pictures, glad when he found them confirmed by those of men trained in criticism, and modest in holding to his own opinions when they were not thus sustained ; but he was a student, and wrote himself down so. His slight proficiency in the use of the pencil enabled him to keep many notes which were of value to himself, and he carried into the churches and galleries an artistic perception which grew firmer by use.

[1] *The Picture of St. John*, I. xvii., xviii.

He won the friendship of Powers, the sculptor, while in Florence, and through his kindness made the acquaintance of Americans and Englishmen. He describes himself, in one of his letters home, as mincing along on tip-toe in the muddy streets of Florence, with his hands in his pockets, sometimes exciting attention with his student beaver and length of hair, which had not been cut for six months; he had not at all the air of a man of the world, but he had then, as later, an ingenuous bearing and a winning personality which drew men, women, and children to him, and made him, unconventional and unsophisticated as he was, welcome in all circles which he entered. A slight incident which he narrates gives a charming illustration of the subtle power of attraction which he possessed: "I know of nothing that has given me a more sweet and tender delight than the greeting of a little child, who, leaving his noisy playmates, ran across the street to me, and taking my hand, which he could barely clasp in both his soft little ones, looked up in my face with an expression so winning and affectionate that I loved him at once." [1]

With all his eagerness to see men of note, he was shy of making advances; when the opportunity did come, he accepted it with freedom and an ease which was born of native simplicity. Mendelssohn he sought, and Freiligrath, but he found a special charm in the English and American society at Florence. The pleasure which he had in the work of Mr. Powers was heightened by the friendliness with which he was received into the sculptor's family. He wrote some lines upon Mr. Powers's daughter, then a child, and also upon the sculptor's Eve, which impressed his imagina-

[1] *Views Afoot*, chapter xxix.

tion strongly. It was in response to this poem that Mr. Powers wrote to him: —

HIRAM POWERS TO BAYARD TAYLOR.

FLORENCE, *October* 9, 1845.

I have received from our mutual friend, Mr. T——, the charming verses composed by you upon my statue of Eve, and I regret that Providence, so liberal to you in beautiful thoughts and refined expression, has denied me the power, even in plain prose, of conveying to you my sense of the high compliment which you have paid to my work. I cannot flatter myself that it deserves such praise, and I suspect that your young and vigorous imagination dreamed of the charms of the real mistress of Eden rather than realized them in my marble. The true poet sheds his own light and heat upon objects around him, thus making things cold and inanimate in themselves warm and beaming with borrowed life, and to him they are often indebted for that immortality which otherwise they had never obtained.

Mind remains immortal while matter perishes, and who shall say that your verses may not remain the only record of my statue of Eve long after it has returned in fragments to the earth from which it was taken? With many thanks for your beautiful compliment and your good-will, believe me, my dear sir, most sincerely yours,

HIRAM POWERS.

While in Florence Bayard Taylor was separated from his cousin, who had returned to Germany to continue his studies there, and he wrote him several letters in which he passed quickly from one incident to another, sketching his plans for the future, retailing bits of home gossip which he had received, and confiding the story of his financial difficulties and escapes. It is from these letters that the following extracts are made: —

BAYARD TAYLOR TO FRANKLIN TAYLOR.

FLORENCE, *October* 26, 1845.

. . . Perhaps you would like to know what we have been doing since you left. Well, there have been manifold incidents. We got back the next morning after leaving you at Siena, after stuff-

ing ourselves "considerably" with the splendid grapes the pretty peasant girls gave us. At the expiration of the month we kept the same rooms, T—— taking them with us, as we found we could do no better. We have changed our living so as only to eat twice a day, on account of the expense, and we get along very well this way by dining at three. Some time after you left, I wrote a poem on Powers' Eve, and sent it round to him by T——. He was very much pleased with it, and invited me to visit him. I have now become quite well acquainted with him, and go there often. He has a sweet wife and three or four children. You remember those English children whom we saw in the Boboli Gardens, and admired because they spoke Italian so beautifully? — those are his. I have made friends of them, and like them very much. Powers is a very interesting man, and full of genius. He has the greatest fund of comical stories I ever heard, and tells them in such an inimitable manner that we are kept in a roar. He borrowed and read "Ximena," and sent me, besides, a most beautiful note in reply to the poem, as well as offering me the use of his library.

At his house I met Kellogg, an American painter of very great talent, who has been traveling in Greece, Egypt, Syria, Asia Minor, and Turkey. I have been to his studio, and looked over some hundreds of sketches which he brought back. He was at Thebes, was thirty days on and around Mount Sinai, and spent nine months in Constantinople. He has set me half crazy to travel there, but I cannot. He showed me a splendid diamond cup, given him by Riza Pacha, Grand Vizier to the Sultan, for painting his portrait, and a snuff-box of gold and agate, a present from Sir Stratford Canning. He paints splendidly. I have been two or three times at Browns. They are very agreeable people. Richard A. Locke, author of the "Moon Hoax," has just arrived here from Graefenberg, and Browns promised to take us in to see his family soon. I have not seen Greenough yet, but shall visit his studio before leaving. Besides this, I have met with Mr. Mozier and wife, Mr. Cameron and wife, Thomas B. Ashton, of Philadelphia, and one or two other Americans. Ives has some very fine things in his studio, — I think he is a genius. I have become very well acquainted with him, and like him much better than at first. I must tell you that Bryant was here three or four days, but I did not get to see him. I did not wish to call on him directly, but went to the galleries, hoping to meet him. The

Academy of Arts was open a week, and there were some very fine pictures in them. . . .

I have entirely finished the Giant, and made another copy, with many revisions and corrections. T—— thinks it is a magnificent thing, and, indeed, I begin to think something can be made of it. I am, however, going to copy it over once again, and make still greater improvements. I am at a great loss to find a fitting name for it, and have given it, *ad interim*, the title "Before Chaos: the Tale of a Hunter."[1] How would it answer? Beside this, I have written a long poem, — a story of the fall of Poland, called "Vittoria Saminski." It is about four hundred lines in length, and I wrote it in three evenings. I wish I could show it to you, and get your critical opinion of it. I have determined, if it is at all possible, to have these two poems and the legend of Hamburg published in London together in one volume. Besides, having found, contrary to expectation, that the letters about Italy (of which I have finished twelve) are the best I have yet written, I have also concluded (always with the proviso, if it can be done) to republish all the letters on Europe together in the cheap form in America after my return, under the title of "A Walk through Europe." Don't you think the title would *take?* I have heard from home that some of my letters are raising desires in the minds of some persons "which cannot easily be gratified." The three wise men of *Kennett* have given the example, and all of "young America" will soon be rushing across the Atlantic. To further this design, as well as carry out my friends' wishes and my own, I have determined to work my way to Greece. B. and I think by walking from Naples to Otranto, across the instep of the boot, we can sail across the strait to Corfu, and then swim to Albania, just opposite. If I get a hundred dollars and the money you send lasts us till we leave here, I am certain of being able to do it, as the amount we owe Schenck can be left till we get to Paris, where Barclay has ordered money to be sent. Sanders is also going to Greece to travel on foot, but he will not leave till January, whereas we want to start from here at least by the 1st of December. I *must* reach London early in March, for I want to stay there two months at least. . . .

We are getting along pretty well in Italian. I have finished Silvio Pellico, and am now reading the "Decamerone" of Boccac-

[1] The poem was finally named *The Liberated Titan: an Oregon Hunter's Story*, and its fortune will be told later.

cio. I have also commenced the letters on Germany for the "New York Tribune." I shall work like a horse while we stay here, for there will be no other resting-place of any length before we get to Paris, or perhaps London, for me.

November 3, 1845.

I was much surprised by your letter this morning, as you may suppose, for it was as unpleasant as unexpected. I begin to get heartily tired of traveling in this manner, and after reading your letter, together with the pleasant epistle contained in it, I almost determined to put off for Rome and then to Paris and London without delay, as soon as the money shall arrive ; that is, to make no stay at Paris, and go to work in London in some way to make enough money to pay my passage home. I am willing to leave the last of April, or sooner, if we go in a sailing packet. That will be in less than six months, so I think we can *rough it* that much longer. But really it is very disagreeable to be so circumstanced. Mother wrote me that —— sent you a hundred dollars to Heidelberg the beginning of August. It must be there somewhere. Have you made particular inquiries at the post-office ? If I were you, I would get a German — one who is acquainted with some of the men — to go and ransack the house from top to bottom. It appears from Schenck's letter that he received and forwarded my letter home, so that the money will certainly come some time this month ; and I want you, when it does, to send on the draft immediately, that we may not be detained here over the month. Even if they send me a hundred dollars, it will hardly be enough to pay our debts here and take us to Rome and Paris, so we want you to send us some besides, as soon as you get it. T—— is very obliging, but I know he is beginning to run low himself ; and I told him at first I could pay him as soon as you got to Heidelberg, so that I am very anxious to do it. It is really a horrible condition. If there ever were any young men who made the tour of Europe under such difficulties and embarrassments as we I would like to see them.

As you may suppose, we sympathize fully with your miseries on the back trip, and it made me shudder to read your ascent of St. Bernard. I could scarcely keep from laughing, however, in figuring to myself your arrival in Heidelberg. I fancied Frau Doctor jumping up and exclaiming, "*Ach, der* Taylor ! *der* Taylor !" while you, dilapidated and dusty, would reply, "*Ja, aber*

mein Gott, in welchem Zustand!" I had read the whole letter over to Barclay and T—— before I found out at the end that you did not want anybody to see it. However, it made little difference, as the latter knows already some of the difficulties we have had. When I wrote you a few days ago, I was determined to go to Greece some way or other; but I think now, sooner than fall any more into such situations as the present, I shall have to give it up. I am going to try every method in London to make a little money, and I think I can succeed. We had better go to Boston than Philadelphia. It will be much preferable, and twenty dollars cheaper in the first cabin. I want, of course, to go in the first cabin, and I think we can manage it so as to do so. I have been thinking, too, that when you go from Heidelberg to Paris it would be better to go to Frankfurt and get our trunks, etc., than by way of Cologne and Brussels. By this way you could reach Paris in three days at a very little cost. When I next visit Europe (which I hope to do some time), I will take money enough along at first to last the whole time. The having to wait for remittances is a great bore. I cannot remain in any kind of satisfaction till I get some, and I shall be very anxious until that comes from America. It ought to reach Heidelberg, *at farthest*, about the 21st or 22d of this month. We could then get it by the 1st of December here. If your letter has miscarried, I shall fear for its safety. However, it has always happened thus far that the money has come just in the nick of time, and I think Providence will favor us this time also. I inclose Schenck's letter in this to save postage, and I will tell him to send his answer to you, that you may put it in one of yours, as every letter costs between three and four pauls, and we have to count every grazio. My clothes are nearly as bad as yours were when you got to Heidelberg, nearly dropping from me, and I cannot get them mended. What is worse, they must last till I get to Paris. I must close, so as to send this off to-day. Give my regards to all there, and tell the Germans I am coming back to see them before many years. I think you are very right in devoting all your time to study. Let balls, museums, and *kneipps* all go to the old Harry, and you lose nothing by it.

November 14, 1845.

I seize a half hour before going to dinner, and before the mail closes, to write you a note. I thought this morning my re-

mittance might probably get to Heidelberg about the 20th or 21st, and I want you, if it is at all possible, to send us with it about forty dollars, and I will tell you the reason. It will cost us here till the first of November, paying all expenses, about fifty dollars; so you see, how are we to get to Paris if we have only a hundred dollars? And to stay here longer waiting for more would be a great loss of time and money. We could not go from here to Paris for less than two hundred francs apiece, as we would be much longer on the trip than you were; and perhaps *more* would be required. I *must* get to London by the first of March, or sooner, and I don't want to remain longer in Florence than the first of December. If your money does not come as soon as mine, could you not borrow that much, as it would be much better than that we should be forced to stay here a month longer, spending all the time. Your money has certainly been sent; they have most likely directed the letter *poste restante*, and therefore it has not been delivered. Make all inquiries. We are quite unpleasantly situated here. T—— is very kind; but we have run him out of money once, and before he could get more from Leghorn he had to borrow himself. Besides, I was obliged to get a new pair of pants for three dollars, as the others literally dropped in pieces from me. I go to no theatre, or anywhere else, and we all make as little do as possible. But you see if they send even a hundred dollars it would be too little to get to Paris with. Besides, there will be money awaiting us there, and if you could borrow it for two months, and your own money did not come, we could send at least a part. If by chance the remittance comes, and you send it before this reaches you, you might send again immediately afterwards. I would start now if I had the money, as the time is favorable, and I want to get to Paris as soon as possible. I must go to work. I am tired of running out so often, and it would be horrible to wait long. You had better ask frequently at the office, — perhaps for my name too. I have no time to write more.

December 8, 1845.

. . . I was surprised throughout by the contents of your letter, and to the latter part I scarcely know what to answer. I don't know how it is, but I feel a much greater energy and determination to accomplish something than ever I did, and I am rather strengthened than disheartened by the difficulties which at

present surround me. As you say it is impossible to get any money at this time, and I cannot wait till I write to Dennett and get an answer, I must try to borrow fifty dollars here somehow or other. I preferred getting it at Heidelberg, because it could so much easier be paid back again. I think Powers will lend it willingly, if he can spare so much ; if not, perhaps Mr. Mozier, a rich Cincinnatian, who has a great talent for sculpture. He told me he would make my bust if I would stay long enough. I shall make endeavors anyhow, and as soon as I can get the money for the draft (about ten days) will start for Rome. I shall go by way of Naples, because the French steamers are so much cheaper that it would not cost me any more. I could not go by way of Heidelberg, however pleasant it might be, as it would take much longer, and the walk through Switzerland would be awful in the dead of winter. I want to get to Paris by the last of January, and to London before the first of March.

I shall write immediately to Dennett, and tell him my desire of publishing the poem. Powers is going to get a letter for me from Mrs. Trollope (who is here now) to her publisher, and I think Mr. Mason, an English artist who is now in Rome, will perhaps give me another. I shall need all the reinforcements I can get. I have now gone over the poem for the third time with the greatest possible care, and it is fast approaching the state in which *I* can do nothing more for it. I have finished twelve letters about Germany, on all subjects except Philosophy, on which I wish *you* to write a letter to make the series complete ; that is, a description of the different systems, with their influence on society, — about five pages, the way you generally write. I want you to have it ready by the time I get to Paris, as I shall send the whole set from there. I have brought the letters in the "Post" up to this time, including ten letters about Florence and its "Umgebungen." Mother writes that the letters are thought more interesting than ever. By the way, I have received still another from home, with no particular news, except that they are anxious to see us all back again. . . . I tell you what, Frank, I am getting a real *rage* in me to "carve out" my own fortune, and not a poor one, either. Sometimes I almost desire that difficulties should be thrown in my way, for the sake of the additional strength gained in surmounting them. However, all will come out right before long. I think there are better fortunes in store for us. So hurrah ! and don't give up !

December 19, 1845.

You must not expect more than a few lines from me at this time, as I am confounded with the distracting preparations for leaving. We start to-morrow early, and I have got to pack up my things to-night. We have made out at last to raise enough of money to get off, by borrowing fifty dollars of Powers. My remittance was nearly all swallowed up in the expenses we had incurred, and, as it is, we shall be hard enough pushed to get to Paris. Powers has been very, very kind to me (as, indeed, all the Americans), and, although he has little enough money himself, lent me the sum with the greatest willingness. He mentioned me to Mrs. Trollope, and she promised to give him a letter for me to some publisher. Then he showed her my lines on his Eve. He said she read the first stanza, and then exclaimed, "Very good!" Then the second, which brought out the exclamation, "Beautiful!" The third was "Charming! delightful!" And so her admiration waxed with every stanza, so that it is fortunate there were only five, otherwise she might have been carried away. She concluded with expressing the greatest interest and a desire to see me, so yesterday evening Powers took me to her house. I was very agreeably disappointed in her appearance. She seems like a woman of kind heart and, I should judge, of high talents. She will give me letters to her brother and Murray the publisher. I have become acquainted with Richard Adams Locke, author of the "Moon Hoax," etc. I have strong hopes of being able to do something with my poem in London.

Rome was the farthest limit of his journey, and here he was distracted between the sights which held him and the longing which he had to visit Greece. After vainly seeking ways and means of extending his journey, he resigned himself to the inevitable, and wrote in his journal: —

"I have spent much toil and privation to reach here, and now after two weeks' rambling and musing among the mighty relics of past glory, I turn my face homewards. The thrilling hope I had cherished during my whole pilgrimage, that of climbing Parnassus and drinking from Castaly, under the blue heaven of

Greece (both far easier than the steep hill and hidden fount of poesy which I have only seen afar off), to sigh for fallen art beneath the broken friezes of the Parthenon, to look on the isles of Homer and of Sappho, and perhaps sit in sadness beneath the hoary olive-trees of Gethsemane, the most awfully sacred spot on earth, must be given up, unwillingly and sorrowfully though it be. These glorious anticipations, among the brightest that ever blessed my boyhood, are slowly wrung from me by the stern hand of necessity. Even Naples, the lovely Parthenopê, where the Mantuan bard sleeps on the sunny shore by the bluest of summer seas, with the disinterred Pompeii beyond and Pæstum amid its roses, on the lonely Calabrian plain, — even this, almost within sight of the cross of St. Peter's, is barred from me. I have now been rambling for more than a year and a half over the Old World, and the voices of home are beginning to call me back, but it is hard to be compelled to turn in the very midst of those scenes which we visit for their poetry alone, and be cut off from a world of glorious memories. But one must learn to make sacrifices. Farewell, then, since it must be!"

The journey to London by way of Marseilles and Paris was one of toil and disagreeable adventure. It has left its records in his published descriptions; but his diaries show him as more eager to get through with it than disposed to make much of it. There were many perplexities in the money affairs of the travelers, which rendered this part of the journey one of continual annoyance, for their poverty compelled them to measures which brought them little return in poetry. At Paris Bayard Taylor left Barclay Pennock and went on alone to London.

Both in his letters to journals at the time, and in a later paper upon "A Young Author's Life in London,"[1] he has given an entertaining account of his six weeks' stay in London, where he essayed to put in practice the plan which he had held in reserve of working at his trade of journeyman printer, and failed because the rules of the English trade forbade his employment. He was at his wit's end for means of support when Mr. Putnam, the publisher, who then had an agency in London, came to his rescue, and he kept himself in bed and board till the arrival of funds from America enabled him to take his return passage. During this stay in London he added to his literary acquaintance, and made one or two unsuccessful attempts to dispose of manuscript poems, according to the hopes which he had entertained in his letters to his cousin.

"I had in my knapsack," he relates, "a manuscript poem of some twelve hundred lines, called 'The Liberated Titan,' — the idea of which I fancied to be something entirely new in literature. Perhaps it was. I did not doubt, for a moment, that any London publisher would gladly accept it, and I imagined that its appearance would create not a little sensation. Mr. Murray gave the poem to his literary adviser, who kept it about a month, and then returned it, with a polite message. I was advised to try Moxon; but by this time I had sobered down considerably, and did not wish to risk a second rejection. I therefore solaced myself by reading the immortal poem at night, in my bare chamber, looking occasionally down into the graveyard, and thinking of mute, inglorious Miltons. The curious reader may ask how I escaped the catastrophe of publishing the poem at last. That is a piece

[1] *At Home and Abroad*, i. 35–48.

of good fortune for which I am indebted to the Rev. Dr. Bushnell of Hartford. We were fellow-passengers on board the same ship to America, a few weeks later, and I had sufficient confidence in his taste to show him the poem. His verdict was charitable; but he asserted that no poem of that length should be given to the world before it had received the most thorough study and finish, and exacted from me a promise not to publish it within a year. At the end of that time I renewed the promise to myself for a thousand years."

The little glimpse which Bayard Taylor had of English literary society fired his own zeal for authorship and quickened his consciousness of fellowship with the masters of literature, while it left him dissatisfied with the little which he had so far done. The poem which he had written on Powers's Eve brought him an introduction to Lockhart, and he was invited by that gentleman, who was then editor of the "Quarterly Review," to a breakfast at which he met Mr. Murray, the publisher, and Bernard Barton, Lamb's friend, the Quaker poet. "When I returned to the chop-house that night," he says, "to pore over my own despised poems, it was with a savage bitterness of spirit which I had never before felt. My day's walk had been from Olympus to Hades and the banks of Lethe's river."

A mood like this was transient. It was with hope and confidence that he turned away from the Old World and set his face toward America. His travels and study and casual acquaintance with men of note had broadened his mental horizon without inducing any permanent self-distrust, and above all without giving him a mere surface admiration of foreign culture, a kind of admiration which is pretty surely accompanied

by a shame of home. It may be said that the judgment of a young countryman who had gone straight from a rural village to Europe and remained there for two years was not to be reckoned as final or mature, but it is more to the point to note that he never through life lost that faith in his country which found expression now in crude form. He had an exhilaration of mind as he anticipated his return to a home where he could draw a longer and freer breath, and upon his homeward passage he wrote some lines which were printed in the first edition of "Views Afoot," but omitted by the author from the revised edition. He was quite right in dropping them out of the book, for they have little value as literature, but they still have a worth to us from their biographic interest; the fervor of feeling, thus overflowing into verse, is a very considerable element in his nature.

Country and home!
Ah! not the charm of silver-tongued romance,
Born of the feudal time, nor whatsoe'er
Of dying glory fills the golden realms
Of perished song, where heaven-descended Art
Still boasts her later triumphs, can compare
With that one thought of liberty inherited —
Of free life giv'n by fathers who were free,
And to be left to children freer still!
That pride and consciousness of manhood, caught
From boyish musings on the holy graves
Of hero-martyrs, and from every form
Which virgin Nature, mighty and unchained,
Takes in an empire not less proudly so —
Inspired in mountain airs, untainted yet
By thousand generations' breathing — felt
Like a near presence in the awful depths
Of unhewn forests, and upon the steep
Where giant rivers take their maddening plunge —
Has grown impatient of the stifling damps

Which hover close on Europe's shackled soil.
Content to tread awhile the holy steps
Of Art and Genius, sacred through all time,
The spirit breathed that dull, oppressive air —
Which, freighted with its tyrant clouds, o'erweighs
The upward throb of many a nation's soul —
Amid those olden memories, felt the thrall
But kept the birthright of its freer home.

The first of June saw the young travelers in New York bay, and without delay they made their way to Philadelphia, and thence by schooner to Wilmington, which was within twelve miles of home. They had seen Europe on foot and meant to close their journey in the same way. "Now came the realization of a plan," writes Bayard, "we had talked over a hundred times, to keep up our spirits when the weather was gloomy, or the journey lay through some waste of barren country. Our knapsacks, which had been laid down in Paris, were again taken up, slouched German hats substituted for our modern black cylinders, belt and blouse donned, and the pilgrim staff grasped for the rest of our journey. But it was part of our plan, that we should not reach home till after nightfall; we could not think of seeing any one we knew before those who were nearest to us; and so it was necessary to wait a few hours before starting.

"The time came; that walk of three or four hours seemed longer than many a day's tramp of thirty miles, but every step of the way was familiar ground. The people we met stared, laughed, or looked suspiciously after us, but we were quite insensible to any observation. We only counted the fields, measured the distance from hill to hill, and watched the gradual decline of the broad, bright sun. It went down at last, and our homes were not far off. When the twilight

grew deeper, we parted, each one of us thinking what an experience lay between that moment and the next morning. I took to the fields, plunged into a sea of dewy clover, and made for a light which began to glimmer as it grew darker. When I reached it, and looked with the most painful excitement through the window on the unsuspecting group within, there was not one face missing." [1]

Bayard Taylor found that a larger circle than that of his home was ready to welcome him. His letters to the "Tribune," "Saturday Evening Post," and "United States Gazette," had been widely read. Letters from Europe were more of a novelty then than they are now, and the circumstances under which the writer saw the Old World gave a special interest to the narrative. He was at once strongly advised to collect the letters into a book, and went to New York in the fall to oversee the printing. Mr. Willis furnished a brief preface containing a letter from the author which recounts the origin of the book, and an arrangement for its publication was made with Messrs. Wiley & Putnam. The following letter from Bayard Taylor to his friend, J. B. Phillips, was written while he was thus detained in New York: —

"When I say I have been busy, I must explain myself by telling you that, in addition to reading the proof, as fast as the chapters are printed, I am entirely revising the whole work. I see much to strike out and much to alter every time I review it, and although this is not a work about the reputation of which I care much, still I want it to go before the world in a decent garb. . . . The printers have been delayed with my book in the commencement, so I shall probably have

[1] *Views Afoot*, p. 494.

to stay here a week longer than I expected. I have made a bargain with Wiley, — not as good, perhaps, as an established author could make, but still a fair beginning, one hundred dollars for every thousand copies sold, under the condition, of course, that it pays expenses; if not, I get nothing. Willis is going to give me the preface in a few days. We have a title which will, I think, be striking and attractive. It is: 'Views Afoot; or, a Pedestrian's Observations of People and Places in Europe.' The first part did not please me at first, but since it has become familiar, I like it very well."

The book was published under the title: "Views Afoot; or, Europe seen with Knapsack and Staff. By J. Bayard Taylor, with a preface by N. P. Willis. New York: Wiley & Putnam, 1846." It was dedicated to his traveling companion, Frank Taylor. "Views Afoot" had an immediate and considerable success. The exact figures of its sale are wanting, but in the course of the year six editions were sold; in August, 1848, the author added to the eighth edition a chapter containing some practical information for pedestrians, in answer to many letters which he had received from young men who wished to follow his example. In 1855 twelve more editions had been sold, and the author took the opportunity afforded by the reprinting of the work in a new form to give it a careful revision, and to supply an introductory chapter, in which he told, with some particularity, the history of the venture.

"Perhaps the want of development which the book betrays makes it attractive to those passing through the same phase of mental growth. I cannot otherwise account for its continued vitality." This is the au-

thor's explanation of what was, to him, a somewhat disturbing fact. In his latest preface to the work, he quotes from his preface to the eighth edition: "At the time the foregoing preface was written, I did not venture to anticipate that the work would become permanently popular. It had fulfilled the object of its publication, and I should have been satisfied had it then gradually passed away from the remembrance of the reading public." In his own mind he dismissed the book as soon as it was published; he retained the experience upon which it was based, and valued the travel and study for their influence upon his own education; it was apart from his expectation or wish that this crude record should stand as a piece of literature, and he was disposed to resent the reputation which it brought him as factitious and unworthy. For all that, he could not put upon paper the observations and reflections of a young poet, transported from the seclusion of a little American village to the treasure-house of Europe, without infusing into the narrative something of poetic fervor. He wrote with reserve, but he did not wholly hide himself, and while, with his maturer judgment, he was aware of the crudity of his first prose work, the general esteem in which it has been held has not been altogether without reference to its poetic character.

CHAPTER IV.

EDITOR OF A COUNTRY NEWSPAPER.

1846–1847.

Our nobler fate is to be forever seeking and forever unsatisfied.
Lecture on Ancient Egypt.

I pause. In might the thronging Thoughts arise:
Hopes unfulfilled and glory yet afar,
Vague, restless longings, that would seek the skies,
And back in flame come like a falling star.
Upward.

BAYARD TAYLOR'S return to his home meant much more than could appear to the reader of "Views Afoot." During his absence in Europe the only intercourse which he could have with Mary Agnew was an indirect one. Her parents had steadily refused to countenance the young lover, and no letters passed between the two. Bayard had made his mother his confidante, and more than once sent an inclosure to Mary, or a postscript to the letter which went the rounds of the neighborhood; he urged his mother to bring about an exchange of letters, but she counseled patience and encouraged him to hope. His diary is full of passionate expressions, and his journey, despite its importance to him, became at times, intolerable.

It may be guessed that a love which grew thus in silence became at length confident enough to sweep away all obstructions, and not long after the traveler's return, his engagement with Mary Agnew became an open one. Of Mary Agnew herself it is difficult to

write with composure. Through the medium of Bayard Taylor's romantic prose and verse, the tender recollection of those living who knew her then, and the still depth of her own singularly beautiful letters, one recovers the image of a fair spirit housed in a frail, exquisite body. Edwin Brosius, a Kennett neighbor, speaking of the two at this time, says: —

"I remember him as a bright, blushing, diffident youth, just entering manhood; and with him I always associate that gentle and beautiful girl, with matchless eyes, who inspired many of his early lyrics, and whose death 'filled the nest of love with snow.'" Grace Greenwood, recalling her presence, once wrote of her to Bayard, "A dark-eyed young girl with the rose yet unblighted on cheek and lip, with soft, brown, wavy hair, which, when blown by the wind, looked like the hair often given to angels by the old masters, producing a sort of halo-like effect about a lovely head."

She was not so much the inspiration of special poems addressed to her, as she was the guiding star to Bayard Taylor's passion and thought. It was no mere poetic commonplace which made his early verses insensibly turn to her, however their movement may have been first directed, and the plans which he laid for the course of his life all had immediate reference to Mary. The ambition which he possessed in no slight degree to make himself a name and place in literature was kindled by the thought of sharing his reputation with her, and the tumultuous discharge of his hopes and fears through the pages of his diary is witness to the ardor with which he mingles the thought of the happiness of the home for which he labored with the aspiration for enduring expression of his poetic genius.

It is interesting to note how early he sketched for himself a sheltered place of poetic labor in the Kennett fields, a dream which never ceased to animate him.

Since he did not from this time live at his father's home, and could only occasionally visit it, a correspondence was begun with Mary Agnew which offers the best means of knowing Bayard Taylor's mind in these years of struggle. Not only did he disclose his plans and describe his daily life, but he wrote freely of spiritual experience, trusting her with a knowledge which can only be given where there is perfect faith and perfect response. If there remained no letter from Mary Agnew, much could be learned of her nature from the strain in which Bayard Taylor addressed her; fortunately her letters do remain, and passages from them permit one to penetrate the clear spirit of the writer. The Quaker phraseology used by both adds to the ear unaccustomed to it a quaint affectionateness, and when one compares Bayard's letters to Mary with the almost ungovernable temper of his diary, written at the same time, it is noticeable what power she had in giving him serener moods and rendering his own thought clear and fluent.

His first letter to her, written while he was in New York, preparing "Views Afoot" for the press, recounts his experience in settling the details of the book. "I am going over the letters again," he writes, "making as many alterations the second time as the first. You will hardly know them in their new garb, especially when the odd title is added, which N. P. Willis and I together invented. I know not how you will like it (*I* did not much at first), and I wish I could ask you before the book is printed. . . . It is a

somewhat singular name, but it is necessary to call it by some title that will attract attention. I dislike to use any artifice, however small, to bring anything of mine into notice, but I find an author must look to his own interests in some degree, and not trust too much to the public. I had considerable amusement in finding a name. Willis recommended me to do as he had done, when he published his 'Pencillings by the Way,' that is, to write a dozen titles, and let some common, uneducated person choose one for me. I tried it, but after all could not be satisfied with it, and asked his assistance, so by splicing and altering, we made one at last."

Shortly after "Views Afoot" was published, Bayard Taylor made a visit to Boston, partly to see friends there whom he had known only by correspondence, and by their published writings, and partly because his mind was full of schemes for literary occupation, and he hoped there to get some new light. Mr. James T. Fields, in some pleasant reminiscences, gives the impression which the young author made upon him and his friends.

"No one could possibly look upon the manly young fellow at that time without loving him. He was tall and slight, with the bloom of youth mantling a face full of eager, joyous expectation. Health of that buoyant nature which betokens delight in existence was visible in every feature of the youthful traveler.

> 'The fresh air lodged within his cheek
> As light within a cloud.'

"We all flocked about him like a swarm of brothers, heartily welcoming him to Boston. When we told him how charmed we all were with his travels,

he blushed like a girl, and tears filled his sensitive eyes. 'It is one of the most absorbingly interesting books I ever read!' cried one of our number, heightening the remark with an expletive savoring more of strength than of early piety. Taylor looked up, full of happiness at the opinion so earnestly expressed, and asked, with that simple naïveté which always belonged to his character, 'Do you really think so? Well, I am *so* glad!'

"Then we began to lay out plans for a week's holiday with him; to-morrow we would go to such a place down the harbor; next day to another point of interest; after that we would all assemble at a supper party in his honor, at Parker's (at that time a subterranean eating-house in Court Street); and following that festivity we would take him to see old Booth in 'Richard.' We went on filling up the seven days with our designs upon him, when he protested, with an explosive shout of laughter, that he must be back again in New York the next day. Then we showered warm exhortations upon him to postpone his exit, but he assured us that go back he must, for he had promised to do so. Well, then, if that were the case, and we saw by his countenance that he meant what he said, we must adjourn at once to 'Webster's,' a famous beefsteak house in those ancient days, and, as Whipple facetiously remarked, quoting the old ballad: —

> 'Put a stake in his inside
> Where four cross-roads did meet.'

"So thitherward we rollicked along into Washington Street, and performed that pleasant duty, Taylor all the while brimming over with radiant spirits, his young heart already illumined with the delight of recognition and praise.

"In the afternoon we handed him over to Longfellow, whom he was anxious to meet, and who gave him such a welcome as he never forgot. In one of the last conversations I had with Taylor, a few weeks before he sailed for the Embassy, he said, with deep feeling: 'From the first, Longfellow has been to me the truest and most affectionate friend that ever man had. He always gives me courage to go on, and never fails to lift me forward into hopeful regions whenever I meet him. He is the dearest soul in the world, and my love for him is unbounded.'" [1]

Perhaps when he said that he had in remembrance a cordial letter which Longfellow sent him on Christmas Day, 1846, upon receipt of a copy of "Views Afoot," in which he writes: "The last chapter fills me with great wonder. How could you accomplish so much, with such slight help and appliances? It shows a strength of will — the central fire of all great deeds and words — that must lead you far in whatever you undertake."

In his anxiety to undertake some occupation which would give him a fixed income, and thus enable him to marry, he determined upon establishing a weekly newspaper in Chester County. He knew the place and the people; he had had sufficient practical training, and he fancied that he could use the journal as practice-ground for higher literary work. A friend, Mr. Frederic E. Foster, joined him, and after first proposing to settle in the shire town of West Chester, they learned of a better opportunity, as they thought, in Phœnixville, a manufacturing town in the same county. The following letter from Bayard Taylor to Dr. I. A. Pennypacker, of Phœnixville, explains the situation in which he found himself: —

[1] *New York Tribune*, December 24, 1878.

TO I. A. PENNYPACKER.

KENNETT SQUARE, PA., *November* 27, 1846.

I received a letter this morning from John H. Brinton, Esq., in which he mentions his having been at Phœnixville last Saturday, and states you desire that F. E. Foster and myself should locate the new paper, we contemplate starting, at that place instead of West Chester.

Ever since my return home I have designed publishing a paper in Chester County, and the advantages of mails, advertising, as well as my previous residence and extensive acquaintance, led me to fix upon West Chester as the place where it would succeed to the best advantage. I decided on this in direct opposition to the wishes of my friends here, who are exceedingly anxious that I should set up a press among them. But the place is as yet too small, and, notwithstanding the general intelligence of the neighborhood, the patronage would necessarily be too limited to support such a paper as I should wish to publish.

This objection, however, does not apply to Phœnixville, which also possesses nearly the same advantages, in regard to mails, advertising, etc., as West Chester. When Mr. Foster first mentioned to me his wish of purchasing the "Phœnix Gazette," if it could be obtained, I had already mentioned my design and made preparations for issuing the Prospectus of the "Chester County Chronicle," and I knew then little of the advantages of Phœnixville (as I have not been there for nine years, when it was a village of five hundred inhabitants), so that my original plan still seemed preferable, and Mr. Foster concluded to unite with me.

Mr. Brinton's representations, however, are such that I think if the present paper could be had at a reasonable price (as I understand that the printing materials are not of very great value), and we were certain of liberal support, — equal to what we might reasonably expect in West Chester, — Mr. Foster and myself would be willing to combine the "Chronicle" and "Gazette," and add the subscribers we shall obtain for the former to the established list of the latter. I speak, however, only for myself, as he is still in West Chester.

I feel exceedingly desirous to remain in the county, and am not very particular as to the location, so that I obtain a certain and permanent subsistence. I remember that the neighborhood of Phœnixville is extremely beautiful, and have no doubt we

should both find everything there to make a residence agreeable. If, as Mr. Brinton suggests, the circulation could be increased to a thousand within a year, the paper would be certain to succeed and prosper. As the advertising is always proportionate to the extent of the circulation, that would also become profitable, in such a case.

The "Chronicle," as we intend publishing it, will be larger than the present "Gazette," and printed in better style, at two dollars per annum. Would the increase in price (although we should render a full equivalent for it) cause any reduction in the number attached to the "Gazette"? A *good* country paper cannot well be supported for less, and we wish, if possible, to make our paper equal to any country press in the State.

We have facilities, through acquaintance with the principal editors in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, for obtaining a far better exchange list than any of the present West Chester papers, and we can also, through the German, French, and English Gazettes, make our own selections from foreign news, without depending on other papers for them. If our manner of conducting it should be as successful as we hope, I presume the limits of its circulation would, after a time, become greatly extended.

I should esteem it a favor, if you would write and give me some information as to the prospects. As we are both young and just starting in business, we desire to have *certain* foundations to build upon. I should like to know what is the actual number of subscribers to the "Gazette," and for what sum it could probably be obtained? However, as to the latter query, it does not matter at present, as if circumstances are favorable, one or both of us will visit Phœnixville shortly.

I have taken the liberty of thus addressing you, since you manifest such an interest in the establishment of a paper in your town, and were kind enough to express a wish that we should take charge of it.

The result was that the two young men bought the Phœnixville "Gazette," and changing its name, issued on Tuesday, December 29, 1846, the first number of the Phœnixville "Pioneer." Bayard Taylor pleased himself by leading off with a poem upon "The Phœnix"

which he had translated from Freiligrath, for at the time he was considering the possibility of publishing a volume of translations from this poet, whom he had met in Germany. In the same number he copied Bryant's "O Mother of a Mighty Race," which had just appeared in "Graham's Magazine." The proprietors expressed the belief that since the two neighboring counties of Chester and Montgomery could encourage seven political papers, they would sustain one devoted to literature and news.

The venture was begun with hope and confidence, and was, in Bayard's mind, a practical answer to those of his friends who took leave to doubt his ability to support himself in any literary vocation. He relied, it may be said, a little too much upon the wisdom of others in the matter; he wrote at the time to Mr. Fields: "Any employment, however hard, is better than uncertain dependence on the pen alone; although I have as yet had little experience, I have seen enough to convince me that it is a sad fate to wear out one's brain for bread." Yet he was to refute this fallacy by a longer experience, and confirm the better truth that one's judgment of one's own powers is often of more value than the commonplaces of worldly wisdom. However, he plunged into this occupation, eager only to prove himself a good man of business, who could make his Pegasus work faithfully at the treadmill. Phœnixville is but thirty miles from Kennett Square, and Bayard Taylor was able to make hurried visits in the least busy part of the week, but his intercourse with Mary Agnew was still under many restrictions, and thus the year which he spent in editing a country newspaper was a year also when he was constantly contending with untoward fate. To add to his other

sources of trouble, the frailty of Mary's constitution began to betray itself in pulmonary attacks, which gained insidiously upon her strength.

TO MARY AGNEW.

PHŒNIXVILLE, *December* 24, 1846.

. . . I have every day new proofs of the truth of my presentiment, — the spiritual monitor which informs of the future. In Philadelphia I called one morning at Graham's office. Just before entering the door, I thought involuntarily of T. B. Read, the poet and painter (thou hast, perhaps, seen something of his), and on going in I saw in the back part of the room a pale young man, with tender blue eyes and a dreamy expression of countenance. I knew at once this was Read, although I had never seen him. I went up, and we were introduced, when the first words he said were : "The minute you entered the door I knew you, although I had never seen you!" Now, was not this strange? We were soon well acquainted, after this spiritual recognition.

Again, I had determined to go to Phœnixville on Thursday morning, but on awaking my *feeling* was so strong against it that I knew not what to do. I could think of no reason for staying, yet I could not bear the idea of going. I therefore concluded to be *intentionally* too late for the cars, and behold! about the hour when I *should* have been at the depot there came two important letters from N. P. Willis[1] and Fields of Boston. Immediately afterwards I went down the street, and as it snowed very hard I went into the State House for shelter, when in the same moment our journeyman from Phœnixville entered the other door and informed me that as the office could not be had for a day or two there was no use in my going until Saturday morning. I am glad of all these things, because they seem to show that all this employment and commingling with the common affairs of the world need not dim the clear vision of the spirit. Now, if I laugh at thy dreams thou canst laugh at my presentiments. The world would, no doubt, pronounce us both mad, but we enjoy this spiritual intelligence in secret, and thank God for it. . . .

[1] With reference to possible employment on the *Home Journal*.

Notwithstanding this is a manufacturing place, there is a great deal of poetry about it. The scenery is beautiful, and the mills and furnaces, which are in operation all night, make a grand appearance with their columns and clouds of red flame, and terraces above terraces, burning through the darkness like Milton's Council Hall of Pandemonium. The sound of the forges, ringing out through the livelong night, keeps me constantly in a fitting spirit to work and think and struggle. . . .

PHŒNIXVILLE, *January* 24, 1847.

. . . Sometimes I feel as if there were a Providence watching over me, and as if an unseen and uncontrollable hand guided my actions. I have often dim, vague forebodings that an eventful destiny is in store for me; that I have vast duties yet to accomplish, and a wider sphere of action than that which I now occupy. These thoughts may be vain; they may spring only from the ceaseless impulses of an upward-aspiring spirit; but if they *are* real, and to be fulfilled, I shall the more need thy love and the gladness of thy dear presence. For wherever our paths may lead, — over what high and untrodden summits, or through what quiet and flowery valleys, — they are *one*. I have told thee that existence would not be endurable without thee; I feel, further, that thy aid will be necessary to work out the destinies of the future. . . .

Our prospects are still very encouraging. We get papers every day wanting to exchange with us. I am cheerful and confident, and bid thee good-night, with a blessing.

I send thee a little lay of mine from the "Home Journal," addressed to a happy German peasant girl.

A little more than a month of trial in Phœnixville, in spite of the general encouragement received, sufficed to arouse very strong doubts in Bayard Taylor's mind whether the course which he had followed was likely to bring him the result for which he was looking, and if it did not bring him that, it was intolerable. An enigmatical letter from Willis was enough to set his mind in a whirl, just when the zeal with which he had engaged in an uncongenial business had begun to suffer a reaction.

N. P. WILLIS TO BAYARD TAYLOR.

"HOME JOURNAL," *January* 22, 1847.

Please write to me at Washington (inclosed to Hon. Jos. Grinnell, M. C.) an account of your business arrangements at Phœnixville, what your views for the future are, what you would rather do, whether you wish to set up a paper, or get printing materials, whether you are engaged to be married, or wish to be; what you think your probable future under present circumstances, and how you would alter the view if you had means. *Trust me*, and do this frankly, and I will tell you a good reason for [it] by and by.

"I am lost in tantalizing conjectures about Willis's letter," writes Bayard in his journal. "He must still think of employment as assistant in the 'Home Journal' office, and if I could get a good salary, and it would not be considered a fresh instance of instability of purpose, by some who cannot trust me, I would like it much better than my present post. What a vague, wild crowd of thoughts his last question called up! How I would change my future if I had means? *How?* Ah, I could not tell him how; it would have been too 'visionary.' I would study like a slave; I would go into the world of authors and write; Mary and I would go to Europe together, and Greece would not be missed this time; and — then we would build a beautiful homestead in Kennett, where life would grow to me like a sweet dream of poetry, for I would have no golden threads snapped, no fast-ripening fancies trodden under foot, by contact with coarse and jarring natures. I would work ceaselessly and untiring, for the poor and needy in spirit; I would speak for the silent soul and for the heart which has not yet found an utterance. Oh, I would do much, or try to do much. This was only a question, however; it is

doubtless best for me to persevere in my own labor here."

The explanation of Willis's letter came in a second, which inclosed one received by Willis from Colonel Thomas Handasyd Perkins, of Boston.

T. H. PERKINS TO N. P. WILLIS.

BOSTON, *January* 15, 1847.

I have just finished the perusal of a book under the title of "Views Afoot" with more pleasure than I have derived from books of travel of more pretension. Connected with your name, as appears by the preface, I am induced to trouble you with this letter. I see from what he says of himself, Mr. Taylor cannot be more than twenty-three years of age at this time. I think there is much in the character of the writer of the book which entitles him to patronage, and to this end I would ask, if a sum could not be raised to put him upon good ground in his professional calling. I should be willing to aid in an object of this sort, should I learn from you that he intends pursuing the printing business. It would be as well, perhaps, not to mention the subject until you have made up your mind as to necessities of the case. If he has means of setting himself to work, perhaps the best thing would be to leave him upon his own resources. When I hear from you I will decide upon what I will do. The calls upon those who have means are many and pressing at this season, but this I think may be considered an extraordinary case, and requires corresponding exertion.

Mr. Willis seized upon this generous, but cautious, tentative offer, with characteristic hopefulness. Here was a Mæcenas in Boston; there was a struggling poet in Phœnixville, and it was his mission to bring the two together. So in the most sanguine mood he wrote to both.

N. P. WILLIS TO BAYARD TAYLOR.

WASHINGTON, *January* 28, 1847.

Your frank and ready reply is *almost* what I want, but as I cannot get at all I wish to know without telling you my secret,

I inclose you what is at the bottom of it. The writer, Colonel Perkins, is the Boston prince of millionaires, the founder and endower of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, and a man whose whole life is one history of noble benevolence. *He wants to lend you capital if it will do you good.* It is an extraordinary and romantic event in your life, and I congratulate — her who loves you !

I wrote to him a letter of three close pages, from the rough draft of which I copy you one or two passages.

"Always acquainted as I have been with the unusual and unvarying nobleness of your employment of wealth, the bringing home an instance of it to my personal influencing made me feel deeply the responsibility of aiding or diverting a stream so sacred. I am not prepared even now to give a decided opinion. Taylor is as pure in his character as a girl of sixteen, and as full of energy, endurance, and resource as more irregularly impetuous and passionate men. Nothing could corrupt him, and nothing could prevent his being prosperous, or so I think. He has gone to his native county, and is engaged in editing the Phœnixville 'Pioneer.' . . . He thought of procuring editorial employment in New York city, but his mind, as I told him, was too well worth keeping separate to venture upon the subservient employment of sub-editing, and it was better for him to have a country paper all to himself for less profit, than to merge himself in another man's mind and purposes. *Whether a capital, which would enable him to start for himself and use his first fresh energies in the large sphere which he will ultimately fill,* is advisable to urge the obtaining, you can better decide. I presume that he will never return to mechanical employment except as master-printer and editor, his pen is so much more profitable. But the possession of one or two thousand dollars would probably have induced him to, etc., etc., etc. His practical genius is of a very high order, and I esteem him, in every way, an uncommon man."

You see now, my dear Taylor, that I throw the responsibility of responding to this noble proposal entirely on yourself. That you will not let it hurt you, I am sure. So think it over, and write to me (without naming Colonel Perkins or his offer) an answer to my previous query as to *how you would better your condition if you could.* I shall not write to him till I hear freely from you, but I *suppose* it lies within your power to receive from one to five thousand dollars from him with liberty to repay it

when you are able, and not before, and upon showing good prospect as to its benefiting your plans for the future.

A word to the wise is enough, and so I need not scribble more to you. This is a page of romance which a man may well be proud to have for his biographer. Please offer Mrs. Willis's and my friendship to your appreciatress and true friend.

The rapidity with which Willis built the air castle in which his friend was to live had most likely an inspiriting effect on Bayard, but the letters which he wrote to Willis are unfortunately missing. It can only be gathered from Willis's excuses for Colonel Perkins's silence: "The fact is, the old gentleman is getting very infirm," "I suppose the old man's memory is giving way with his years," that Bayard Taylor frankly made his situation known, but that the circumstances were very different from what Colonel Perkins at first supposed. It is one thing to help on a young mechanic with capital, and another to set up a poet, or to lend money for any such dubious scheme as Willis airily hinted at. The good-will of Colonel Perkins, however, was clearly manifest when, a year later, he came forward with a loan when Bayard was struggling under an unjust debt.

This will-o'-the-wisp which Willis had lighted danced long enough before Bayard Taylor's eyes to tease him with a possible escape into brighter scenes, but, tied as he was to Phœnixville, he made a vigorous effort to get the best possible out of the town in which he was living. With a few of the more enterprising people he formed a literary association, and he made himself a buoyant and hearty companion at the houses of the better educated people, but he had made a somewhat unfortunate choice of a place in which to try his experiment. The town was one which had sprung up

rapidly under the stimulus of mills, which had drawn a class of workmen who were not likely to take any interest in a paper with aims like the "Pioneer;" the country people were conservative farmers, who looked with dislike upon the busy village, and were slow to accept a new journal. He struggled on, however, making the paper as good as his materials would allow, and introducing such incongruous elements as literary letters from London, written by his friend the bookseller, Mr. Dennett, and poems and translations from his own portfolio. He was in vigorous physical condition, and walked off his restlessness and dissatisfaction in long rambles over the hills.

Meanwhile the larger world outside found its way into his seclusion with words of cheer. The journals brought frequent notices of his book, and letters from his literary friends at home and abroad reminded him that he had not been forgotten, and encouraged him by intimating that he was recognized as an author with ability to help others. Mary Howitt wrote to thank him for "Views Afoot," which she had praised highly in her journal, and to ask his influence in America to create public opinion in favor of her and her husband's venture. Eliza Leslie, for whom he had a high regard, sent one of those letters which make a young author's heart glow with pleasure.

ELIZA LESLIE TO BAYARD TAYLOR.

February 18, 1847.

The extreme illness of my sister, Mrs. Carey, has hitherto prevented me from an early acknowledgment of the receipt of your delightful book, which, for the same reason, I was unable to enjoy the pleasure of reading when it first came to hand. All my friends concur in my opinion of it. My brother, Major Leslie, of the army, has made it the subject of a letter to his family (who

remain at New York while he is on duty in the South), and he enjoins them to get a copy and read it forthwith. I bought one the other day to send to my brother Charles in London.

I hope you have been liberally remunerated by Wiley & Putnam. If not, you will be able to command your own terms with other publishers for your next work, this having become at once deservedly popular.

I hear you are publishing a weekly paper. You will please to send it to my address. I inclose the amount of a year's subscription. When you visit Philadelphia I shall always be glad to see you.

Miss Leslie was then sixty years old, and her interest in Bayard Taylor was keenly appreciated. Years afterward, when writing a personal sketch of the Leslie family, he recurred to this little act of kindness and said: "It was a country paper, devoted to local news, and could have no possible interest for her, — but she doubtless conjectured, as was true, that I was endeavoring to establish myself in business, and that every *paid* subscription was a real assistance. I have heard that she made enemies by her frankness, and her scorn of all dissimulation: she reserved her tact for the exercise of her kindness." [1]

Mrs. Hale, then editor of "Godey's Lady's Book," begged him to send her a short article for the "Opal," one of the holiday gift books then in fashion, and the receptacle of many of the poems and short sketches which were the foundation of long-lived fame. Frederic Gerstaecker wrote to ask his interest in one of the American novels which he was writing, and a long and charming letter came from the old Quaker poet, Bernard Barton, who took so kind an interest in him when he was in London. Some of its passages were pondered well by the receiver, who was then thinking

[1] *At Home and Abroad*, ii. 407.

more of how he should get out of his paper than how he should conduct himself in it.

BERNARD BARTON TO BAYARD TAYLOR.

WOODBRIDGE, *Fourth Month* 17, 1847.

. . . And so thou art editor, proprietor, and printer of a paper in conjunction with some fellow-laborer. Marry! 't is an onerous and toilsome post, but it may be, when honorably discharged, an honorable and useful one. But in so far as I can see into the workings of that monster leviathan, the Press, in our country, a man had need be clean-handed and stout-hearted who shall engage in it. But I am a poor provincial recluse, and much would fret me to fiddle-strings which many make light of. I only wish it may leave thee leisure to cultivate poetry, touching the which I have my fears; but thou wilt find how the thing shall work. The happiest life, as it seems to me, is that which enables him who leads it to find his own enjoyments in himself and his home, and at the same time allows him to do somewhat towards adding to the innocent enjoyment of his fellow-creatures. This is perhaps best effected by authorship; but the cases are perhaps comparatively rare in which this is a lucrative occupation, unless he who follows it have some auxiliary avocation which may help to bring grist to the mill, or by his position and connections in society have a tolerable chance of an indulgent hearing and fair play. The circumstance of my being a Quaker, and the lucky chance of my being a clerk in a bank, have between them kept me from starving in my vocation; but I am by no means certain I should not have been better off, in a worldly sense, had I never penned couplet or stanza. Very few are eminently successful, in a worldly point of view, but by undivided attention to some one given object. But to a certain extent it is possible to provide what is positively necessary for our needful wants, and to find stolen intervals of leisure to throw our mites into that treasury of true knowledge whereby our age and generation may be in some small degree helped to be wiser, happier, and better. We cannot, of a truth, serve God and Mammon, — that is, we cannot make both the objects of our heart's devotion, for this would involve the vain attempt to combine the present enjoyments of a Dives with the reversionary expectancies of a Lazarus; but by controlling our desires and moderating our expectations, by neither coveting

wealth nor being ashamed of poverty, we may rub and drive on tolerably, and do somewhat to cultivate and cherish the sources of true happiness in ourselves, and open them up to our fellow-creatures. All this, my dear Taylor, I jot down hastily for thee to make what thou canst of in entering on a field of honorable labor from which I am about retiring, somewhat in the character of a wounded and disabled veteran halt and maimed, and bearing many an inward scar, but tolerably heart-whole.

Thine ever affectionately, BERNARD BARTON.

Let me hear from thee as often as thou canst. My frequency of scribble depends on thine.

All these messages and the thoughts which they excited were made over quickly to Mary Agnew, whose letters show the gentle pride which she took in her lover.

Bayard Taylor

CHAPTER V.

REMOVAL TO NEW YORK.

1847.

> But as the Rose will lend its excellence
> To the unlovely earth in which it grows,
> Until the sweet earth says, "I serve the Rose,"
> So, penetrant with her was every sense.
>
> *The Picture of St. John.*

MARY AGNEW TO BAYARD TAYLOR.

March 1, 1847.

. . . Far dearer than life thou art to me, and the tie that binds me to thee lies deep within my being, too strong ever to be broken by the trials of this world. I shudder when I think of such a thing as being separated from thee ; I could not live, for our souls have grown too long together to be parted without a struggle too hard to be borne. Why need I think of it ? for it can never be. Already are our destinies marvelously entwined, and will still continue to be, for thou art my heart's only idol. If what I have written should make thee sad I deeply regret it, yet I confide in thee with my whole soul ; and to whom else can I pour forth the fears that cross my path in the every-day walk of life.

I had indulged high and bright hopes of having a long talk with thee during thy last visit, but I was again to be disappointed. Our time with each other was very limited, but I must not murmur, for something tells me that I ought to be thankful for the time I had, and glad that the blessed means of writing is allowed me, for the time is not far in the past when I was debarred from this small privilege. It may have been for the best, for we know not but that every trial and difficulty has united us more closely, and still tends to work out our universal good. . . .

BAYARD TAYLOR TO MARY AGNEW.

PHŒNIXVILLE, *March* 11, 1847.

I am here alone to-night ; they have all gone to the meeting of the Literary Society. I could not go ; I am deeply sad and cast down in spirit, and must relieve the painful fullness of my feelings by communion with thee. Notwithstanding for several days past I have had unhappy presentiments, I was surprised and grieved to hear of thy sickness to-day. I knew this morning I would hear from thee, but as the time drew nigh when the letter should arrive, my heart seemed to sink within me with a sense of deep foreboding. I am still suffering under strong anxiety, and shall be until I hear from thee again. Would to Heaven we could be always near each other ! Were I but allowed to sit by thy side, and try to cheer thy weary hours of illness, I could better bear it, and I think thou, too, wouldst be happier. . . .

I have a thousand things to say, and yet I cannot say them, for too much thinking. Do not expect me to be very cheerful this time, yet when thou art well again I will try to recover my lost spirits. I find that in the midst of all this toil and struggling which I am now going through a strong will is fast growing into existence, — a will which will do all and dare all. I am determined to conquer penury and care, and keep, withal, that love of the pure and the beautiful which is the soul of true poetry. This determined spirit, combined with the enthusiasm of my nature, has helped to accomplish all which I have yet done, and will achieve still greater results.

I cannot be with thee on Saturday, much as I desire the happiness of seeing thee again, and relieving my feelings with a long conversation. But thou wilt write again after receiving this, for I shall be anxious and uneasy till I hear from thee. I do not know certainly when I can go home. We are unusually busy, and our affairs are so arranged at present that neither of us can well leave. But I shall try to go in about two weeks ; in that time, perhaps, the buds will be swelling, and the grass growing green on the hillsides and in the fresh meadows. I long for spring ; my hopes seem to brighten in its balmy air, and, what is better, I can visit thee more frequently. . . .

I am very well bodily, — indeed, Dr. P—— tells me I have a

constitution equal to a horse. I would freely part with some of my health to hasten thy recovery; but it is a commodity which we cannot give away, though we may easily use it. There, thou seest I am growing cheerful again, for I do not want to leave the lightest shadow of my own sadness on thy heart. Pray, be as happy as thou canst; enjoy whatever sunshine the present offers thee, and trust in God for the future.

I have said but little, yet I must close. It is growing late; I am alone and undisturbed; and now, dearest Mary (when shall I call thee by a fonder name?), good-night, and take with thee the prayers of thine forever.

MARY AGNEW TO BAYARD TAYLOR.

March 14, 1847.

I hasten to relieve thy sadness and dispel the shadow from thy brow (if such is in my power). . . . Hannah kindly offered to write to thee for me, but I thought perhaps it would cause thee less anxiety if I wrote myself; and I now find that I have done the very thing I tried to avoid. But something tells me it was right that thou shouldst know the real state of the case, and if I had not told thee I would not have been true to thee, and it is far from my wish to conceal a thought or feeling from thee, — thou that hast loved me so nobly and devotedly through many days of sorrow and anxiety.

I hope that thou art cheerful, this bright morning, that has been welcomed by the songs of many a joyous bird. As I look out at the window, everything seems so bright and happy that some of the brightness has passed into *my* soul, and I have bid my spirit go to thee and whisper words of joy and comfort to thee, which thou canst understand, but no one else knows their meaning; and I feel even now while I write that thou art again cheerful. Is it not so?

I am fast gaining strength. Every day dawns but to find me growing stronger and better, and I hope in a few days to be able to resume my accustomed duties. I have been cheerful all the time, for I feel that after this I will be better than I have been for some time. Thou knowest I have not been very well all winter, and that I hope that I may recover from this attack but to enjoy the blessing of health more than I have done lately. There is nothing now that I so much pray for as health. If I

were free from pain I could then be as light-hearted and joyous as others, whose prospects are not so bright and happy; for am I not transcendently happy while I have thee to confide in? I can say, and say truly, that

> "Woman's peace
> Ne'er on a breast so tender and so true
> Reposed before."

Even if we are sick and in pain there are many things from which we can derive comfort and pleasure. I have lain here in this room, and listened to the glad songs of the bluebird, the lark, and the robin, that welcomed the coming of spring, that season that I have so longed for, as bringing me renewed health and anticipated joy. Kind friends have visited me, coming with their friendly words of hope and comfort, and bringing me beautiful bunches of flowers, on which I could gaze and watch them unfolding their many beauties. Here is a beautiful bunch of rosebuds before me now, that Annie G—— brought me. Would that I could send thee one, to look as fresh and pretty as it does now. I have here, too, the pure white snowdrop, that blooms regardless of the coldness of the breeze that kisses it. Would that I could send thee one of them, too. But the flowers and roses will soon be blooming again, and then thou wilt come and receive them from my own hand. . . .

Try and be cheerful again; in a few days I will be well. I *am* well now, but not yet strong. Let me caution thee again not to labor too hard, for even the constitution of a "horse" may be broken by too much exertion. What a shame to compare thy constitution to a horse; if it is as strong as that we have still more cause to be thankful. . . .

Thou wilt write to me soon, thy letters are so precious; and now, dearest Bayard, again accept the blessing of thy thankful

MARY.

BAYARD TAYLOR TO MARY AGNEW.

PHŒNIXVILLE, *March* 14, 1847.

. . . I am beginning to think, dear Mary, that the trials we have had in the beginning of our attachment have been all for the best. We have deeply proved (to others — could we ever doubt ourselves?) the sincerity of our feelings, and the life-strong bond which unites us; and we can much more confidently

hope for a happy future, than if the past had been *all* sunshine. Nevertheless, I am glad that the past *is* past, and am eager for the future to become the present. Everything that I see, or hear, or read, seems to remind me in some way of thee, and of the happiness which ought to be ours. I lose myself often in day-dreams of our future home. Dost *thou* not build castles sometimes, in which we are the reigning lords, and from which our warden, Love, drives back all hostile Cares, who have no true title to the domain? I take care, however, to build no castles which may not be realized; and any of them will make us blest. If it were better, I could most cheerfully give up my hopes of a higher field of action, and sit myself down contented here, or anywhere, with thee. So that, in eight or ten years I shall earn enough to build us a beautiful little homestead in dear old Kennett, among our friends, where I can study and write in the sweetest retirement; *Provided that* (as the laws express themselves), we have first fulfilled our promised pilgrimage to Europe and the East. Now all this may be done, may it not? And in the confidence that we can do it, let us do right and trust in God, and all will be well. I am not sad or dejected now; the feeling has gone like a mist from my spirit, leaving a clear blue sky, in which shines ever an "unsetting sun." . . .

I am really glad that thou art pleased with my poetry. One word from thee is dearer to me than the cold praise of all the critics in the land. But the critics, too, have been kind. The London "Athenæum" notices *very* favorably, for the "Literary World," in New York, copied part of it. Peabody, of Boston, wrote an article about it (which I have not seen) for the "North American Review;" and last, though not least, Mrs. Sarah J. Hale wrote me a very kind letter, accompanied with a number of the "Lady's Book," which contained a most flattering notice. She says (in the "Book"): "He has won himself a place in the hearts of his countrymen. Bright eyes will watch his name in the periodicals, and fair hands will turn over his pages. It will now be easy for him to climb the 'slippery steep,'" etc., etc., — all very pleasant, no doubt. I merely mention it, that thou mayst see how well I am succeeding. Bernard Barton has sent me from England a beautiful copy of his poems.

I write this from our new house. We have been here a week, and like it very well. But still it is not *a home*. The magic which hallows home is wanting. They say to me: "Get mar-

ried at once, you will do much better," etc. And indeed I wish I could follow their advice. So I tell them, and some undertake to assist me in the choice of a companion! Of course, I indignantly decline their services.

It is quite late, and growing extremely cold; I must therefore stop scrawling. If thou canst read these pot-hooks without difficulty, I shall be surprised. . . .

PHŒNIXVILLE, *June* 29, 1847.

. . . Think of it, Mary, *months* have passed since we could have an hour or two to ourselves. Each time of my return home have I looked forward to, in the hope that it would afford me that happiness, and thou, too, hast longed for the consolation of such a communion. Perhaps we shall have to wait weeks longer. Still, it is much to see thee now and then, and to receive such dear messages from thee when absent. . . .

I know the trials to which thou art at times subjected, on my account, and feel deeply the unhappiness they must cause thee. But do not think that anything which may be said to me causes unkind or unpleasant feelings; I look upon it as occasioned by an unhappy foreboding which, at times, makes us all somewhat disposed to forget the light by which we are surrounded. And the uniform and generous kindness of thy father towards me encourages me to hope that by honorable exertion and strict adherence to right thought and right action, I may win the confidence and esteem of all who hold thee dear. I would that they might see our destinies united, without the least anxiety for thee. Do not doubt that thou wilt find warm hearts ready to welcome thee in my home, as a daughter and sister. . . .

I am learning patience from thy calm, enduring spirit. When thou sayest thou canst wait for years until our hour of union shall come, I know thou art but preparing thyself to encounter any destiny which might retard this fondly anticipated time. I grow at times impatient and full of "unrest" in picturing the possibility of such a delay, for I think if the world were as it should be we would have been united long ere this. Yet I can bear the thought of two or three years' weary waiting with more calmness, and the secret hope that a shorter period will terminate our probation. We are now children no longer. Thou art a woman, and every way fitted for a woman's part in the drama of existence. I am a man in years and experience, if not too full of folly

and nonsense at times to be one. It only remains, then, for my situation here to become rather more than self-supporting, and for all our friends (relatives, I should say) who have authority in the matter to give their consent. When the first requisite is fairly obtained, I think there will be little difficulty about the other ; and all this may be brought about in a shorter time than we now anticipate. At all events, I feel comfort in the thought that Time now flies so fast, and that sooner or later he will bring us the hour. And *then* he may go fast or slow, the world may be good or evil, the sanctuary of home and hearts will be always the abode of happiness.

Summer is here in all her glory. Her scarf is loosened on the hills, and all the wide landscape is flecked with gold. A blue, smoky haze fills the air, and the heat grows stifling and oppressive. To-night the sun went down like a great round drop of blood, and it will be after midnight before the waning moon shall "go up amid the eternal stars." It is now near the witching hour of night, and the dull, sultry atmosphere overpowers me. I must leave this to be finished in the morning. Visit me, if thou canst, in dreams, and I will dream to return the visit.

Morning. My dreams were not of thee, but I had an inspiring vision. I thought old Ludwig Uhland sat beside me, leaning his silver head on my shoulder, and repeated some of his beautiful German ballads. It was a singular thought, but perhaps had a mysterious connection with my waking reflections ; for I was turning over in my mind the resolution to write no more poetry, and give my imagination no license to wander, until my business should be fixed and secure. And I was wondering whether such a determination would destroy forever the "divine faculty." But there is no fear of it, I believe. A flower which has been planted by Nature, and cherished by years of thought, cannot die from such a slight neglect. The end is at hand, — almost at the beginning of my talk with thee. I shall see thee again the end of next week, but write, if thou canst, before that time. Thy letters give me a world of joy. I hope it will not be long before I shall see thee here, and show thee my familiar haunts.

MARY AGNEW TO BAYARD TAYLOR.

July 31, 1847.

This is a beautiful evening to close my twentieth birthday, but I am too weak to enjoy it. I can scarcely sit up, and am not al-

lowed to write ; for this reason I have taken a small sheet, and probably shall not fill it, and yet feel as if I had so much for utterance, so many things to pour trustfully into thy loving, generous heart. But do not be alarmed when thee reads the beginning of this. It is only a general debility, brought on by so much disease and anxiety. Doctor says when I get well I may be better than ever I was, but I must be very careful. It will require many sacrifices, but I can easily give up present pleasure for future benefit. Thy last loved letter is open before me. With what unspeakable joy I received it ; for I had felt dull and sad, and this came to me as a comfort and a joy, — as those dear missives ever do, that breathe to me of the gentleness and nobleness of thy pure, lofty soul. Lying before me, too, is thy pictured image, the little frame yet fragrant with the perfume and beauty of the many summer flowers that I have lain upon it in the cherished love of my heart. Such was my pleasure day after day when I was well, and now I have two loved locks of hair that lay within it, that I have cherished long and wondered if I would be allowed to smooth it when it should be "silvered o'er with years." But whither am I wandering? Thou wilt see by the mistakes, writing, and other things, that I am not fit to write a letter; but I wanted that thee should get a few lines, for it seems so long since I have written, though I have so much wished to, and I feared that thou mightst censure me, — and oh ! dear Bayard, I could not for a moment bear that such should be the case. Yet it is my daily fear that I may have done something to cause thee many a saddening thought. . . . Thou wilt be home next Saturday. I shall be strong again then, I hope. Come here as early as thou canst Saturday evening. I want to have some time with thee.

When Bayard Taylor went to establish himself in a small country community, he did not take into account that indomitable desire for growth and for the highest development which possessed him, and which the circumstances of his life as editor of a country newspaper could serve only by presenting obstacles to be overcome. He went away to New York and the Catskills for a short summer vacation, and the glimpse which he

had again of New York life suggested such contrasts that he returned to Phœnixville with his mind made up to go to the city, if it were possible, and support himself by literary work. He missed seeing Willis, and so wrote to him for advice after his return to Phœnixville, where he was suddenly called by death in his partner's family.

BAYARD TAYLOR TO MARY AGNEW.

PHŒNIXVILLE, *August* 29, 1847.

Thou wilt be surprised, and perhaps disappointed, to receive a letter from this place instead of my promised visit. I heard in New York, after writing to thee, of the illness of Mr. R. N. Foster, and on reaching Philadelphia, Thursday last, heard that Fred had been written for, since his father's life was despaired of. This obliged me to come here immediately, and, as may be supposed, I found my presence much needed, — so much so, that I found it quite impossible to leave, even if yesterday's rain had permitted my going to Kennett. . . .

I have no time now to tell how many old friends I met and new ones found. There is so much to be done for the paper that I must stop this pleasant talk with thee, and go to the actuals and indispensables. But I can safely promise a good stock of interesting gossip when we meet. Shall I not hear from thee before the end of the week?

MARY AGNEW TO BAYARD TAYLOR.

. . . How lonely I felt after thee left us that night. I went directly to my room, leaned my head out of the window, and drank in the silent, saddening beauty of the night. But a short time, and I heard the mournful car whistle that told me thou wouldst soon be many miles from me. But it was a joy to think that distance could not separate us, — that the light of thy love and faithfulness was ever shining round me like a halo. . . . It was a beautiful day [a return home from Wilmington]. I thought I never saw the woods look so brilliant. I wondered where thou wert, and oh! how I wished thou wert with me. This is my favorite season. The solemn sadness of the time seems to suit my spirit better than the light joyousness of the spring, when

everything is waking to life and beauty ; but *next* spring will find me waking to health and strength, — at least, I hope so. It would be a new life, — yes, it would be new to me to pass one day without pain. But I will be well, and then, dear Bayard, what joy awaits us ; for it falls on thee as well as me. I have much, very much to say, but it is late at night, and I must send this to the office in the morning, so I must close with the hope of getting a letter soon, and having a long, long talk with thee when thee again comes home. . . . And now I bid thee a fervent good-night, and shall go to my pillow to be visited with dreams of thee ; and may the guardian of thy sleep send pleasant ones of me.

BAYARD TAYLOR TO JOHN B. PHILLIPS.

PHŒNIXVILLE, *September* 8, 1847.

. . . It is now nearly ten o'clock, and I am sitting at the table (you know where it is) surrounded with books, papers, and manuscripts. My room is beginning to look like an author's laboratory. The windows, mantel, table, and even floor are covered with ancient and modern, native and foreign literature, and one window is entirely taken up with the books given me in New York. Among others, I have the works of Hood, Tupper, Leigh Hunt, Hawthorne, Mrs. Kirkland, etc., besides all of Goethe and Schiller in fifteen magnificent German volumes. This, as you will readily conceive, is a good winter's work. But I have commenced it with ardor, and by employing every moment of leisure time I hope to be well acquainted with them all before long. Putnam, who, by the bye, is one of the very best fellows in the world, gave me the greater part of them. He has returned to America to live, as you are perhaps already aware. I spent two evenings with him on Staten Island.

I was exceedingly fortunate in New York in making delightful literary acquaintances, — such as C. F. Hoffman, Mrs. Kirkland, Mr. and Mrs. Seba Smith, Bryant, Page and Powell, the painters, G. P. Morris, Balmanno, etc. I called on the first of these without an introduction, but was most cordially received, and spent a delightful evening with him and Page. I afterwards took him, with Griswold and Seba Smith (Jack Downing), to see the Greek Slave, and in the evening Hoffman went with me to Brooklyn to the Smiths, where we stayed till eleven o'clock, passing the time most delightfully. I also spent an evening with

Mrs Kirkland, who is, to my mind, possessor of more genius than any woman in America. She is a most noble character, and every one in New York esteems her. Bryant is her most intimate friend, and she gave me a deep insight into his character. Bryant I found calm and cold, as I had expected, but having the stamp of greatness in his countenance. I felt a kind of pride in having been previously known to all these persons. They did not look upon me as a stranger, and, though but an embryo author, it gave me the key to their sympathies. I cannot tell you how much I enjoyed this week's visit. Nothing could be more refreshing to the mind than the converse of such gifted spirits after a year spent among Phœnixville ignorance and dullness. Willis was unfortunately not in the city. . . .

N. P. WILLIS TO BAYARD TAYLOR.

New York, *September* 19, 1847.

Mrs. Kirkland had told me of your visit to New York before I received your letter, and expressed herself highly pleased to have seen you. I am sorry I was not here. We arrived on Tuesday for the winter.

Touching the subject of your letter, I have, *on-the-whole-imously*, wondered at your policy of preference for country editing; but as I did not particularly know what were your prospects and reasons, I did not venture to pronounce it unwise. I should divide into equal thirds the desirableness of a business for you and me: 1. Profit enough to support a family. 2. Genial and congenial society. 3. Chances for making renown, or rather for securing appreciation. Two of these would make a majority which would outweigh the remaining third. You can apply this yard-stick to your paper at Phœnixville for yourself.

If you conclude to come to New York, I think you had better make your engagements by correspondence, editing your paper meantime. It will give you the advantage of seeming to have a resource if refused. Write to every paper and everybody. Be willing to go in at a small hole, like a lean rat, trusting to increase so much that you cannot be got out without destroying what took you in. This is fair play, where the property of an establishment is made by your underpaid industry. The town is full of five-dollar-a-week men, but they don't stand at all in your way. Your book has made you a name which would give your union to any paper great value, and, as a practical printer,

also, you are a *most desirable partner for a man with capital, who wants the influence and occupation of a paper*. You are a man, however, to whom half a hint is a sermon, and so I say no more on that point.

As to society you would find New York delightful. It is, as yet, without any acknowledged upper circle, and therefore you may pick your society untrammeled, and enjoy it as the undisputed best. The first year you would (chances are) obtain merely a livelihood. The second year you might marry and begin to thrive. I will be on the lookout for a place for you to put your foot.

We expect Richard every day. I hope you will be here to meet him, and chat over Germany around my table.

God bless you. With my promised best respect to your *bien-aimée*, tell her from me that in a "worldly point of view" you are an excellent match. She knows, of course, that there is no love like the love of genius.

BAYARD TAYLOR TO MARY AGNEW.

PHŒNIXVILLE, *October* 15, 1847.

I still adhere to the determination of changing my situation as soon as possible. All my reason seems to point out this path as the best. If I can get a good place I have little fears as to further success and advancement. I confess, too, that I think we would be happier there than here, — at least for a few years. I am almost satisfied that I could make a very good living by writing alone, but to attempt it would be unwise. I can at least very materially increase my income in that way. Authorship is now *beginning* to be profitable. I may be born on the verge of a better era, and so help reap the harvest of future years. At least, I have made a very auspicious commencement for an American writer. God grant me continued strength, for I have appointed myself a great work to do before I die.

I have been studying Schiller lately, and find rich stores of encouragement in his life and poetry. On Sunday I took his "Don Carlos" with me in our boat, and rowed myself out of sight of the village into the solitude of the autumn woods. The sky was blue and bright as that of Eden, and the bright trees waved over me like gorgeous banners from the hilltops. I sat on a sunny slope and read for hours; it was a rare enjoyment! As I moved to rise I found a snake, which had crept up to me

for warmth, and was coiled up quietly under my arm. I was somewhat startled, but the reptile slid noiselessly away, and I could not harm it. Jumping into the boat again, I let it float with the current, and read till it grew dark and chilly.

This would be called a long letter, but I have said very little, and I must now close, as usual, at midnight. Fred has not returned yet, and I am overwhelmed with work. His brother is a little better, but very low. Thou wilt read this, I suppose, on Saturday night, and on a week from then I hope to be with thee. Write whenever thou canst, — too often thou canst never write.

Bayard Taylor followed Willis's advice to open negotiations with New York editors while continuing his business at Phœnixville, and wrote to Mr. Greeley, R. W. Griswold, Charles Fenno Hoffman, and W. C. Bryant. The characteristic replies of these gentlemen give a good indication both of the esteem in which they held their correspondent and of the very meagre resources which literary life in New York at that time could command.

HORACE GREELEY TO BAYARD TAYLOR.

NEW YORK, *October* 11, 1847.

MY FRIEND TAYLOR, — I know nothing at present wherewith to tempt you toward this city. We are in the vortex of literary and miscellaneous adventure. All the aspiring talent and conceit of our own country and of Europe confront and crowd on our pavements, and every newspaper or other periodical establishment is crowded with assistants and weighed down with promises. My own judgment is that you will do ill in leaving work secure and ready to your hands to hunt work in any of the unhealthy crowds congregated on the sea-coast. But judge of this for yourself. It seems to me that two or three years' experience in a country village will better qualify you for a department in a city paper ; that, as to study, time is everything, and that is very scarce with anybody's hirelings in this city ; and that should you evince high qualities in your present position they will be noted, and your services requested elsewhere. Life is very hurried and fretful in a great city.

Yours, HORACE GREELEY.

R. W. GRISWOLD TO BAYARD TAYLOR.

New York, *October* 24, 1847.

My dear Taylor, — I am very much delighted at the prospect of having you in New York. I have been making some inquiries down town this morning, but without success, though I have no doubt, with your abilities and experience, enough will be found to do after a little while.

Meantime, enough to "pay your board" awaits you on my "Biographie" in the form of translations of articles from the new "Conversations Lexikon," if you will undertake them. I certainly will do all I can very gladly, and am so sanguine that I have no hesitation in bidding you come at once.

I live in my shop here at the University, and rarely go out now but to get my meals at the New York Hotel, or to visit the printing-office.

My brother has just told me of a first-rate boarding-house, equal to that I have left, in Bond Street, for half the price.

I scribble this very hastily, for I wish to send it down to the post-office by the boy who is "waiting for copy."

Yours most sincerely,

Rufus W. Griswold.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN TO BAYARD TAYLOR.

Office Literary World, *October* 30, 1847.

My dear Sir, — Your letter of the 19th interested me much. I like your idea of "coming up to the capital," as did the worthies of literature in Johnson's time. Griswold tells me he has written you offering something to do. I wish I could offer you a certain and permanent engagement upon this paper ; perhaps we may hereafter. Meanwhile, if an engagement for the months of November and December of five dollars a week upon the miscellaneous department of the "Literary World," or for one review a week, will advance your object, I pray you to consider it settled. I write in great haste, with business and business people pressing, so you must not gauge my interest in your plans by this brief note from Yours hurriedly,

C. F. Hoffman.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT TO BAYARD TAYLOR.

NEW YORK, *November* 30, 1847.

DEAR SIR, — You must have thought me uncivil in not answering your letter earlier. The truth was, I did not know what to advise, and day after day went over, till I was ashamed to look at the date of your letter to see how many had elapsed.

With regard to your coming to New York, there is no doubt that a residence here, to one whose character and habits are formed, like yours, is of great advantage in point of intellectual improvement. The intellect is incited to greater exertions, is invigorated by collision with other intellects, and finds more abundant aliment ; but they who live by their pens here do not, I believe, find it a very easy life in general. Either they are very laboriously occupied, for the most part without a very liberal compensation, or find occupation uncertain and its rewards scanty.

The greater number of them, I believe, write for the magazines, a thing of which you have some experience. When they have acquired some reputation, they often venture upon a volume ; you have experience in that way, too. The newspaper press furnishes the steadiest income, but its places are few and always full, and there is a crowd of competitors ready for casual vacancies. I know of none such at present.

Such is an outline of the literary chart of New York. If you conclude to try its navigation, I shall be happy to render you any service in my power. Yours truly,

W. C. BRYANT.

BAYARD TAYLOR TO MARY AGNEW.

November 12, 1847.

I thought I would make up my deficiency a week or two ago, and write a long letter, but the " pressure of business " confines me to this sheet of note-paper. And indeed, I can scarcely steal time enough to say more than that I am enjoying good health and good spirits, notwithstanding many little difficulties and vexations. I received another letter from Hoffman yesterday, repeating his offer and urging me to come. Of course I replied, accepting it, and promising to come on as soon as possible. I fear I shall have to dispose of the " Pioneer " at considerable

loss, but I will endeavor soon to make it up in New York. It is, however, to say the least, very vexatious and annoying to throw away a year's work for nothing, at this time of life. Thou canst, doubtless, appreciate the feeling with which I regard this disappointment. I have lost none of my hope and confidence, but I feel impatient about it, and sometimes almost — angry. But then I recur to my philosophy, which is, never to let myself be troubled about what *is done* and *can't be helped*, and I find that a little calm reasoning soon restores my equanimity.

I think we have both learned a good deal of patience and self-denial, which may do us good service amid the trials which may meet us in after-life. There is much sunshine in the world; even as I write a ray of it shot into my heart, and I am glad and happy; it was the thought of our union, haply not very distant in the future. I have a stock of gladness in my spirit, which will keep me always hopeful and buoyant, and I thank God for this. Be thou hopeful, too, for "why should we seek to anticipate sadness," etc.?

But I *must* close, for it is bright morning, and my presence is wanted in the office. I write now that thou mayest receive it to-morrow night. All my spare time, which is not much, has been employed on a lecture for to-morrow night.

In writing, several years afterward, of his experiment at Phœnixville, Bayard Taylor says: "I soon discovered that the paper which I wished to publish would not satisfy the demands of my subscribers. I could not make my pen serve the petty local interests, which alone they cared for; as I wished to remain neutral in politics, I offended both parties; when I endeavored to illustrate higher literary points of view, my orthodoxy in religious things was called in question. At last, after wasting a year in the thankless business, I gave it up in despair, and went to New York, weighed down with a debt, the paying of which cost me the earnings of the next three years."

He had no positive engagement in New York except that offered by Mr. Hoffman, but shortly after he

reached the city he added to this an engagement to teach a class in literature in Miss Green's school for young ladies, three to four hours a week for four dollars, "which is good pay," he writes, "and will do much to help me along." So, with the certainty of nine dollars a week, he embarked hopefully upon the current of a literary life in New York. It was a week before Christmas when he arrived, and on Christmas Day he wrote to Mary Agnew: —

"The happiest and merriest heart be thine to-day! The very soul of all Christmas enjoyment make sunshine around thee! And amid all the kind wishes thou wilt receive from loving friends, forget not that my fondest, most fervent blessing goes to thee from the depths of my heart. Chide me not that, *in absence*, I feel cheerful and happy. I have been among friends to-day, among those who knew me; the gay crowds of this busy city seemed familiar and homelike, and there was needed but the one dear presence to make me indeed contented. *Here* is my sphere of action; it may be my place of sorrow and suffering, but always of happiness while I have *thee*."

CHAPTER VI.

LITERARY LIFE IN NEW YORK.

1848–1849.

> In midnight streets
> And haunted attics flattered by the chime
> Of silver words, and, fed by faith sublime,
> I Shelley's mantle wore, you that of Keats.
>
> *Sonnet to R. H. S.*

THE strongest motive which prompted Bayard Taylor to come to New York and try his fortune in literature was the hope that he could thus sooner maintain himself and marry; but with this hope was a desire to study, to find himself in more congenial society, and to come closer to the movement of men. Ardently as he loved nature, he was at a time of life when his vigorous, stirring mind sought activity and the companionship of men and women of high thought and aims; he wished to plunge into swifter currents, and to find room for freer energy. The period which he spent at Phœnixville was commonplace enough so far as his external life was concerned, but it was witness to a mental and spiritual travail which showed itself in the varying moods of his letters and diaries, and left him with a sense of new life and power. Physically he was conscious of abounding health, and he felt the stirring within him of an intellectual spirit which prophesied a larger expression.

In his novel "John Godfrey's Fortunes," the hero is made to say, "I belong to that small class of men

whose natures are not developed by a steady, gradual process of growth, but advance by sudden and seemingly arbitrary bounds, divided by intervals during which their faculties remain almost stationary." Such a statement does more to identify an author with his creation than any merely external likeness, and it is not to be wondered at that John Godfrey should be taken as a literary study of Bayard Taylor, since this periodic development of nature was characteristic of his own judgment of himself. At any rate, in this removal to New York we are able to see not only an outward change of fortune and experience, but the beginning of a rapid maturity of intellect. It was very much to him that he could note in his diary at the beginning of the year, "I have laid the spirits which tormented me in a poetical grave; and it is enough to say, at this chilly hour, that I am now stronger and more resolute than then [a year ago], sustained by a firmer trust and encouraged by a more cheerful philosophy." The difference in his circumstances appears plainly enough in his New Year's letter to his betrothed.

BAYARD TAYLOR TO MARY AGNEW.

NEW YORK, *New Year's Day*, 1848.

The blessings of the opening year be upon thee, dearest Mary! be with thee to-night, if my heart's wish can be answered! Although I have passed the day among friends, I have been lonely in my absence from thee; and I have felt it the more, since every pleasant scene but made me wish for thy presence. It would have been charming to thee; indeed, thou art not aware how much thou art losing — for a while, only; for it will *soon*, I hope, be in my power to unlock for thee the door to this social world.

January 2. I could do little else yesterday than give thee a New Year's wish, and to-night I shall only have time to say

where I have been, and what doing, as it is past midnight. Willis invited me to supper at his house, and I went with T. B. and Mary Read. We found there Anne Lynch, Grace Greenwood, Mrs. E. F. Ellet, Healy, the artist, and Joseph Clarke, Grace's brother. Afterwards came General Morris, Parke Godwin and his wife, who is Bryant's daughter, and the veritable Sam Lover. And such a night as we have passed! — a feast of reason and flow of soul, so full of songs, stories, and sparkling conversation that we have each and all (I make no doubt) laid by its memory to be preserved among the choicest events of our lives. Last night I attended Anne Lynch's *conversazione*, and met Grace, Willis, Morris, Read, Healy, Griswold, Mrs. Ellet, Mr. Gillespie, and Kate and Mary Sedgwick. We had a dance and most delightful conversation, together with recitals. Grace repeated her "Ariadne," Read his "Bards," and Kate Sedgwick Miss Barrett's "Bertha in the Lane." On Thursday I went to a fancy ball in the character of Goethe's Faust, Read as a Tyrolese minstrel, and his wife as Titania. Mrs. Anne S. Stephens was there as Madge Wildfire, Lieutenant May as Ivanhoe, and Saroni, the composer, as an Italian cavalier. But I will be better able to tell thee of all these delightful festivals when we meet, in a few days from now. I shall, I hope, see thee on Friday night; it is an age till then. For once, I am obliged to send thee but a short and meagre letter.

New York, *January* 23, 1848.

I write to thee while the Sunday chimes are ringing in my ear; and could my heart be other than calm and peaceful and blessed? Yes, peaceful even while the load of absence lies heavily upon it, and no one is near to charm away the weary sensation of loneliness. Out upon all complaining! Why, what have I, with the warm blood of twenty-three stirring in my veins, — with strength, passion, and opportunity for action, — to do with sighing and lamentation? There will be time enough for that when the warm feeling is chilled, the living thought palsied, and the strong will unnerved. Now is the time to make myself what I am expected to become; and although those who expect *most* strive most to hold me back from the upward track, I am determined not to cheat my own ideal. Therefore, forward! Act, study, work, complain not! This is the lesson I have been repeating to myself day by day, — I will become the sculptor of

my own mind's statue. There are times, it is true, when the heart must sink ; when it lies down by the wayside, sorrowing and overtasked ; but the earth itself lends it vigor, and they are deceived who deem that its energies are at rest forever. I have been weak and cowardly ; I have shrunk from the rough encounter with worldly natures, and longed for some poetic Elysium where I might sing and dream ; but with God's help I shall hereafter keep clear of this morbid and unmanly feeling. It will require time and resolution and the experience of pain to familiarize myself with the world as it is, — to expect and meet unmoved the thousand jarrings which pride and feeling have to endure. But the tenderest frame may in time slumber soundly on a bed of rock, and I do not despair of in time steeling myself to "brunt the fight." Nor would I lament the necessity of this education of the soul. It is the only thing which can develop the latent power within me, the true Bayard, whom few (but *thou* best of all) have ever known, — the future knight, as I earnestly trust, *sans peur et sans reproche*, to which I am now but an humble squire. Thou canst aid me in this, my own Mary, and to thee I look for words of encouragement and of reproof when I stray from the stern purpose. This has been a faithful confession, spoken as if to my own guardian angel (and indeed, is it not ?), and I pray thee record it on the leaves of our united destiny.

But enough of serious talk for one letter ! Thou wilt think me a graceless Troubadour, to write so much of my own sober philosophy instead of the happy homage of the heart, in which gallant knights acknowledge their fealty. And abundance of this could I not render ? Is not thy love an ever-present blessing ? Were I *able* to say all which passes through my heart in this moment, I fear I should weary thee with the expression of my grateful joy ! But thou knowest well how we can repeat forever our happiest emotions, without exhausting their power.

> "Wave after wave breaks on the shore,
> But the sea is deep as it was before."

And when I tell thee that the sea of my soul throbs away in endless waves of love and tenderness to thee, need I bid thee always listen to its chime ? No ; thine own spirit, like the pure sky, bends protectingly above it, and thou canst see how it mirrors the depth of thy affection.

Have no fears about my health, dear Mary ; I am almost entirely well, and two or three days of this charming weather will complete the cure. I hope thou, too, wilt feel the cheering influence of sunshine which reminds us of coming spring. *Thy* health should claim thy care far more than mine. I am naturally strong and vigorous ; and nothing but a neglect, which I shall hereafter guard against, occasioned my illness. I spent last evening with Willis, and mentioned in the course of conversation my idea of the Swedish trip. He discouraged it, and perhaps with reason ; but I shall do nothing rashly, and there will be time enough to decide before I shall be able to go at all. I passed four or five most delightful hours with him and Mrs. Willis, and can now be myself to them, such valued and familiar friends they have become. They will be thine also, erelong. We had a very agreeable *soirée* here two or three nights ago, and the unreserved social feeling which prevailed rendered it very pleasant to me. I am growing better acquainted with my fellow-boarders, and they with me. This makes it seem more home-like. Hoffman, who has been boarding here for seven years, is treated as one of the family ; indeed, I find that he has as many friends as any man in New York, and every one who knows him admires him. I esteem it very fortunate for me that I am connected with him, however slightly.

With the new life came fresh impulses to poetry. The first of the poems written in this year appears to be "The Angel of the Soul," in blank verse, published in his next collection of poems, but omitted in later collections. It has an interest from its large abstract quality, from the brooding of the mind upon elemental nature, and the effort to force from the elements an answer to the questions which the soul hardly formulates, yet feels as the instinct of its immortality.

> Silence hath conquered thee, imperial Night !
> Thou sitt'st alone within her void, cold halls,
> Thy solemn brow uplifted, and thy soul
> Paining the space with dumb and mighty thought.

So the poem begins, and the poet imagines his own

soul going down the untrodden paths of night to the "dim verge of being." There its prayer is heard, and it enters the winged multitude of spirits, calling to its guardian angel: —

> White through my cradled dreams thy pinions waved,
> Lost Angel of the Soul! Thy presence led
> The babe's faint gropings through the glimmering dark
> And into Being's conscious dawn. Thy hand
> Held mine in childhood, and thy beaming cheek
> Lay close, like some fond playmate's, to mine own.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Thou hast been with me, when the midnight dew
> Clung damp upon my brow, and the broad fields
> Stretched far and dim beneath the ghostly moon;
> When the dark, awful woods were silent near,
> And with imploring hands toward the stars
> Clasped in mute yearning, I have questioned Heaven
> For the lost language of the Book of Life.

Come back! he cries to this guardian angel;

> From the founts
> Of thine exhaustless light, make clear the road
> Through toil and darkness into God's repose.

It is quite likely that the poet, when selecting from his earlier poems those which he wished to retain, threw this one out for its somewhat vague, inarticulate breathing, its lack of definite form, and its slight confusion of personality and image. The poem belongs to a stage of poetic growth which has had some notable illustrations. The profoundest poets have been early impressed with this weight of life, and have sought to change the "too, too solid" earth into vapors, in the vain attempt after something more final and imperishable than the concrete world. The "Pauline" of Robert Browning, most dramatic of poets, represents this stage, and still more emphatically the

"Alastor" of Shelley, who so dominated Browning's mind when he wrote "Pauline." Bayard Taylor had not, at this time, read Shelley, and when he read "Alastor," a few months later, he recognized in fuller, more elaborate form the phase of spiritual passion which had been his own.

Had he remained in a country life, it is possible that he would have been longer in receiving an impulse from the vital energy of the world of action, but as "The Angel of the Soul" was, in a measure, retrospective, the midnight fantasy of a dreaming poet, it was followed almost immediately by a series of poems which are intimately connected with his daily life. Mr. Greeley, who had discouraged his coming to New York, now that he was there offered him a situation on the "Tribune," and at once he was thrown into the current of a busy world. The office of a daily newspaper was then, as now, the meeting-point of many currents of human life, and here, where his duties compelled him to take daily surveys of the country, the poet was brought into quickening contact with the adventure and romance of the West. He succeeded Mr. Oliver Johnson in the miscellaneous and literary department. The humorous description of John Godfrey's labor in "condensing the miscellaneous" gives, with a touch of exaggeration, a picture of his first occupation; but with the new stimulus came the Californian ballads, spirited and swinging in metre, in which there is the eagerness of a young fellow who has leapt into the saddle. There came, also, a busier social life, and a vividness of sensation which is communicated both to poetry and to letters. He was quick to avail himself of the advantages afforded by the city for study and introduction to the domain of

literature and art. Thirty years later, writing of R. H. Dana, Senior, he said, "In 1848 I heard his course of lectures on 'Old English Literature' in New York, and was thereby led to the study of the Ballads, the Dramatists, and Wordsworth."

BAYARD TAYLOR TO MARY AGNEW.

NEW YORK, *January* 29, 1848.

Was I not right in my resolution? I have passed a happy week in carrying it out. The mere determination to face difficulties diminishes their number, and in the good-will with which we undertake a work is the work half done. And to-day, to crown the sum of my good fortune, came Greeley, and *of his own unsolicited accord* offered me a situation as assistant editor, with a salary of $625 a year ($12 a week), and a prospect of its being soon raised to $800. This is a glorious chance. The duties of the place involve the severe discipline which I need, and it is a certain stepping-stone to something better. I shall be bound as to days, but still considerable time will be left each day for other studies. I cannot cease congratulating myself on the happy turn in my crooked pathway. I shall have possession of the seat formerly held by Oliver Johnson, who has just left.

I have just returned from two hours at Anne Lynch's. I found there Kate and Mary Sedgwick, Darley the artist, Dubourjal, ditto, and several highly intellectual people. I was enchanted with a portfolio of outline drawings by Darley, illustrating "Margaret." They are to be published. On the spur of the moment we formed a quadrille, and as Darley did n't know the figures, and there were only three couple, there was no end to the sport we had. Anne Lynch is a perfect jewel of a woman. She is going to have a grand valentine party on the coming 14th, and showed me a list of the invited lions. Among them are Halleck, Bryant, Willis, Morris, Hoffman, Parke Godwin, Lanman, Tuckerman, Dr. Dewey, Page, Inman, Darley, Healy, Durand, Mrs. Kirkland, Grace Greenwood, Mrs. Smith, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Ellet, Mrs. Hewitt, and a host of others. What a constellation! Would that thou, too, wert here to shine amongst them! Miss L. made me promise to write a number of valentines, and this is the list she allotted to me: Mrs. Godwin, Miss Kate Sedgwick, Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. Seba Smith, Hoffman, and

Willis. I shall be kept busy in hammering out stanzas up to the eventful day, and I intend dipping into some book of metre for a variety in that line, at least. But I must pause, for it is the cold midnight, though my heart is warm and full of sunshine, — of light that streams in its fullness to thee. My good-night blessing on thy slumbers now, dear Mary ! . . .

My heart has been dancing all morning to its own music, thinking of my many blessings. Again I repeat the determination of my last letter, and depend on thee to keep me strong in it.

By the way, I must tell thee of a wicked little scheme of mine. There have been so many remarks on my reference in my poems to love or to the beloved one, that I have concluded to puzzle these curious critics. I wrote last summer a poem embodying the very essence of despair, — of hopeless, *scorned* love, of intense, fathomless spiritual misery. It was written as an experiment, without any particular object, — one of those whims to which all poets are subjected, and which I doubt whether thou canst entirely understand. I mentioned this to Hoffman, who was delighted with the idea, and promised to preface it by a few lines, which should excite the greatest possible curiosity with regard to it. But tell me in thy next letter what is thy opinion with regard to the plan. I should like to have it before publishing the article. I will commence in this week's "Literary World" the publication of a series of "Picturesque Ballads of California," written as if they were translated from the Spanish by a gentleman of St. Louis. The first, called "El Canelo," I think will please thee. We are going to have them noticed in other papers, as they will help greatly to bring the "Literary World" into better circulation. I am delighted with the idea of writing for once behind the curtain. I shall hear unprejudiced comments on the ballads, and I shall myself be able to write them with far more ease and spirit, by the throwing off of my own self-consciousness. Please hold this secret. I will send thee the ballads as they appear. I send with this letter a "Home Journal," containing a magnificent story by Willis, and some references to myself. I would ask thee to read Willis's, particularly. It is wonderful in its way.

I inclose one or two of my rhymed longings to thee, and will send the rest when I next write. Two or three have been printed. Now, Mary, dearest, let me soon hear from thee, for I depend much on thy encouraging letters.

MARY AGNEW TO BAYARD TAYLOR.

February 2, 1848.

. . . For a week past I have been happy. I marveled at my own light-heartedness, but now I know the reason. It was because thou, too, wert happy, because fortune had been kind to thee. But I fear that thou wilt have too much to do when this new duty is added to the others, — that thy mind will often feel wearied and overtasked. Would that I could do something to assist thee, but I cannot. I can only congratulate thee on the happy prospect that lies before thee, — yes, and before me, too. I see bright and beautiful visions gleaming in the future, and I fervently thank God as I press thy loved letters to my heart.

BAYARD TAYLOR TO MARY AGNEW.

New York, *February* 6, 1848.

. . . "Blessed Sabbath bells!" They chime in ever with my visions of home and of thee. I have taken the quiet Sabbath morning for my brief converse with thee, and perhaps at this hour thou art thinking of me. I feel as if it were so. I seem to see thee looking out on the bare trees and frozen earth, lying still and bleak under the faint winter sunshine, and wandering in thought to the busy city about me. I know the weight of absence must at times lie heavy on thy heart. Thou hast not the incessant round of occupation to chain thy thoughts from everything else through four fifths of the day which falls to my lot here, which at least prevents me from dwelling long upon anything but the labor before me; for, as thou sayst, nothing can wholly banish for a moment the thought of thee. This labor, which I still enjoy, as it will secure me the happiness of my life, causes the weeks to pass away quickly, and by keeping me active and occupied prevents entirely any tendency to dejection or despondency. We are happiest at work, and especially when we are working for those we love. I look forward to an encouraging letter from thee very soon. Thy little note reached me on Thursday, just as I was beginning to feel anxious about thee, — fearing lest thy health should have again failed. I expect, however, there is another on the way by this time. If wishing could avail anything, thou wouldst have been here last night. There was a solemn celebration to the memory of Mendelssohn, given by all

the musical societies and artists of New York. It was at Castle Garden, which was crowded with upwards of ten thousand people. There was an orchestra of one hundred instruments, and a chorus of three hundred singers. The effect was almost inconceivable. I was at Anne Lynch's on Friday night. She is getting ready an illustrated edition of her poems. Willis is not well, but is not seriously afflicted. I have become acquainted with the painter Frankenstein, who showed me a great many very fine pictures.

I have no doubt that in a few months, if I should succeed in picking up some correspondence with other papers, and learn the art of telegraphing news (or, rather, preparing them for the telegraph), I shall make $25 or $30 a week readily. This would support us at once, and enable us to terminate the pains of absence. . . . Greeley told me yesterday that he would give any man who could manage the news department of the "Tribune" as well as he wished $1,500 a year. If I can attain this, my fortune is made. At any rate, even with my present income, I can be free from all debt by next winter, and so well established as to be certain of the future. So cheer up, and *keep cheered*, dear Mary, for I think I have "taken at the flood" that tide in the affairs of men which Shakespeare tells of.

February 13, 1848.

I was much grieved to hear of thy illness, the more so as I had hoped and fully trusted thy sufferings had reached their measure. It is, indeed, disheartening to me to think of all which thou must endure, and I cannot avoid the impression that this would not be so wert thou with me. At least, if a cheerful and happy spirit is any preventive of physical suffering, I would strive to make thine always so. I hope thou art well again by the time this shall reach thee. I hope to be with thee again the end of next week, and to find thee better and happier than ever. I will then have much to say to thee ; many pleasant and cheering circumstances to relate. I have been working pretty hard for the past week, but it is very pleasant, and I think I shall succeed to the satisfaction of my employers. At least I have determined to aim at complete success, and have all hope of reaching my aim. It is an excellent post for one's reputation as an editor ; "a good perch to fly from," as Willis said last night. Poor man ! he is very sick, having been kept to his bed two

weeks with rheumatic pleurisy. His eyes are swelled so as to blind him, and he cannot move without great torture. His faithful Nelly, however, keeps him cheerful and hoping. I was at Anne Lynch's last night, and had a delightful talk with Mrs. Ripley (wife of the "Harbinger") and niece of Dana, the poet; the Sedgwicks were there and Darley. Herman Melville will be there to-morrow night, and I am obliged to write a valentine for him.

I had the misfortune to be deeply intoxicated yesterday — with Tennyson's new poem, "The Princess," which I shall bring to thee when I return home. I dare not keep it with me. For the future, for a long time at least, I dare not read Tennyson. His poetry would be the death of mine, and, indeed, a *pervadence* of his spirit would ruin me for the great purposes of life. His intense perception of beauty haunts me for days, and I cannot drive it from me.

Thou wilt see the Californian ballad in the next "Tribune." I have another to write to-day, or to-night. My hands are full; my mind is kept constantly employed. This is as it should be, and I feel that I am beginning to learn something. I seem to have turned over a new leaf of life, and I shall write a better story upon it than the blotted pages I have left behind. I have been misled in some respects by false reasoning; a little rough experience has cured me. Do thou too be firm of heart, and shrink not from the great world; but rather take thy destined place in it with the consciousness that it belongs to thee by right.

My pen will run into this strain, do what I may to stop it. But when I shall substitute voices for letters, and fond glances for written vows, thou wilt be at liberty to put an end to all such metaphysical converse. As Tennyson says in "The Princess," we will then be

> "A two-celled heart, beating with one full stroke
> Life."

Thou wilt hear from me again before I come, and write to me soon, for I am anxious to hear from thee.

New York, *February* 23, 1848.

I am a sad truant this week about writing, but rather a truant through necessity than choice. My time has been more than usually engaged, and as Sunday was my working day I have been delayed until now. However, it is still not too late to re-

ceive an answer to this before I can expect to see thee. I am coming home the last of next week, certainly in about nine or ten days from now. I hope to find thee quite well by that time. How quickly the winter has slipped away! It will be spring next week, in name if not in weather. We have had nothing but Italian days for the last month. . . . Well, the grand valentine party came off at last, and a very pleasant one it was. Nearly all the author-tribe were there, but several other lions of a different class, among whom were Rossiter, Cushman, Darley, and Dubourjal, artists; General Gaines and Captain Reid, of the army, Biscaccianti, and others. I became acquainted with Herman Melville's sister and with Mrs. Mary E. Hewitt, the poetess, — a lovely woman. It fell to my lot to read a part of the valentines. I received four: one from Grace, one from Mrs. Osgood, and two from unknowns. By the bye, I have had quite a valentine quarrel. Mrs. Osgood's was directed "to the Bayard-dear," and not suspecting in the least that she was the author I showed it to her, telling her to observe the *horrid pun!* I was punished for it next day, in the shape of a scolding valentine, through which I discovered the author. I instantly wrote a poetic apology, which called back a most charming answer and restored me to her good graces. Last Saturday I was again at A. C. L.'s, and met with Dr. Nichol, the astronomer, and Headley. . . . Last night I spent an hour or two at Embury's, in Brooklyn, a most delightful place, and somewhat exclusive. Mrs. Embury is an uncommon woman, and has more of the true poetic element in her nature than many who have won higher names. Thou hast probably seen ere this the Californian ballad in the "Tribune;" I have another written, called the "The Fight of Paso del Mar," full of blood and fury. . . .

MARY AGNEW TO BAYARD TAYLOR.

March 6, 1848.

. . . I want to tell thee not to be anxious about my health. I have been so sorry that I told thee my fears on Saturday, but I was concerned and worried, and felt depressed; and was it not natural that I should impart it to thee, who art ever ready to receive and cherish my every hope and fear? I have for so long prayed to be well and strong, and this continued pain and weakness will weigh heavily upon my spirits at times. Yet I hope and think I will in a short time be well. I have had a long talk with

"Doctor," and he says I will, so thou seest thy fears were not well-founded; we often suffer, both mentally and physically, from ignorance, and such has been my case. It is indeed gratifying and joyous to know that I shall be healthy. Then let me wait patiently and hopefully till "Time, the great revealer of all things," brings about this happy change. I depend much on the genial influence of the opening spring, and on thy words of encouragement and hope. I have felt so much better since I have seen thee looking so bright, so beautiful, and happy. I would fain have had a longer time with thee, for thoughts and feelings crowd upon my heart for utterance; but I do not complain, for the few hours that I did spend with thee float gorgeously before me now through the light of the golden clouds of happiness. Here, beside my paper, lies the beautiful little flower thee brought me, as sweet and *almost* as fresh as when it came. The fragrance that it sends forth reminds me so vividly of thee, and oh, how dearly do I cherish it! Long, long will I keep it after its leaves are dried and withered, for it is a gift from thee. Thou knowest I spoke of "teaching." I have given up all thought of it, and have my mind centred on studying, which is much more to my taste, and will combine the same object, — that of being occupied. Thou hast kindly offered to bring me a German grammar, for which I cannot express my thanks, and, with thy assistance, perhaps I will be able to make some progress. . . .

BAYARD TAYLOR TO MARY AGNEW.

NEW YORK, *March* 12, 1848.

I know not how I may be qualified in mood of mind and feeling to write to thee now, for I have just laid aside a poem of deep philosophical character, and am still surrounded and pervaded with the thought, which it was necessary to create in much intensity in order to be equal to the subject. But this is my most leisure day, and as a week has elapsed since we parted I cannot delay longer in writing, and therefore receiving something from thee in return; trusting that any occasional obscurity, from the impossibility to divest myself at once of the poem, will be pardoned. I am in very good spirits, poetically, physically, and mentally.

And for the reasons thereof, in addition to what thou knowest already, which would tend to make me cheerful and happy, let me mention further cause for rejoicing. Within the week, since

my return, I have received four additional situations! Mrs. Kirkland is very anxious for me to edit the "Union Magazine" while she is in Europe, and the "Christian Inquirer," a Unitarian paper. Graham has engaged me to write some reviews for him now and then. And to-day a letter came from Harry Peterson, asking me to be the New York correspondent of the "Post"! Think of that! Was I not right in following the impulse which brought me here? I have accepted the offer of the "Union Magazine," as well as Graham's and Harry Peterson's, and only hesitate in reference to the "Christian Inquirer," for fear I shall not have time to attend to it; but as there is not much labor necessary, I think I shall accept it. So, thou seest, not only fame is coming in, but *money*. As Mrs. Kirkland will be absent only six or seven months, I can easily endure the additional labor for that length of time — and the experience it will afford me will be of great value. By devoting a little more time to amusements, now and then, I can readily support the necessary activity of mind. The only disadvantage is, I shall be tied more strictly to New York than now, but still I shall endeavor to give a day to Kennett often through the summer; and I know thou wouldst rather have short visits from me, and the prospect of my being soon honorably and firmly established in the world, than longer ones and less success. I hope now to be soon in a fair way to earn an income sufficient for *our* needs, and furnishing somewhat beside for the "latter days." Again I ask, "Was I not right in coming here?"

For once, I have written thee a business letter. But thy revenge is easy: write me one in answer. And if thou art not familiar with stocks and dividends, fill it with accounts of bargaining for groceries or the diplomacy of dry-goods. Thou mayst rejoice at this evidence of my capability for encountering the realities of life, for poetry alone is a weak staff to lean on. We will keep it for the sanctuary of our own hearts, the quiet fireside of the feelings, and to the cold and calculating herd appear cold and calculating, too. But if I follow the run of my thoughts, they will certainly beguile me back into poetry. So I must hunt up a few more facts.

Willis is worse again. I was there yesterday. Afterwards, took tea with Mrs. Kirkland, and had a delightful chat; then went to the house of Murdoch, the tragedian, and heard him read a new tragedy to a company of literary gentlemen. Captain

Morgan, of our good old ship Victoria, called on me yesterday, and we had a real jolly talk. I was delighted to see him again. He told me he had read "Views," in the house of the painter Leslie, at London.

I have seen Henry Clay, and wept (nearly) on seeing the magnificent funeral pageant of Adams. It was wonderful. Didst thou ever look on two hundred thousand people at once?

I have been writing as fast as my fingers can fly, this (Monday, now) morning, and must conclude with the expression of my most fervent and faithful love.

NEW YORK, *April* 5, 1848.

It is several days since I have had leisure for an uninterrupted half-hour's talk with thee, and I am not sure that I shall be allowed to say a great deal this morning. But even a few words seem like a relief and refreshment to me, after delving so long among wagon-loads of newspapers, and simmering the few thoughts I have in my pate over the slow fire which the publishers kindle for authors. But they are by no means exhausted; indeed, they grow constantly, and I am on the slow, though sure, progress to better and stronger habits of thinking. I rejoice that thou art so cheerful and confident and bold of spirit. I find that there is nothing but courage and self-denial will accomplish much in the world; and this tossing about, during early life, but wins us the greater reward hereafter. That lofty, calm philosophy and heroic dignity of character which we admire so much in those who have passed the troubled morning was never attained without severe experience. I comfort myself with this reflection, whenever comfort is needed, which is not often, in my present situation. I am succeeding very well, and will probably soon have the entire charge of the assistant editorship. I am fast becoming hardened to the work, though at present laboring under a severe cold, which is not very pleasant. But as I caught it in the service of liberty and France, I am content to bear it. We had one of the most sublime meetings I ever beheld, on Monday. One hundred thousand people — French, Italians, Swiss, Poles, Irish, Scotch, Spanish — all united in one grand national congress, as it were, to rejoice over the freedom of France. I was on the stand with the French and Italian speakers. The banners of all nations hung above us, and were waved to the grand chorus of the Marseillaise, sung by thousands! Our own

banner was over my head, and sometimes, when the wind blew, I was wrapped in its folds. I clasped them in my arms, and thrilled with patriotic excitement to think that under their protection *alone*, on the wide earth, could such a scene have been presented. I never beheld such enthusiasm as was manifested on the occasion.

The papers have come from the post-office, and I must to work. I shall see thee in about four weeks. Read and his wife and Grace Greenwood (most probably) will accompany me to Kennett, to spend four or five days. We will have a glorious romping time of it. It will be the bright May season, and thou wilt be quite well then. Pray write soon. Thy letters are very cheering to me.

MARY AGNEW TO BAYARD TAYLOR.

May 28, 1848.

. . . For a few days past I have been delighted, reading "Consuelo." I forget whether thou hast read it or not. If not, there is yet a great pleasure for thee in the future. How I have wished that we might read it and drink in its deep joys together! Perhaps we can, some time. It seems to me that I have drunk from a well never touched before. The draught has been very sweet to me, almost intoxicating. My head has been filled with her trials and her purity, and I have wandered about, hardly knowing what I did. There is a deep vein of spirituality running through it, like clear silver, that you can plainly see and follow, leaving the dross behind, though there is not much of that. I could talk a long time about this book, for it has taken a deep hold, but I forbear, lest I weary thee. My prejudices of the author have flown away before it like mist before a morning sun, and I feel how wrong it was for me to judge of genius merely from the perusal of one work, one of her earlier works, "Indiana;" and *it* was the first voice, as it were, of a wronged and injured woman.

BAYARD TAYLOR TO MARY AGNEW.

New York, *May* 31, 1848.

I begin this note in the office, surrounded by three or four editors, and half buried in the last news from Europe. I shall most probably, therefore, be obliged to break off writing at the

bottom of the first page. (No sooner said than done; here I am stopped for a quarter of an hour already.) (Second interruption of half an hour.) . . .

I was out some twenty miles at sea on Saturday, and was enraptured by the bright sky, fresh breeze, and dazzling blue of the waves. We had music on board the whole time, and sailing among hundreds of white-sailed vessels, outward bound, we seemed going on a triumphal voyage to conquer another world. . . .

I have much, very, very much, to say, but, as thou seest, am in the hands of the Philistines, and cannot. I shall look for another letter from thee to-morrow. Would to Heaven I could drop down in Kennett for an hour or two these delicious evenings! I am shut up in these brick walls, and, like Sterne's starling, "I can't get out." *N'importe:* I shall have my holiday, after a while. I think it would do me good if I could turn savage for about two weeks every year. It would keep all these icy customs from freezing around me. I have already proved one thing: that is that I shall have little difficulty hereafter in making my way through the world, and I believe people will allow me more liberty than they generally give to individuals. However, this is no time to give way to self-reflections. Suffice it to say that I have every reason to be happy, and am determined to be so. So I pray thee, don't have the least trouble or concern on my account. I hope to get to Kennett towards the end of June, but only for a day or two.

I have prospect of another engagement soon, but not very onerous.

If thou hast not already written, shall I not hear from thee soon?

While Bayard Taylor was on a visit to Kennett, one of the owners of "Graham's Magazine" went to New York to propose to him to become editor of the magazine, which was then, though the fact was not generally known, in a somewhat involved condition. Bayard Taylor himself knew it only as a prosperous magazine, having as high a position in literature as any in the country, and he regarded the offer, therefore, as an exceptionally advantageous one.

BAYARD TAYLOR TO MARY AGNEW.

NEW YORK, *Friday*, 2 *p. m.*, *July* 21.

I hardly know what to make of the joy I felt last Monday. I knew not why there should be sunshine in my veins, and the very rapture of a lark about my heart, when thou wert ill and sad. The bright, sparkling morning, the freedom of the green fields and greener woods to my city eyes (*wall*-eyes?), and the exciting motion of my horse would not account for it. But it is now explained. Just at that time, one of the owners of "Graham's Magazine" was on his way to New York, to propose to me to become the permanent editor of that periodical; and so anxious was he about the matter that he waited till I came on. He offers me the situation at a thousand dollars a year, promise of increase in a year or two, and perfect liberty to write for any other periodical. I will have a fine office to myself, and the work will only occupy three to four hours daily. I have consulted with Greeley and Willis, my friends and Mentors, who, although so different in their ideas of literary life, advise me to go. I have just about concluded to accept it. If the matter is favorably settled, I shall move to Philadelphia in about two months. I shall be very near to thee, which will be a great satisfaction. To be sure, I shall miss the splendid field of New York life, but I shall have a comfortable, quiet home, and shall make money moderately and securely.

I have no time to write more this afternoon. Please do not mention the subject till it is a little more fully developed.

TO HIS MOTHER.

NEW YORK, *July* 31, 1848.

I have arranged matters with Patterson, and shall move myself and "traps" to Philadelphia on the 1st of October next. The arrangements are: the situation is to be permanent; I am to have four hundred dollars for the first six months, to be followed by a thousand dollars a year, and a prospective increase; in addition to which I am to contribute an article monthly, receiving extra pay, and with perfect liberty to write for any other paper or magazine. This, with the returns from my book, etc., will secure me at once about fifteen hundred dollars a year. . . . I have again been applied to, to become editor of a proposed illustrated paper, but such a bird in hand is worth a hundred in the bush.

Please don't say anything about this yet awhile. I would rather it should be first mentioned in the magazine, and Patterson will probably do so in the September number. I desired him to postpone the time of my going till October, that I might finish my engagement with Mrs. Kirkland.

A month later, the business affairs of "Graham's Magazine," which had been in a snarl, were adjusted upon a basis which overthrew the proposed arrangement, and Bayard Taylor held only a nominal editorship, which did not require him to leave New York, and meant only a little more frequent contribution. The decision brought a momentary disappointment, but life in New York had already become dear to him, and his pursuits were too engrossing to leave him in doubt of ultimate success. His village friends were not so well satisfied at his alienation in occupation and thought. In the positiveness with which they held their convictions, they very naturally felt a responsibility for a young man who had been brought up amongst them, while he did not feel a corresponding sense of obligation and accountability. They followed him with reproof and warning, for they held him recreant to the principles which ruled among them. They measured all life by the standards of their community, and regarded a departure from these standards as necessarily a departure from uprightness. It was impossible that Bayard Taylor should not feel this keenly; it was equally impossible that he should be governed by the judicial conscience of his neighbors.

BAYARD TAYLOR TO MARY AGNEW.

Friday, August 11, 1848.

I was rejoiced, enraptured, with thy letter, and look to the future with unmingled hope and joy. I have been very closely

employed for the last two weeks in getting out the September number of the "Union Magazine" and the new preface and chapter for "Views Afoot," or I should have written to thee on Sunday. I shall make up for it, however, next Sunday, when I shall be less driven by business. . . . Lowell has been here a week; I saw him for about two hours, and liked him very much. I met with Washington Irving two days ago; he is a glorious old man, full of kind, genial feelings, and most delightful in his conversation. How shall I leave this mighty New York? I cannot think it will be a final departure. Something tells me that a great part of my destiny shall still be worked out here. It is almost the only place in this country where the mind can grow without restriction. Philadelphia is merely an immense provincial town; *here* is the metropolis of a continent!

I went last night on a steamboat excursion to a grove at the southern point of Staten Island. The moonlight on the pine woods was delicious; I walked along through its secluded walks, and wondered if the pure light looked into thine eyes as it did into mine.

Grace Greenwood has been here for a day, on her way to the West. She sends much love to all in Kennett, and particularly to *thee*, whom she seems to regard very highly. She spent two days at Whittier's, and brought me an invitation from him to go to Amesbury. As I think of visiting Boston for two or three days, about the 25th, I shall certainly accept it.

NEW YORK, *Friday night, August* 18, 1848.

I have come up to my room an hour before midnight to-night, and it is so still and cool a night that I cannot yet go to rest. I am in an earnest mood, — serious, perhaps, but not sad. Walking homeward through the cloudy darkness, I have been pondering over the problem of Life, — wondering what unseen steeps are yet to be climbed, what new and widening experiences to be endured. I am growing so much accustomed to consider earth as only a part — a small part — of my destiny, so ready to look before and after, and to judge of thoughts and deeds by that more sublime metewand, that I fear I sometimes forget what is due to the opinions of my fellow-men. But let me leave this at the outset, and think but of our lives, in this condition of being. . . .

I should find it difficult to explain to any one but those who

do know me truly how I am changed. In the continual struggle after what is good and true, I have learned self-dependence of thought; I will not suffer any one to control my own free judgment, though a sympathy of feeling is always grateful beyond words. The true, the exalted, faculty of thought can brook no trammels, and it is now far easier to me to bear the remonstrances or even the pity of those who think I have fallen away from the good path than to feel the degradation of having been unfaithful to myself. I believe thou wilt at once comprehend this.

There is a tyranny of public sentiment in Kennett, which, having a moral guise and springing from earnest and sincere aims, is very hard to combat; but it is tyrannical. My friend John feels this now; he has learned it after many years; and we both feel the same irresistible spirit of independence. The glow and energy of youth seem to have come upon me all at once. I have the strongest impressions of physical life. I could go into battle with an animal exultation, or dash on a steed of the prairies over some wilderness, or stand on the verge of a crag, when "storm and rain are on the mountains." These desires are but the overflow of energy, which follows the growth of my new freedom. I wrote to John, who could understand me thoroughly, for I almost doubted myself. I am thankful now for that bold, defying spirit; I shall need it in the world. Perhaps thou wilt comprehend all this; at least, thou wilt know me better, since I have told thee. I feel like a child, walking hand in hand with its little playmate, through the darkness, knowing that some good power is around it, though unseen; and like a child I could sit down with my head upon my breast, and weep such few intense tears as it is given to men to weep. I cannot take my thought from thee; but the midnight is long since past, and may I not carry thine image into the land of dreams? Good-night! I know the angels are near thee.

TO JOHN B. PHILLIPS.

NEW YORK, *September* 11, 1848.

It is half an hour past midnight, and I have been working since nine o'clock this morning. I wish I could finish this letter to night, for I am now in the mood, with silence all around me, and a pure, delicious moon looking in the open window. I have

much, very much, to say to you, — much that I can only say to *you;* but after all, I don't see how it is to be done, till our wavering orbits shall run together. I am just recovering from three days' misanthropy, — all in the nerves, not a bit in the heart! — but I don't regret it, as it has brought out of me the most glorious poem God ever put into my brain. I need some kind of communion, and if I can't get it *from* you I must give it *to* you. Were you here, I would say with Keats, whose spirit is now sitting at the other side of the table: —

> "Oh, for a draught of vintage that has been
> Cooled a long age in the deep-delvéd earth!"

There goes the last quarter to one! Would to Heaven this most luminous, divine, and mysterious night might keep its radiant arch stationary in the heavens till we could meet! I have great need of your soul's sympathy. I want you to tell me what I am growing to. I am not the same man who came here last winter. These transition states, you know, are awfully disturbing and perplexing; and though I feel in which direction I am shifting, I should like to see whether the tide has the same flow to your eyes. I always thought that, in the main, you could read me pretty well.

To-night I have thanked God for one thing, and shall do so all nights henceforth, — the knowledge that I have not smothered the poetic feeling, not even weakened a spiritual nerve, by this life of toil, this perpetual struggle with the Little and the Earthly. It is purer and brighter than ever, and I know that I can keep it so. Is it not a divine joy? For we have to bear so much pain, even in the fairest worldly experience, that life would be indeed black and hopeless, if this were gone. — But there is the stroke of one. I am sleepy and weary, and so, good-night! . . .

I have written quite a number of poems lately, and desire very much that you should see them. I will give you the titles: "The Tulip-Tree, a Summer Lyric;" "A Requiem in the North;" "Earth-Life;" "Steyermark;" "Songs of Light and Shadow;" and last and greatest, an "Ode to Shelley." You know how full were my last letters to you of the sensation of strong animal life. Though the feeling remains, it is somewhat calmer, but while it lasted, in a sudden fit of disgust at people who talk about "soul-life" and the "spirit's mission," when they have not even a soul that the lowest order of an angel would give

a job to do, I wrote "Earth-Life," which I copy for you in the furious and imperfect state in which it was written. I have not touched it since, but no matter. If you let it carry you on with a rush, as it ought to do, you will not see the gaps and chasms. . . .

This, however, is the exalted and the heroic of earthly life. There is nothing in it that our cold-blooded friends would not allow, except the wine. I shall publish it soon, and let them say their say. It is truth ; I feel it in my soul ; and I should be unworthy the mantle of song to murder my conceptions for any one. No, by Heaven ! I shall trust to myself hereafter, and say what I am impelled to, as it is given me. But let me write you the other ; you know Shelley and love him, but scarcely so much as I do. I have read him this summer for the first time, and found many of my best thoughts forestalled by his utterance. His "Alastor," in the commencement, is born of the very feeling which inspired my "Angel of the Soul," but I had never seen it, when that was written. Read this at night, when your blood is warm and your soul locked up from everything outside, and you will think with me that there is an odor of immortality about it.

The reference in this letter to the spirit of Keats and the tone of the whole letter bring one into a half revelation of one side of Bayard Taylor's life at this time, which fortunately has been very pleasantly disclosed in some reminiscences by Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard. General literary life in New York was of two sorts: one satirized by Bayard Taylor in the Friday evening receptions of Adeliza Choate, in "John Godfrey's Fortunes ;" the other hinted at in his letters when he speaks of Mrs. Botta's, then Miss Lynch's house, where he was a welcome guest. It is to her, undoubtedly, that he refers in "John Godfrey's Fortunes," when he says: —

"I had been fortunate enough to obtain entrance to the literary *soirées* of another lady, whom I will not name, but whose tact, true refinement of character, and

admirable culture drew around her all that was best in letters and in the arts. In her *salons* I saw the possessors of honored and illustrious names; I heard books and pictures discussed with the calm discrimination of intelligent criticism; the petty vanities and jealousies I had hitherto encountered might still exist, but they had no voice; and I soon perceived the difference between those who aspire and those who achieve."

But beside these general literary associations, there was a more intimate one existing between Bayard Taylor and a few others who, like him, were giving themselves to poetry and art with ardor and hopefulness. Mr. Stoddard was the chief of these, and Mr. Boker and Mr. Read, both living in Philadelphia, were welcome visitors. The story of this coterie is best told by Mr. Stoddard: —

"I met Bayard Taylor first in 1848. We were both young men, for we were born in the same year, 1825, he in January and I in July, and we both had one thing in common, — a love of poetry and a belief that we were poets. We may have doubted some things, but that supreme thing we did not and would not doubt. It was a consolation to me and a glory to him. I was familiar with his writings before he could have been with mine, and, knowing something of his history from the newspapers, I was prepared to like him, if we should ever meet. . . . I have before me now a vision of him in his young manhood, — tall, erect, active-looking, and manly, with an aquiline nose, bright, loving eyes, and the dark, ringleted hair with which we endow, in ideal, the head of poets. There was a kindness and a courtesy in his greeting which went straight to my heart, and assured me that I had found a friend. . . .

"Bayard Taylor and I met at night generally, for neither could call the day his own; he had his work to do on the 'Tribune,' and I had mine to do in a foundry. Apart from politics, his was the cleaner of the two, but not the less laborious, I am sure. He wrote fifteen hours a day, he told me, scribbling book notices, leaders, foreign news, reports, — turning his hand and pen to everything that went to the making of a newspaper thirty years ago. There was but one night in the week when he could do what he pleased, and that was Saturday night, which we always spent together when he was in town. I looked forward to it as a school-boy looks forward to a holiday, and was happy when it came. I have forgotten where his rooms were, but as near as I can recollect they were in a boarding-house on Murray Street, not far from Broadway. They were sky parlors, as the saying is, for he liked a good outlook; and besides, they suited his purse, which was not plethoric with shekels. In the first of these rooms, which was set apart for his books, there was a little table, at which he wrote late into the night, resting his soul with poetry after the prosaic labors of the day. It was poetry which had made us friends, and we never spent a night together without talking about it, and without reading the poems we had written since our last meeting. If the Muses had favored me, I brought their favors with me, and mouthed them out in innocent audacity. I thought well of my attempts, no doubt, but never in my wildest moments did I dream of comparing myself with him. He had an imagination which surpassed mine, a command of the fervors and splendors of language, and an intuitive knowledge of rhetoric and of sonorous harmonies of rhythm. I have been looking over his poetical works, and I find

that there are but few of his early poems which I did not read, or which he did not read to me, in manuscript. His mind was so fertile and his execution so rapid that he generally had one or more new poems to show me when we met. I sit with him now in thought, and hear him read the 'Metempsychosis of the Pine,' 'Hylas,' 'Kubleh,' and 'Ariel in the Cloven Pine.' The last impressed me so deeply that I wrote a companion piece, in which I tried to embody the personality of Caliban.

"The conversation and the poetic practice of Bayard Taylor were the only intellectual stimulant I had, and if I wrote better than I had done previous to making his acquaintance I felt that it was largely due to him. There was an enthusiasm about him which was contagious. We were a help to each other, and we were a hindrance, also, I can see now, for we admired too indiscriminately and criticised too tenderly. My favorite poet was Keats, and his was Shelley, and we pretended to believe that the souls of these poets had returned to earth in our bodies. My worship of my master was restricted to a silent imitation of his diction; my comrade's worship of his master took the form of an 'Ode to Shelley,' which I thought, and still think, the noblest poem that his immortal genius had inspired. It is followed in the volume before me by an airy lyric on 'Sicilian Wine,' which was written out of his head, as the children say; for he had no Sicilian wine, nor, indeed, wine of any other vintage."[1]

The "Ode to Shelley," though written in 1848, was for some reason not included in the volume upon which Bayard Taylor was engaged in the fall of this year. It was while in the midst of these absorbing occupations that he took a hasty holiday in Boston.

[1] *The Atlantic Monthly*, February, 1879.

BAYARD TAYLOR TO MARY AGNEW.

NEW YORK, *October* 13, 1848.

It is too bad to send thee such an apology for a letter, when it has been so long since my last. But I have been like Noah's raven for ten days past, — not a resting-place for the sole of my foot. Last week I was driven and pressed by work almost to fever-heat, and when on Saturday there was a chance of escape for a few days I jumped at once on board a boat, reached Boston Sunday morning, galloped out to Cambridge, and spent the evening with Lowell ; went on Monday to the pine woods of Abington to report Webster's speech, and dispatched it to the "Tribune ;" got up early on Tuesday and galloped to Brookline to see Colonel Perkins ; then off in the cars to Amesbury, and rambled over the Merrimac hills with Whittier; then Wednesday morning to Lynn, where I stopped a while at Helen Irving's ; back in the afternoon to Cambridge, where I smoked a cigar with Lowell, and then stayed all night at Longfellow's ; Thursday morning to Boston, where I visited some twenty places and people, and came away in the afternoon to Fall River ; took the steamboat, saw Newport under a flood of crystal moonlight, walked the deck, looking over the glittering Sound, wishing for thee ; at sunrise looked into the whirlpools of Hell Gate ; and now I am back at my post, full of health, spirits, strength, happiness, and poetic inspiration. I am now ready for another six months' siege, and my heart is filled with kindly recollections of kind friends. I half hoped I might find a letter from thee awaiting me, but I could hardly expect my own remissness deserving of such good fortune. I have a great deal to say of my trip, but find it impossible to begin in such short space and with such a short allowance of time. I find that I am better known in Boston than even in New York, and have more readers, if not more friends, there. We will go there together after a while, and thou shalt know them, too. . . .

But seriously, my dear Mary, I am overflowing with happy spirits, and write rather to "give an account of myself" than to say anything in particular. I shall make use of the quiet Sabbath to talk with thee, not face to face, but heart to heart. Write soon, and believe me, wandering or fixed, a planet that moves ever nearer the circle of thy love.

. . . When I was in Cambridge I spent a night with Longfellow ; we sat together talking till long past midnight, and I found him all, and more than all, I had looked for, — not only a man of genuine poetic mind, but of a great and generous heart. We understood each other at once, and I cannot describe my joy at this. I know we shall always be friends. Young Boker, author of the tragedy of "Calaynos," a most remarkable work, is here on a visit, and spent several hours to-night with me. He is another hero, — a most noble, glorious mortal ! He is one of our band, and is, I think, destined to high renown as an author. He is nearly my own age, perhaps a year or two older, and he has lived through the same sensations, fought the same fight, and now stands up with the same defiant spirit. . . .

TO HIS MOTHER.

. . . I have not written for two reasons : first, for three or four weeks I was bound hand and foot to work, and then as soon as I was relieved I ran off to Boston and was absent five or six days, rambling along the New England coast. . . . I rode out to Brookline to see Colonel Perkins. The old man was very kind and pleasant, and remembered his letters perfectly, which I hardly expected, seeing that he must be more than eighty years old. . . . Richard Willis reached here on Saturday, after six and a half years' absence. We met as we parted, with a hearty German embrace, and I have been delighted with the music he brings with him. He will probably make his home in New York. I have made many most delightful and valuable friends lately : Strakosch, the pianist, and Herz ; Maretzek, a Polish composer ; Boker, a new American poet, and a number of other true and glorious spirits. The glimpses I have of them now and then keep me happy and cheerful, and able to do a great deal without difficulty. The volume of poems will be published in three weeks. Putnam has got out the ninth edition of "Views," and it is selling well. I find that everybody in Boston has read or is reading it.

The new edition of "Views Afoot" was prefaced by an engraving from a portrait painted by T. B. Read in the summer. The traveler is represented in a belted blouse, with a staff in his hand, while in the

background snow mountains are just visible. The same picture was used as a frontispiece to the volume of poems published in December, which bears the title, "Rhymes of Travel, Ballads, and Poems. By Bayard Taylor, author of 'Views Afoot,' etc. New York: George P. Putnam, 1848." The book is inscribed to "John B. Phillips, of Bohemia Manor, Md., in token of early friendship unbroken and early confidence unbetrayed." Under the subdivisions, Rhymes of Travel, Picturesque Ballads of California, Life-Tones, Miscellaneous Poems, are included forty-four poems, of which twenty-four were afterward retained by the poet when revising his collected poems. In his address of "The Author to the Reader," he says: —

"This volume — the first poetical venture to which I have intrusted a hope of success, for the sake of Poetry alone — seems to require a few words of introduction. In collecting the effusions of four or five years for publication in a form which has the semblance of permanence, however much it may lack the necessary vital spirit, I have been aware of the great inequality of merit among the poems chosen. The Rhymes of Travel, which give expression to thoughts and emotions inspired by my journey in Europe, are the earliest I have thought proper to include. They are faithful records of my feelings at the time, often noted down hastily by the wayside, and aspiring to no higher place than the memory of some pilgrim who may, under like circumstances, look upon the same scenes. An ivy leaf from the tower where a hero of old history may have dwelt, or the simplest weed growing over the dust that once held a great soul, is reverently kept for the memories it inherited through the chance fortune of the wind-sown seed; and I

would fain hope that these rhymes may bear with them a like simple claim to reception, from those who have given me their company through the story of my wanderings.

"In the Californian Ballads I have attempted to give a poetical expression to the rude but heroic physical life of the vast desert and mountain region stretching from the Cordilleras of New Mexico to the Pacific. This country, in the sublime desolation of its sandy plains and stony mountains, streaked here and there with valleys of almost tropical verdure, and the peculiar character of its semi-civilized people, seemed to afford a field in which the vigorous spirit of the old ballad might be transplanted, to revive and flourish with a new and sturdy growth. The favor with which some of these ballads have been noticed, on their anonymous publication in the 'Literary World,' encourages me to hope that I have been partly successful. I am conscious, at least, that they were written with no deliberate purpose to seek a new field for poetic effort, but from that impulse which made their expression a necessity and a joy."

It will be seen that these ballads were not consequent upon the California fever, but scarcely had the volume appeared before the news of the discovery of gold came, and the author of the ballads was himself swept into the current of excitement.

BAYARD TAYLOR TO MARY AGNEW.

Monday, 2 *p. m.*, *December* 11, 1848.

The foreign news, the gold fever, my book, and my city items leave me but a small space to be with thee. I hope to hear from thee to-morrow. I am writing this at the office, or I should send the letter I had written to thee. Well, never mind; I shall send it off to-morrow. I have just forwarded a dispatch to ——, ad-

vising him to go to California if he can. I hope he will be able to go for a year or two. I feel strongly tempted, but am doing too well here to leave. If this were not the case, I would go at once. The gold fever here is worse than the cholera ; everybody has it, even the gravest and the wisest. Rufus Griswold is going, Osgood, the publisher of the "Union Magazine," and I don't know who else. I could easily go if I wanted, but the "Tribune" is my California just now. I console myself with thinking that I can go overland in five or six years, and write a few California ballads on the spot, and come back with a new book, without having spent much time or run any risk. Thou wilt allow me this for my forbearance, wilt thou not ? At any rate, I hold on to the Norway plan : this must be ; it is a part of my destiny.

But don't think me much excited. I can't help feeling a little of the spirit which is in our atmosphere. These are great times, certainly. The crusades were nothing in comparison. I am very well, and want to hear from thee very, very much. Keep cheerful and happy, for then I will be so.

JAMES T. FIELDS TO BAYARD TAYLOR.

BOSTON, *December* 26, 1848.

Putnam has sent us[1] a few copies of your poems, and I cannot help writing a hasty line to say how grandly the ballads swell and tramp along, and how fine the other poems seem in this dress. Why, Bayard, man, you have done the thing in getting out this book. Your prefatory remarks I like hugely. George Lunt, to whom I handed the open book a few hours ago in the store, told me he had read and re-read your ballads over and over again, and knew not the hand that penned the lines.

You have a capital reputation now in poetry, and must be careful of your muse. A good beginning is everything. I stand at a desk where I can gauge a man's depth in the public reading estimation, and I know no youngster who stands dearer than J. B. T., doffing the J. I am dreadfully busy just now, but look for my printed praises in some one of our Boston papers before the week is out. I am determined Whipple shall do you up brown, and that you shall ride in a showy coach made from the

[1] Mr. Fields was then with the publishers and booksellers, W. D. Ticknor and Company.

profits of Boston copies sold in our digging. Don't go to California, but stick to the gold of old Pactolus and gather in the dust.

BAYARD TAYLOR TO JAMES T. FIELDS.

TRIBUNE OFFICE, *January* 8, 1849.

A thousand thanks and at least fifty happy New Years for your kind and most welcome note. I am an ungrateful wretch not to have answered it sooner, even by a line. But you know something of the martyrdom of a daily paper, and will judge me charitably.

I am delighted that you like the book. I confess I *do* feel a little solicitude about its reception, for if there is no poetry in it there is none in me, nor ever will be.

It has had several good notices already, and I believe will be successful as far as the reputation goes; the sale is another thing. I sent copies to Boston two or three days ago, which I suppose you have received ere this, — one to Longfellow, whose judgment I value highly. . . .

Drop me a line whenever you can. I was delighted to find that the Californian Ballads had been so favored in their incognito. *I* think they are my best inflictions.

Yours, till death do us part,

BAYARD TAYLOR, without the J.

The beginning of 1849 found Bayard Taylor in high spirits. The ninth edition of "Views Afoot" had been published, five hundred copies of his volume of poems had been sold, and with some outside help he had been able to buy into the "Tribune," thus laying the foundation of his pecuniary fortune. His relations with the editor of that paper had become very friendly, and Mr. Greeley, always ready to render his associates their due, as he expected honest recognition of his own work, wrote at this time from Washington, where he was serving as Representative in Congress: —

HORACE GREELEY TO BAYARD TAYLOR.

WASHINGTON, *January* 13, 1849.

FRIEND BAYARD, — I have hardly a minute before the mail starts, but I must not defer to thank you for your article on Pope Pius IX. in the "Tribune" the other day. (I presume it was yours.) It was very well done indeed; I could hardly have suited myself better. I wish you would resolve henceforth to write one such article per week, and sign your own initials or some distinctive mark at the bottom. I want everybody connected with the "Tribune" to become known to the public (in some unobtrusive way) as doing what he does, so that in case of my death or incapacity it may not be fancied that the paper is to die or essentially suffer. A presumption of that sort will be almost as mischievous as the reality. Write me some time.

Yours, HORACE GREELEY.

With Willis, Griswold, L. G. Clark, and a large party of other invited guests, Bayard Taylor made a trip over the Erie Railroad on the first train which crossed the Cascade Ravine bridge, then a wonder in railway engineering. The journey in the depth of winter stirred his imagination, and while he had no wish to break in upon the occupation by which he was nearing the goal of his desires, he felt his blood leap at the thought of what might yet be before him — and Mary Agnew, with whom he always shared these impulses and thoughts.

BAYARD TAYLOR TO MARY AGNEW.

NEW YORK, *Saturday night, February* 3, 1849.

Again I must make my pen a substitute for my presence, — a poor substitute, but one which gives temporary relief to me. I intended to have devoted this whole evening to writing various undone tasks, but the temptation of a little social intercourse after a week of labor was too enticing, and after six hours spent at Willis's, Anne Lynch's, and with some German musical friends, I come back (after midnight) to talk a while with thee,

and then go to speak with thee in dreams. Thy letter came to-day, and I need not say how welcome it was. In answer to all our disappointments, I know no better comfort than to remind thee that six months only of thy bond remain, and in seven we will doubtless be one.

The old enthusiasm is coming back to me, and the knowledge that I do feel it again is a rapture. For two months I have been an *actuality*, — working, thinking of work, and planning work for the future ; now the excitement and the glow have returned, and I am again in the creative mood. Canst thou comprehend this variable atmosphere of the poetic soul, — its changes from heat to cold, from fog to dazzling sunshine ? I was reminded of my own change to-day by a friend, a foreigner, who accused me of having been cold towards him, and supposed he had offended me. I know not how I may seem at times, but if I ever appear gloomy or moody in thy sight, pray think it is the fault of my poetical wits, not of my love. It is late, and my room is cold. I must close, but will finish this to-morrow. . . .

Monday night.

. . . I cannot help thinking we do wrong to be very solicitous about the safety of the absent beloved. We are led and protected when we know it not. When I am absent from thee, now or in the future, dear Mary, take courage from this. There may be, at some future date, necessity for such absence ; I hope there will not, but sometimes I feel an undefined shadowing of it. I place my life in God's hands, knowing that he will not claim it until it is best so ; and this saves me much unhappiness.

Dost thou feel this passion for change, for new and exciting experience, for release from common cares and common duties ? Dost thou share with me this intense and almost (at times) heart-breaking longing for the delicious twilight of Italy, the shadow of Oriental palms, the clear snow-peaks and sounding forests of Norway ? It is with me an unfailing source of joy and the wildest poetic enthusiasm. I am willing to work here in my traces, steadily and patiently, four years, if I can but spend the fifth in some rare and glorious quarter of the world, where I can give myself up to art and beauty. And, thank Heaven, I shall soon be able to do this. With my present situation and prospects, it is no longer an impossibility. I am hardening my muscles for years of labor, but it will be done cheer-

fully and steadily, for its severest periods will be gladdened by thy presence and sympathy; and these blessed oases of inspiration and repose will keep my soul perpetually young in its sensation of joy. Life in all its extent is a glory and a majesty. If I were free to make my selfish choice of existence, I would spend my days in the open air, — on horseback or on the waters, or climbing mountains with those I love. But this is impossible; yet the fullness of life which gives strength and glow to the frame, buoyancy and brightness to the feelings, and happiness to every condition of being, may be partly attained. I must preserve it, even at the expense of poetry. The affections of a heart which pulsates with the breeze and the billows are always warm and generous. I would sooner die than have this high spirit stagnate within me. Constant intellectual labor makes one physically weak, nervous, and morbidly sensitive; but this is easily remedied, and I do not fear it so much as that dull, gloomy apathy of mind which I have noticed in so many others. . . .

Monday night, March 5, 1849.

Again in my little lonely room, after midnight. It is cold, in spite of the mild airs of the day, but I shall write until my fingers grow numb. I shall probably hear from thee to-morrow, and shall await with joy the news of thy returning health and strength. . . . When worried and perplexed by worldly cares, as I now frequently am, it all passes away before the rebuking calmness of the night and the consoling influence of solitude. How easy it is to bear trouble, when we have a Fortunate Isle of our own in the midst of the waves, — an Eden of peace and repose, sphered by an ocean of storms! I have lately been tempted to complain, but I am now willing to bear any burden, since thy love and my own, and the glorious passion of poetry and love of all things beautiful, are in the opposite scale. . . .

Friday morning.

This is a long time to keep a letter which was commenced on Monday. It will be all the better, however, if I can give thee any impression of my own cheerfulness and constant determination to work out my plan of the future. I shall have some difficulty for a year or two, and will need all my strength and energy and ambition, and all thine. But I have adopted a course of exercise for the preservation of my health and strength, and

already feel the reflection of it mentally. Such a course is neglected by most persons here, and they soon wear out. I have resolved to take time every day for this exercise, no matter how hurried I may be. For three weeks I have kept up a system of strong gymnastic exercise of the arms and breast, morning and night. Before going to work I walk down to the Battery and breathe the sea-air, and at least three times a week indulge in the luxury of a sea-water bath. I can already feel the change, and I mean to go on and make myself as strong physically as an editor can be. What would I not give for six months with the Rocky Mountain trappers! By the bye, I was very near going to California, two weeks ago, as a special agent of the "Tribune." But they have now given it up, at which, no doubt, thou art well satisfied. It would only have taken me four months, and would have been a fine thing for me, mentally and physically. But I can't say that I am disappointed in not going. Pray write me a long letter, — as long, as minute, as candid and confiding, as I would write if I had more time.

TRIBUNE OFFICE, *Sunday night, April* 15.

. . . If happiness is a dead level of feeling, I don't want to be happy. All experience — even the most terrible — ministers to my need of expression. Next to my craving for that love which thou hast satisfied, and which is the deepest and purest passion of my nature, is this need of poetic expression. It possesses me like a fever, and will not let me rest. I care not how soon my life and energy is wasted, so I but speak what is within me. Then lastly, and making up the sacred trio of my life-passions, is the love of the earth in the wild worship of nature in every form and under all circumstances. Thou canst join me in this, and help my resolutions to ramble over the world with me, when we shall be able to do so, and so make ours a charmed and glorious life. This is not fanciful, though it sounds so. We make our own lives, and we can make ours what we will. . . .

I never think of this world as *all*, as most people do. It seems to me but a speck in the vast career of being which is begun for us, and I confess I feel almost an indifference, so far as concerns myself, about the future. I never think of the world as having anything to do with us and our destiny further than our dependence on society and the duty we owe to others so long as we stay among them. . . .

I am writing a poem called "Kubleh."

The outside world came upon him with considerable violence shortly after this, for he was in the midst of the Macready riots, doing duty as reporter for the "Tribune."

BAYARD TAYLOR TO MARY AGNEW.

NEW YORK, *Monday, May* 14, 1.30 *p. m.*

Thou seest I have postponed writing to the latest hour, so that thou mayst have the satisfaction of knowing that the troubles are all over. I have seen them all through, from beginning to end, and written the accounts in the "Tribune." I am very glad to have done all this, since the thing *must be*. I shall never forget the terribly sublime scenes of that night, nor the strange and romantic excitement of the military encampments for three nights since. On Friday evening, when there was another riot, I was within the lines of the soldiers. No one was allowed to pass. Cannon were all around us, and the rattle and gleam of arms in the darkness had a most singular and exciting effect. I was very weary yesterday, after the excitement cooled down, but now I am fresh and strong again. I have not time now to give any particulars of the scene. We can talk that over when I see thee, which will be in less than two weeks. . . .

Ever thine, alive, and to remain so.

TO JOHN B. PHILLIPS.

TRIBUNE OFFICE, *Sunday, midnight, May* 27, 1849.

Ah, my dear, faithful friend, it will not do for us to die before we empty a bottle of golden Falernian together in the shadow of the Roman Pantheon! For God's sake, let us try, at some period of our lives, to cheat Life of some of its toil and harsh exaction, and give the stolen time to Youth and Poesy and Joy! We were born for something better than we are, but who knows or believes it? Let the stupid world wag as it lists, and let us build up a kingdom, at whose entrance the true soul of life will stand warder, and where we can take our pleasure undisturbed. There is such a kingdom, and I often enter it, sometimes in company, as last night, when a poet was with me. The other night there were three of us, — the other two noble fellows, great poets and true hearts. For three hours we were alone: we talked

with Milton, and Shelley, and the divine spirit of Keats, and Shakespeare, our Father and our Master. Would you had been there!

TO GEORGE H. BOKER.

TRIBUNE OFFICE, *May* 29, 1849.

Your welcomest letter came this morning, and from the bottom of my heart was I rejoiced by it. I can well imagine your feeling of triumph at this earnest of fame. . . . I instantly hunted up the London "Times" and found "Calaynos" advertised for performance,— second night. I showed it to Griswold, who was nearly as much surprised and delighted as myself. Of course he will make good mention of it in his book. It will *sell* immensely for you, and especially just now, when you are coming out with "Anne Bullen." I shall not fail to have a notice of it in to-morrow morning's "Tribune."

Stoddard spent Saturday night with me, and we read the "Song of the Earth" together. He was rapturous in his praises as we went along, swinging on your dactyls, marching through your files of iambics, and sliding over your anapests. He has the soul to comprehend the grandeur of the thing, and not a drop of that damnable spirit of depreciation which curses half our authors. . . . I pray you, as you care for my future, attack me without mercy if you see that I am growing indolent and careless. Let us all make up our minds to become sacrifices (burnt-offerings!) at the altar of divinest Poesy. . . .

I have done nothing since you left, but my head is swarming with plans of poems, novels, histories, tragedies, farces, sermons, etc., etc. Write to me often, my dear friend and fellow-martyr; your letters are real godsends when yourself is not here. . . .

Enough of this. How should I dare to think of poetry, when there is a murder trial, two accidents, and a religious anniversary to put into shape for the evening paper! So, no more, my dear fellow, from yours forever, here and elsewhere.

The proposed trip to California in the interest of the "Tribune," which had been abandoned, was taken up again as the excitement over the rush thither increased, and with it the difficulty of securing any trustworthy account of the real situation on the Pacific.

Bayard Taylor had shown his capacity as a traveler and reporter, and everything pointed to him as the most suitable person on the "Tribune" staff for the enterprise. He was divided between the desire for an actual sight of what had already filled his imagination and the dread of postponing his marriage; but the opportunity was too good to be lost, and he did not long hesitate, especially as his journey would be a very direct contribution to his livelihood.

BAYARD TAYLOR TO MARY AGNEW.

TRIBUNE OFFICE, *Sunday night*, 12.30 *o'clock.*

. . . What wouldst thou think of my going to California for a month or two? There is some talk of it again, and it might be that I shall be sent out by the "Tribune" as a special agent to report the progress of the mines and the formation of the government. It would be a grand opportunity for me, for this wonderful phenomenon is not yet over. The great objection is the absence from thee (yet it would only cause one visit the less), and it would put off our marriage a month longer. The trip will take from four to five months. If I go, I go at once, yet not till I have seen thee. It will be decided in a day or two. If I go, I shall probably be a bearer of dispatches for government, and shall have letters to all the public officers there. However, we will wait the development of things.

Pray write to me soon. I want to hear from thee very much.

TRIBUNE OFFICE, *Wednesday afternoon, June* 13, 1849.

I "take my pen in hand" to send thee another dispatch in relation to the important matter under consideration here. I hope my first letter reached thee last night, so that I may hear from thee to-morrow. I am anxious to know how the thought of this expedition appears to thee. I am afraid thou wilt look upon it as something vast, terrible, undefined, full of danger, and abounding in horrors. Shall I confess to thee it seems to me like a common episode of life, entirely without danger, and no subject of apprehension in any degree? Let me tell thee the plan of operations in a few words, though there are many important consid-

erations connected with it which I have not time to dwell upon. This, then, is the idea of Greeley, McElrath, ——, and the other editors, as well as that of myself, — if I go : —

Leave immediately in the Falcon, *via* Panama, and reach San Francisco August 1st. I would have a free passage in the steamer both on the Atlantic and Pacific sides. The provisional government of California meets August 1st, and I would report its proceedings. Having letters to General Smith, Colonel Mason, and all the authorities of the Pacific coast, I would have every facility for seeing and observing all that is going on, would visit the mines, acquaint myself with the condition of the country, people, etc., and dispatch the news to the "Tribune" by every possible mode of conveyance. Besides, I would establish agencies for the California "Tribune" all over the country, and lay the basis for a great circulation of our paper on the Pacific coast. Leaving San Francisco about the middle of September, I would reach here by steamer towards the end of October, having been absent only five months, and accomplished a vast work. Putnam says if I go he will engage a book in advance.

The main thing to me is that I see all this not only without cost, but actually making money all the time, and that it is such an opportunity (in a historical point of view) as happens scarcely once in a thousand years. This summer is the grand crisis, not only of the Californian epoch, but of our opportunity to build a circulation for the "Tribune" on the Pacific. Another consideration is that it would recruit my system completely, and make me able to work with more vigor and more inspiration. —— will leave again for Europe in the fall, and then I shall have much more to do than now. This breathing-time would be a great thing for me, physically.

Thou seest, from this, how the current of my own thought runs. I know that the absence from thee will be severe on both sides, and I believe that we have already waited long enough for the delayed happiness not to prolong the period, even for a month or two. But it is only once in a life that such a combination of circumstances meet, and all the energy and ambition of my nature leap to seize them. If I go, and successfully accomplish the journey, it will advance me more, as an editor, than five years of steady labor here.

But I need not say more, and on any other subject I cannot talk till the thing is settled. God is great ; let us trust Him.

Pray don't say a word of this to any one till I see thee, which may be on Saturday or Sunday. At least, be as cheerful as possible till we meet, or till thou shalt hear from me again. But there is a particular reason for not mentioning it to any one. We had a meeting on Monday of all the editors and owners of the paper. The next time thou hast word of me the thing will be settled, one way or the other. There is some glory in life, after all, is there not? A special fortune seems to attend me, or at least to make opportunities for me. Write soon.

TRIBUNE OFFICE, *June* 22, 1849, 2 *p. m.*

I must write a few lines this week, although hurried. Thy letter came this morning, and was most welcome. It was sad, though seemingly cheerful; but I hope that renewed health and the vital electricity of this solstitial heat will restore thy lightness and happy buoyancy of spirit. Is not this a good preparation for the tropics? I shall not feel the vertical sun of the South, after such a sweltering atmosphere as we now have. I thrive in it, and am confident that summer, sunshine, sea air, and tropical scenery will make a new man of me. Letters from California speak highly of the delightful climate and scenery. There are a few scarecrows from despairing diggers, but don't mind them. I am going to tell the truth, and I think I shall have a cheerful story to send home. These late arrivals make the journey very short and familiar to me. May it be so to thee!

Pray be cheerful, or at least hopeful. I shall have every protection, and shall protect myself as well. Be assured that I shall be neither rash nor thoughtless. I shall neglect nothing that my health or personal safety requires. This trip is not my only work on earth, and I want it to strengthen me for something else. . . .

I am well, and eager for the ocean. I feel instinctively that I shall grow strong and enduring in the sea air.

I will send thee the books as soon as I begin to pack up mine, — to-morrow or next day. Don't forget to borrow my Keats, Shakespeare, etc. . . .

I will write thee more the next time. I am cheerful and full of confidence. Many letters are promised me, and as I shall find many acquaintances there I will be well taken care of.

MARY AGNEW TO BAYARD TAYLOR.

Friday night, June 22, 1849.

Thou must be very hopeful, and cheerful, and happy, or else I would not feel so. I know not when I have felt such a quiet happiness as I have for the past two days. Why is it? I often reproach myself with it, for fear I am too certain, too confident, of the future. It does not seem to me yet that thou art going so far, and I do not believe I will realize it fully till thou comest back. It seems to me like a thing that had been long thought of, and I can look upon it as a part of thy destiny, as it is. It would be wrong not to follow the path, when it is laid out so plain before thee. The struggle was hard for me. I thought at first I never could have thee go; it seemed to me *almost* like giving up my life; but gradually it has been made clearer and brighter, and I can now look upon it as calmly and with as much faith as I ought to. I can take it to me as a part of my life, and as a fitting preparation for what is yet to come; if I did not try to bear it cheerfully, I would not be worthy of thy love, and it would be selfishness in me to ask thee to stay, when I know it will be of so much advantage. God alone knows how much I suffered and how hard it was, but He has given me faith and strength to bear it; and to His charge I trust my precious love, my more than life, with the certainty that everything will be for the best. Good-night, dearest, and may happiness be ever with thee.

Sunday morning. I sit down early this bright morning to finish this, for fear some one may come to hinder me; and it must go to the office to-day to reach thee before thou goest, which I hope it will. I received thine last night, which was so welcome. I was afraid there would none come, and I wanted to hear so much that for very joy the tears came when it was handed to me. I am sorry now that I said anything about the books. I am afraid it will trouble thee to send them; if so, do not do it, for I will endeavor to find enough to occupy me. If John B. goes on, thou canst send them with him without any difficulty.

I have just finished reading a letter from California from Colonel Stevenson; it seems to me like a true account. The poor miners must be in a terrible condition; even if they gain gold, they lose that that is far above the price of rubies, a pure heart

and peace of mind. Oh, how anxiously I shall await the arrival of thy letters ! I shall then know the state of affairs there, for it seems to me now like an awful place. It is a beautiful country, no doubt, with a delightful climate and scenery ; but then there are so many people there, of every class and nation, with such sordid motives, that it will mar the beauty.

I write this with a throbbing headache, and I know it will be very unconnected, but thou wilt make all allowances. I would leave it till I felt better, but there is no time for delaying ; what I want to say must be said to-day, but I cannot say all. I have a thousand things I would like to talk of if I had an opportunity, but that will not be for five months, five long, weary months, and it may be much longer. Sometimes, when I think of it, it seems impossible for thee to go so far, do so much, and be back in so short a time ; but God grant that it may be so. That is long enough for me to live without thy presence. But I wish not to murmur ; it is our destiny, and I must learn to bear it ; it is hard, but yet it may be that it is meant to prepare me, to make me fit and ready to bear what I may be called upon to do in the future. Be assured that I will always be hopeful, and sometimes cheerful ; we do not live here for nothing. Thy life is an active one ; thou hast much to do upon this earth, and my sympathies, my hopes, and my love shall ever be with thee, and may they inspire thee with fresh vigor in the time of need. Oftentimes, during thy absence, I shall feel most wretched, but hope will not forsake me. I shall think of thee always as being well and strong and full of life ; and if thou art always so, and come back benefited, the sacrifice of my wishes and feelings will be nothing, for there is a pleasure in suffering for those we love.

I shall feel anxious to hear from thee during thy voyage. These hot days I shall think of the increased heat where thou art, and sickness ; but this may be avoided. Thou must write to me from every place where the vessel stops, and tell me everything concerning thyself ; do not let an opportunity pass without sending me something, if it is but a line.

Thou must tell me when to write, and how to direct my letter. I shall expect to get one from thee on Thursday ; that will be the day thou goest. My hopes and my prayers will be with thee, and may they be realized. Little did I think, three weeks ago, when thou wert here, that this trial awaited me ; how little we know of the future, and it is well, perhaps, that we are thus ig-

norant. It has taught me a lesson. I felt so secure, so confident, of the promises of the future, and now I see it was wrong ; for how uncertain everything is ! Even if it lies within our grasp, we know not what may come between us and the possession of it. I have just now looked over the first part of this letter ; it certainly is much more cheerful than what I have written to-day, but as I feel so must I write, and unless I felt brighter I had better stop. I hope this will reach thee on Tuesday ; I shall send it to the office to-night. Write to me before thou startest, and as often as thou canst during thy absence. And now good-by, and may God watch over and protect thee, and may thoughts of thy Mary ever cheer thee.

BAYARD TAYLOR TO MARY AGNEW.

New York, *June* 26, 1849.

Thy blessed letter came to-day. It gave me much happiness, which, added to my former hope and buoyant lightness of spirit, will carry me through the work triumphantly. I am very well, and in the best spirits. If thou canst only feel always as thou hast written in thy letter, what a comfort it will be to me ! That is the true feeling, — the true trust and confidence, such as I have felt from the first. Canst thou not keep it ?

Everything favors me. I have excellent letters to California ; indeed, the best possible. My outfit is nearly complete, and will be most perfect in its way. I have a pocket thermometer, barometer, compass, and spyglass ; a good revolver (as a speculation, — I shall not kill anybody, thou mayst be sure) ; a suit of fustian, with hunter boots and blanket ; sketch-book and journal, etc., etc.

The Falcon, in which I sail from here, is a most commodious and elegant steamer, and I have one of the best berths. We shall merely touch at Charleston bar, and I am not certain whether I can send a letter, — don't look positively for one ; at Havana we shall be quarantined, and not permitted to go ashore, — a most provoking arrangement. We shall, however, go up to the city of New Orleans and stay a day, so I shall have a chance to see something of it. . . . Thou mayst believe all I say in my published letters. The first number of the "Tribune" will come to thee this week, in thy father's name. I shall send several books to-morrow, — not so many as if I had more time to get them. I am much hurried, and write a rambling letter. My

friends here, to whom I have told the secret, are delighted. Willis thinks it a glorious chance. Trust, then, dearest Mary, that it has not been given me for nothing. Thou canst scarcely see, as I do, the great strength it will give to the creative faculty within me, nor how it will supply a lacking element in my poetical nature.

I shall feel at times very painfully the severity of absence. But I shall be always occupied, always in the open air, and always among inspiring scenery. I shall gain a vigor and energy which I now know how to profit by. But I must close. God bless thee and keep thee cheerful and happy!

NEW YORK, *Wednesday night* [*June* 27, 1849].

Since I cannot, probably, write from Charleston, I send thee another line, which I hope will cheer thee. I met to-day with a translation of the rare and glorious "Frithiof's Saga," which I have sent thee by mail. It is a jewel of a book. Reading it, and the history of the Northern nations, thou wilt reach the very heart of old Norse tradition and song. I am much mistaken if thou art not as much charmed by it as I was. It is a book hard to find, and I only picked it up accidentally. I have sent to Harry Peterson, by express, copies of Milnes' "Life of Keats," Curzon's "Monasteries of the Levant" (a beautiful book), and Carlyle's Translation of Dante. I think thou wilt have, with these and other books, sufficient reading for three or four months. I wrote to Harry to take the books to Webb's.

Everything works well. I am light and buoyant-hearted, — never was more so. My preparations are all made and trunk packed. I have the best letters possible to have, and leave under the best promises and influences. Pray fear nothing for me, but leave everything to God, who has given me this path to tread. . . .

I am in excellent health, — a little sleepy to-night, but shall be blithe enough in the morning. The weather is delicious, and there are now moonlight nights. Think of moonlight *in the tropics!*

My time is short, and I must now close. Try and feel cheerful; be as happy as thou canst.

CHAPTER VII.

ELDORADO AND HYLAS.

1849–1850.

The infinite bliss of Nature
I feel in every vein ;
The light and the life of Summer
Blossom in heart and brain.

In the Meadows.

THE occasional allusions to Sweden and Norway in Bayard Taylor's correspondence at this time are a hint of the two currents of feeling which met in his nature. He was fascinated by the mysterious north, and he had a tropical imagination which was constantly looking wistfully toward the summer climes. He was dreaming of a journey to Scandinavia when the summons came to visit California, and it is hard to say in which direction he would have turned with the greater readiness. There are many references to this dual nature in his records of travel. He could not pass from the north to the south without being conscious of laying aside one nature and taking on another equally welcome. Thus when he had entered Spain from France, in one of his later journeys, and at breakfast red mullet came upon the table and oranges fresh from the tree, "straightway," he says, "I took off my northern nature as a garment, folded it and packed it neatly away in my knapsack, and took out, in its stead, the light, beribboned, and bespangled southern nature, which I

had not worn for eight or nine years." The thought reappears in one of his best known poems, "The Palm and the Pine:"—

> For, as a fountain disappears,
> To gush again in later years,
>
> So hidden blood may find the day,
> When centuries have rolled away;
>
> And fresher lives betray at last
> The lineage of a far-off Past.
>
> That nature, mixed of sun and snow,
> Repeats its ancient ebb and flow:
>
> The children of the Palm and Pine
> Renew their blended lives — in mine.

For the time his northern nature was laid aside, and he reveled in the richness and splendor of a southern world. Nothing in the letters which he sent back to the "Tribune" is so characteristic and so worth noting as the delight which he took in the glories of tropical verdure and the evanescent wonders of sunset and sunrise. He was sent to report on the discoveries which every one was in a feverish haste to learn about, and he made his report promptly and faithfully; for all that, he made his readers stop whenever he came to a scene which stirred the poet in him.

"I went," he says, "by way of the Isthmus of Panama, — the route had just been opened, — reached San Francisco in August, and spent five months in the midst of the rough, half-savage life of a new country. I lived almost entirely in the open air, sleeping on the ground with my saddle for a pillow, and sharing the hardships of the gold-diggers, without taking part in their labors. Returning through Mexico, which I

traversed diagonally from Mazatlan to Vera Cruz, I reached New York in March, 1850, and resumed my duties as editor."

The duty of writing at every opportunity to the "Tribune," the irregularity of his life, and the imperfect means of forwarding letters, necessarily abridged his correspondence with his friends, and his letters during his absence were for the most part hurried notes, in which he referred to the "Tribune" letters for details of his adventure. At Monterey, however, he made a longer halt, and with rest from travel the old desires came trooping back.

TO MARY AGNEW.

MONTEREY, CAL., *September* 23, 1849.

So far in my absence and on my adventurous pilgrimage. I sit here alone, in the army quarters at Monterey, listening to the roar of the surf as it rolls in from the Pacific. It is after sunset, and heavy mists are creeping down from the hills, among the forests of pines. I am lonely, inexpressibly sad and lonely, thinking of thee and the thousands of miles that intervene between us and the many days to be passed ere we meet again. Do not think I am unhappy; my frame is glowing with health, and in this delicious climate one never thinks of disease. But within the past week I have been more alone than since leaving New York. I have walked hither from San Francisco, without a companion, and through some of the most glorious scenery on earth, beneath a sky surpassing Italy. Truly this land should be our home, could we but shape our fortunes as we would. How often I have thought of thee when climbing to some peak whence I could overlook leagues of wild and beautiful valleys, that in a short time will be more lovely places of abode than even Val d'Arno or sunny Sorrento! I have transferred all my poetry from Italy to this young land of splendid promise. Thank God that I was permitted to be here at such a crisis, and to blend my labors, even in so humble a way, with the infancy of the fairest empire on the earth!

. . . I have only commenced my travels through the interior,

having been delayed in order to make the necessary arrangements for transmitting letters. I shall leave here for San Francisco in a few days, and will then start on my journey to the head of the Sacramento Valley. This will take from three to four weeks, in which time I shall be again in San Francisco. I shall then proceed to San Diego by land, and take the steamer for my return at that port. Traveling through the country is entirely safe; indeed, I never before received so much kindness from entire strangers. I have already made hundreds of acquaintances, and go where I choose I always am sure to meet somebody I know or that knows me. Thou mayst therefore be entirely assured of my safety. The country is very healthy, except along the Sacramento, where there has been a good deal of fever and ague. It is now subsided, and the fall digging has commenced. I anticipate no difficulty on that score. If one takes only ordinary care of himself he need not fear.

I need not relate to thee my adventures at length. I have written them out for the "Tribune," and thou wilt see them there. They have been varied and (to use a painter's word) picturesque. Don't be frightened at what I may say of Indians, grizzly bears, and the like; the greatest thing to be feared in this country is *fleas*, and with them I have been sadly tormented. For this reason I prefer sleeping under the open sky, — a luxury I never knew before, but shall ever remember with delight. It is so delicious to fall asleep with the stars above you, — to feel their rays, the last thing glimmering in your hazy consciousness, and then shining on, brighter and purer, in your dreams! How often, under the sycamores or evergreen oaks, with my head on a dragoon-saddle and a Mexican blanket rolled warmly around me, have I lain in the silent wilderness, and thought of thee! One night, which I will tell thee of when we meet, I slept, or rather watched, all alone on the top of a mountain, with vast plains glimmering in the moonlight below me, and the wolves howling far down in the ravines. Was it not a glorious night? I cannot express to thee how I have been charmed with this country. Its pure, cloudless sky; its spring-like airs, always filled with the odor of balmy shrubs and grasses; its vast plains, that stretch away like seas, with forest islands and shores; its mountain ranges, which the wild oats cover with cloth of gold, and which loom through the violet haze; its deep-cloven ravines; its shores and sparkling seas impress me like

some new-created world. The mine of poetry which it contains is to me richer than all its gold. This is our "land of the olive and vine." In future song El Toro will take the place of Soracte, the sunsets of San Diego outshine those of Pæstum, and the "ripe Falernian" be forgotten in the vintage of San Juan and Santa Barbara.

But I must stop this rhapsody; there is far more meaning, and a more welcome chime to thee in the simple words: I think of thee. Thank God, the half of my absence is over, and the other half will pass away more speedily. Yet I must still have many a lonely hour; I think of thee not so much as absent as a part of my own soul — of my own nature — lost to me. My constant memory of thee is that of a wedded sharer of my destiny, — a serene, holy memory, untroubled by fear of change in aught that will not bring thee nearer. . . .

I have wondered a thousand times how thou hast passed the summer; whether the books I sent reached thee; how thou wert pleased with "Frithiof"; whether Keats beguiled thee into exclaiming, "Oh, for a draught of vintage!" etc. But with a more painful thought I have wondered what thou wert obliged to endure when my departure startled the neighborhood out of its propriety. I have not yet had a word from home, and shall not for a month to come. The steamer that has just arrived brought no mail, and the next is not expected for three weeks at least. So I shall only hear from thee twice during my absence. This is hard, when I have been so long without hearing from thee. But I console myself with the thought that I have often been thus long absent from thee, in New York, and that an equal length of time will bring me to thee again; so it is like missing one visit to Kennett. This letter will reach thee about the middle of November, and thou mayst then look for me in a month. By that time the great load of thy weary waiting will be over. Then I shall be on my way to San Diego, and so homeward. I only ask of thee to keep a firm confidence in my good fortune, to preserve a brave heart; and should they talk lightly of me or of our union, call thy woman's pride to meet them. Do not suffer thyself to despond or even doubt. I would rather see thee proud and self-relying, yet with an humble dependence on the Great Father, to whom we both look for help in time of need. As I write, I hear the hymn sung by the scanty congregation of the town, at their worship in this same building, and I

pray God to give thee strength in the hour of weakness. With all my confidence in my destiny, I never forget to cast myself on his mercy, and humble myself in heart, supplicating his protection from day to day.

I have written to thee from Charleston, New Orleans, Chagres, Panama, Acapulco, Mazatlan, San Francisco, and the Diggings, — eight times in all, besides this letter. Thou must at least have heard from me every two weeks since I left. I shall send another letter after I reach San Francisco, which will accompany this. The next steamer after this will take thee the last letters I shall need to send. Myself shall be the final letter, — the longest of all, — somewhat stouter and fuller-cheeked than when thou last saw me, and a good deal browner, but I hope, as M—— S—— would say, "not ill-favored." I have the appetite of three men, and am sometimes absolutely ashamed of my performances in that way.

And now, good-by. I feel assured, from my own buoyancy of spirit, that thou art as well and cheerful as I could hope. I trust it is so; for this separation will give us a better claim on all the promises of our love.

TO GEORGE H. BOKER.

MONTEREY, CAL., *September* 23, 1849.

If you think of me with any degree of friendly commiseration, I shall get a letter from you by the next mail. Here I am, in the capital of the Californias, having been three months from home (in which time all that my nature possessed of the poetic has changed into the equine), and not the first word of news. So long as I am in motion, knocking around among the gold-diggers, scouring the plains with vaqueros and rancheros, sleeping on the mountains with wolves and grizzly bears, and eating elk with Mexicans and Indians, my animal part is enough to take care of, and anything that looks like refined civilization is an abomination. But here in this quiet town, though there are blue and sparkling seas, grand pine forests, mountains far and near, and delicious air, — the sweet, childlike breath of a young empire, — I am vexed, tired, lonely, and completely unhinged for want of news from home. What under heaven are you poets at, in this mild September prime, — the very flowering-time of imagination and ripe harvest-weather of thought? What new designs have been shaped in the first glow, or hammered out into

enduring form? By the gods, I nearly envy you your quiet. The goddess visits not a rambling spirit like mine. All the materials of poetry are around me, and I am laying up a good stock for future use, but I am too much on the wing to be singing. I could relish hearing you, all of you, nevertheless, and if you do but send me the new voices of all your souls I shall teach them to the echoes of the California mountains.

In truth, my dear friend, I miss you sadly at times like these, and can only take a scanty satisfaction in building up a future in which we all shall have achieved honor in the lofty service to which we are sworn. I think of yourself, Read, Stoddard, and me as grown gray in the muse's livery, — ancients of song, whose lives and literary fortunes have "in quaternion run." But this is idle; better be working than dreaming, taking the bloom of the present than waiting a more genial season, and so I try to do. This journey has been one of great interest to me, and all that has yet transpired but fulfills the presentiment with which I left home. In after ages this will be the land of epic song and romantic fiction; we who witness its infancy may make its earliest lays, and blend our names with the wonderful history of its birth. I have seen things more marvelous than the "Arabian Nights," witnessed more splendid achievements than followed in the paths of Godfrey or Columbus. This may sound extravagant, but posterity will not think it so. The country surpasses Italy in climate and scenery, and the life of the Bedouin is not more wild and picturesque than that of a native Californian. I have already accomplished one wish that I had on leaving: I have stridden a *canelo*, and run races with the wind over plains that are like the sea. Would to Heaven you could be here an hour! We would dash off over the hills on our horses, past the ruined mission of Carmel, and ride down to Point Lobos, where ten thousand seals and sea-lions cover the rocks. I wish Read could come out here; it is a splendid field for a painter. I hope he has written to me. If he has not, it is now too late, and I must wait till winter, when we shall have a jolly meeting in dear old, familiar Philadelphia.

I leave here in two or three weeks for the Sacramento Valley, which I shall ascend to the borders of Oregon; then down the interior to San Diego, where I shall ship to Mazatlan, and cross Mexico to Vera Cruz. A fine route, is it not? I have enjoyed everything (except fleas) thus far, and have the lusty health,

complexion, and appetite of a teamster. Perhaps this is the reason why I have written no poetry.

TO MARY AGNEW.

MONTEREY, CAL., *September* 30, 1849.

Another week has passed, as thou wilt see by the date of this, and yet I am still here. A circumstance has occurred which has occasioned a change in my designs, though one which will not increase the length of my stay, or alter the manner of my return. I have been employed by an agent of the government at Washington to examine some old Spanish documents in the archives here, — a work which will keep me here about three weeks longer, and bring me a good round sum of money. I can then afford to buy a mule, and make the remainder of my trip with much more speed and comfort. The chance is a fortunate one, and will enable me, with the worst luck in other respects, to make the journey a source of pecuniary profit. Perhaps it is fortunate in another respect. By the time I reach the Sacramento Valley, the fever and ague season will be quite over, and the clear, cool, healthy weather preceding the winter rains, have arrived. The Sacramento country is now so overrun with gold-diggers that traveling in any part of it is perfectly safe.

I have just returned from a ride to Point Conception, about five miles from here, on the coast. It is a misty afternoon, and the coast scenery was singularly wild and impressive. The long swells came rolling in upon the bleak rocks, breaking upon them with a shock like thunder, and dashing their spray high into the air. I walked along the inlets, tearing pearl-oysters from their hold on the rocks, and robbing them of their beautiful shells. The star-fish and sea-flower grew abundantly in the edge of the waters. The road to this place leads through the Pine Forest the whole distance. . . . The society of the place is agreeable, and I have met with much hospitality among the resident Americans. I have had the offer of a house if I would come here to live, but the gift of a gold-mine would not hire me to leave New York. *There* is to be the field of my future labors. . . .

And now, as my time is short, I again take leave of thee, asking Heaven's blessing on thee during this time of absence. I fervently trust I shall hear from thee in two weeks at least. Till I write again, be of good heart.

Monterey, *October* 22, 1849.

I thought until a day or two ago I must have been fated to be without news from thee during all my absence. Another steamer came, bringing no mail, though we heard that one was about crossing the Isthmus when she left. The next steamer has not yet arrived, but by a blessed good luck three or four letters of mine, intrusted to private hands, found their way hither. I was completely happy on finding inclosed in a letter from mother thy note of July 12th. And what raised my happiness to the fullest extent was the bright, cheerful, encouraging tone of thy letter. Heaven bless thee for it! . . .

I am still as healthy and vigorous as ever, but have lost a little of my brown complexion from indoor work here. This little rest has been of advantage to me in many ways. I have made acquaintances among all the principal men of the country, have learned much that will be useful concerning the history and laws of California, and have retarded my Sacramento trip so much that there is no further fear of agues. The country is now thoroughly healthy, and the temperature most delightful. I anticipate a great deal of pleasure, and no danger, from my trip. I have written a little during my stay here, — a poem on "The Pine Forest of Monterey," another called "Taurus," and a third, which I here send thee. It is brief and *true*, — true as my love : —

I plucked for thee the wilding rose
And wore it on my breast,
And there, till daylight's dusky close,
Its silken cheek was prest.
Its desert breath was sweeter far
Than palace rose could be, —
Sweeter than all Earth's blossoms are,
But that thou gav'st to me.

I kissed its leaves, in fond despite
Of lips that failed mine own,
And thought of such, that one dear night
Within thy tresses shone.
I vowed no rose should rival mine,
Though withered now, and pale,
Till those are plucked whose white buds twine
Above thy bridal veil.

The wild California rose is sweeter than the Oriental. I have ridden through thickets of them, and slept at night in the fragrant shade of the bay and laurel : so do not think of me quite,

as among savage and inhospitable deserts. Some of the finest scenery in the world is here. I am not in love with the country, either; I shall be most happy when my mission is fully and faithfully performed, and my face is directed homewards. The charm of novelty and the excitement of adventure make the time pass more quickly than I anticipated, but I still have some lonely hours. I should have many and anxious ones, did I not feel a secret confidence that thou art well and cheerful. . . .

San Francisco, *November* 28, 1849.

These will be glad words for thee to read, I know, because they are probably the last I shall write to thee from San Francisco. My wild wanderings through this savagely beautiful country are at an end, because I could not travel if I would. I did not think, when I left home, to have been on California soil at this date, nor didst thou: but I shall not regret it if, when we meet, thou canst forget the pains and anxieties of absence. The stay here has been in the highest degree valuable to myself; Heaven grant the long separation may be made light to thee! I shall be at home about the first of February. I should leave in the steamer which sails two days from now, but I wish to return through Mexico, and she does not touch at Mazatlan. I shall probably leave next Monday (December 3d), in a sailing vessel, for Mazatlan. It is a twelve or fourteen days' trip, as the wind always blows down the coast. Ships frequently make as short passages to Mazatlan as the steamer. From thence to Vera Cruz is about four weeks' travel across Mexico, — one of the most interesting journeys in the world, and one of the most delightful, as I am told by those who have made it. It is now the dry season in Mexico, perfectly healthy and safe for travelers without money. I shall take letters of credit instead, travel without baggage and with not more than two companions, — which will make the trip as safe as any in the United States. I am familiar with the language, customs, geography, etc., and anticipate a most delightful journey. I could not go in the present steamer if I wished, for no ticket is to be had under double price, and my plan is more expeditious than to wait three weeks for the next chance.

I wish thou couldst see me as I am now, — fat, brown, and rough as a mountaineer, heavier by fifteen pounds than I ever was before, and with the rugged feeling of health and strength

I have so long coveted. I am fitted for three years' encagement in New York, without grumbling. I can make glorious use of my rough experience in this country, as thou shalt see anon. It will give me such a lift as I could not have attained by years of labor at home. My life is not all roughness here, either. With warm, genial airs, skies soft and blue, sunsets far surpassing Italy, mountains green with springing grass, and glorious moonlights, life is a double enjoyment here. My travels among the Indians may frighten thee a little, but they are all past now. I have never had a moment's doubt or fear since leaving home. Heaven has greatly blessed me, while nearly every one I know has been more or less ill. I have enjoyed from the first the most vigorous and exulting health.

If thou wert here, — if we were but united, — I could willingly prolong my stay. As it is, the prospect of seeing thee in two months is a joyful one. How much we shall have to say to each other ! how many memories to recount ! how many happy anticipations to exchange ! Ah, dearest Mary, let us not be kept much longer from each other's happiness : let us soon unite our fates, and laugh at the hollow world and its heartless babble. I shall come back to thee with a more profound yet not a more sorrowing knowledge of human nature, a wider experience of life and its strongest passion, a fresher sense of enjoyment in God's grand and perfect works, and with as true a heart, as loyal a constancy, as fervent a devotion, as before. "I trust in God ; I trust in thee." By that trust, my own dear Mary, I ask thee to wait for me with a brave and cheerful heart, and to welcome me back with a face on which the tears of absence have left no trace.

It is late at night, and rather cold, in this gloomy post-office kitchen. I have but a day or two since returned from the Sacramento, and am hurried in getting ready my "Tribune" correspondence. I shall probably write from Mazatlan, though it is most likely that I will reach home sooner than a letter from that place. From Vera Cruz I shall go to Mobile, thence to Charleston, thence to New York, and then — to thee ! Don't look for me before February 1st, nor be alarmed at not hearing from me. Depend upon it, I shall get home safe. There is no steamer yet. The last letter from thee was dated August 12th, but one from ——, of August 23d, speaks of thee as being well. Would to Heaven I could again hear from thee before starting homeward ! Good-by for a few days.

PACIFIC, NEAR MAZATLAN, *January* 7, 1850.

So far safely on my way. I have left behind the region of rain and storms, and am now on the border of the tropics, with a cloudless sky overhead and a smooth blue sea around. The air is like that of Paradise. I am happy and light-hearted, and full of pleasant anticipations of Mexican travel. . . .

The six months that are gone since we parted have changed me much. I have seen more of human life, and am grown more serious and self-dependent. My ambition burns with a more steady flame, and is more certain of its object. The school through which I have just passed was wanting to fit me for future labors. I have gained more, if not of philosophy, at least of courage and determination. I no longer chafe at the bars which galled so before. The erratic glow and enthusiasm of youth seems departing, yet it is not dead, but only slumbers for the time. Perhaps thou wilt never feel this, but thou hast a woman's quick insight into human nature, and mayst understand how it has been wrought in me. . . .

Bayard Taylor had the experience of being robbed in Mexico, as he has related in his volume of travel devoted to this trip, and, reaching Vera Cruz, left for home February 19, 1850. On the 27th he reached Mobile, ascended the Alabama River, and by rail and stage went to Charleston. Thence he went to Washington, where he delivered dispatches to the government, spent a day at Kennett, and was again at the Tribune office on the 10th of March. He had been unable to send any letters to the paper after leaving California, and he now busied himself with throwing the letters into book-form, adding many incidents from recollection, and continuing the narrative by relating his experiences in Mexico. The letters had excited great interest. When the one came which described the Panama Isthmus, Mr. Greeley wrote to him in his characteristic fashion : —

HORACE GREELEY TO BAYARD TAYLOR.

NEW YORK, *August* 16, 1849.

BAYARD, — Your Isthmus letter (the crossing) is generally esteemed here as A No. 1. All I have heard agree that nothing so workmanlike has been done since the immortal Stephen H. Branch awoke the catamounts of the Chagres, even if then. Those from the intermediate seas do not make so much impression, simply because the scenes and occurrences were less interesting here. . . .

The record of travel was published in May, 1850 by Mr. Putnam, under the title of "Eldorado, or Adventures in the Path of Empire; comprising a Voyage to California, *via* Panama; Life in San Francisco and Monterey; Pictures of the Gold Region, and Experiences of Mexican Travel."

Of poetry he had written but little during his journey. "Taurus," "The Pine Forest of Monterey," and "Manuela," a new California ballad, were indeed written while under the immediate inspiration of the scenes which they reflect, and in his note-book he would jot down, sometimes in darkness, the lines which came to him. Once back at his familiar work, there came a new impulse, under which he wrote "Hylas," a marked illustration of the greater freedom with which he gave himself to artistic conception. It is to be noted that in a later arrangement of his poems he did not include this among "Earlier Poems," though that division embraced some written after "Hylas." It was during this summer also that he made his first essay at "The Picture of St. John," but the development of that poem belongs to a later date.

We recur to "Hylas" because it appears to be the sudden, exalted expression of a state of mind which was the result of much of the struggle which his life

had always witnessed between a native sense of liberty and the pressure of surrounding influences. His journey to California, the wild life which he there led, returning almost to a savage mode, and his new sense of a vast energy in nature and humanity, all conspired to give him a bound into conscious independence. It was just before writing "Hylas" that he recorded in his private journal, to which he committed his thought unreservedly: —

"More than a year, a strange, eventful, all-important period, since I last took up the pen for this confessional! What a time! How changed is the world since then! God! how blind was I then, how little true reliance I possessed, how failing a strength, how weak a will! Now, all is different. Men are not as they were, nor are my relations toward them the same. For the first time in my life, I feel secure of my destiny. All those blind motions of the soul, those vague instincts and groping passions, which I now recognize in what I have written in this book, are taking form. With the consciousness of my own true nature comes the knowledge of my real power and the will to do all that it would ask of me. Thank God that the mists are clearing away! Thank God that I breathe the pure air at last!

"It was a mistake — a misfortune, rather — that I was trained to be that which I am not. But the true nature will make way at last. Had I not been made to believe that passion was sin, I had gained some precious years of power. I had earlier learned my own soul, and might have planted its roots in the genuine soil, where they have now but freshly struck. I had not then believed, and they had not believed, that I was all gentleness and kindness; hence, the harder

lesson for them, to learn the new nature that has fully awakened after such a long slumber. And I, who would have kept it down, — ah, how little I knew of the awful majesty of Poetry, of the passion and scorn and sorrow which they must learn to feel who worship her truly! The veil has risen at last, — I stand, face to face with that dread Power. If she claims a life of toil and outward bitterness, it will be gladly given, so she is mine before I die."

Thus, though the public was more interested in his record of travel, he did not for a moment turn aside in his purpose from his true vocation, and he received now and then a slight sign that others were regarding him as he regarded himself.

BAYARD TAYLOR TO GEORGE H. BOKER.

NEW YORK, *March* 17, 1850.

I send you a hasty line for two reasons, first, to express my delight at reading "Anne Boleyn," which I think a great advance on "Calaynos," and a great tragedy in itself. It will last. Some of the passages are equal in effect to anything I ever read. You have done all that could have been wished, for your sake and divine Poetry's. When I get my book off my hands, I will say in type what I think of it. Ripley is charmed with it, and will still look out for a chance to give his opinion. Go ahead, my dear poet! It will soon be your turn to damn those who would willingly damn you. . . .

Now, George, I want you to write me a line, at least, before the end of the week. Come along bodily just as soon as you can. I shall be here, working on my book, three weeks longer, before visiting home again. It will be out in two volumes, splendidly got up. As for the matter, I say nothing.

TO MARY AGNEW.

NEW YORK, *Sunday night*, *March* 17, 1850.

Delinquent again, and not in a fit mood for writing to-night; but I must say one word. I have been troubled to-day with a bad sore throat, from cutting off my beard prematurely. Nature

no doubt intended it should stay. However, civilization exacts a good deal from us, and perhaps we receive a corresponding benefit. I feel like a different individual from the one who went on board the Falcon last June. My nature is setting into its destined mould. I am no longer the pliant, passionate, restless youth; I look upon life more soberly than heretofore. The glowing impulses of my heart have subsided, at least to outward appearance. I see things through a clearer, more unruffled air. The impatience which made my love for thee "a joy, sharp e'en to pain," no longer torments me. I have in its stead a quiet, happy feeling, — a sense of contentment with fate, a serene trust in the future. The thought of soon having thee with me, which last spring seemed a miracle of joy which could hardly be real, is now so natural, so inevitable, a happiness, that my heart comprehends it without an effort. My pulses no longer throb with the fever of unrest. We are no longer enchanted beings, walking apart in some unapproachable world of love, but woman and man, with the joys and sorrows of common life as our portion. Canst thou explain this change? I think I can. The fiery part of my nature has had full play and free expression in the excitement of my recent travel, and goads me no longer. Calmer feelings return, and the tired spirits willingly submit to their rule. I cannot say but I am glad of this. The clearer and simpler life appears to us the stronger is our control of it. . . .

I am hard at work on my book. It will be out in about twenty days (perhaps less), and till then I shall be bound to it. Putnam gives me no respite, as the earliest possible appearance will greatly increase the sales. As the trip has cost me much, the book ought to pay me well in return. I have written home that I shall certainly be there before the 7th of April. Keep up thy spirits till then; I know thou canst, now that my return is fully realized. Meanwhile write often, much, and as freely as thy thought.

New York, *May* 8, 1850.

It is a little after midnight. They have all gone and left me alone in the office. The rain is pouring without, and its sound, though sad, is soothing, for it is in harmony with my own feelings. Thy note, which came to-day, has thrown a shadow on my heart. I feel inexpressibly sad and lonely. Thou wert so well, looked so well, and I thought would be so strong and happy; and now, the health and strength thou hast been gather-

ing for a year are gone at once. I have been anxious about thee ever since we parted, but I hoped the genial season would restore thee ; now, I fear it may take weeks before thou art strong again. If thou wilt only be quite well in another month, I will try to bear it ; — but then, what have I to bear in comparison with thee ? I will stop my marriage preparations, if thou wishest it ; but it will be a terrible disappointment if we should have to postpone the day. Still, need this be done under any circumstances ? Even if thou shouldst not be considered well enough to come here in June, could not the ceremony be performed on the 19th ? I have a preference for the day, — a sort of superstitious desire to be married then, now since it has been fixed. Even if — which God forbid ! — thou shouldst be obliged to wait at home a month or two longer, might not the simple words be spoken, might we not write to each other and think of each other as husband and wife ? But I will not forebode anything of the kind. I trust in Heaven thou wilt soon recover. Only, *must* I stop my preparations ? In case of thy continued weakness, which I see thou hast already pictured to thyself as possible, may we not still cherish the same anticipations of being given to each other on that day ? Forgive me if I write strangely : I am deeply grieved and disappointed by thy illness. I will agree to anything that seems best to thee. Think only of thyself ; thou hast had so much to bear I should be wicked and unmanly if I were not willing to make every sacrifice for thy good. Tell me with all the candor of thy heart how thou art growing from day to day, what thou wouldst fain ask of me, what I should do, and how thou couldst be happiest.

Thursday morning.

It is still dull and chilly here. I am hard at work among California news, anniversaries, and a pile of such trash. I have not time to say more now, but a word is better than nothing. I will write again to-morrow or Saturday, and hope to hear from thee again before that time.

TO JAMES T. FIELDS.

TRIBUNE OFFICE, NEW YORK, *May* 10, 1850.

I dash off a line from the midst of my City Items, California News, Cuban Expeditions, and a host of such trash, to tell you how my "Eldorado" has been running off.

Putnam has orders for near two thousand copies, and can't get the books bound fast enough. He has, as yet, sold none at retail, and, for my part, I have not got a single copy. I beg you, therefore, to excuse me to my good Boston friends, to whom I intend to send copies, for a day or two longer, and take part of the same to yourself. I hope to be supplied on Monday or Tuesday, and will then remember all my friends, Miss Mitford included. This time I am really going to send her all my three works in one lump, — enough to terrify the poor old lady.

Boker called on me yesterday. He tells me he had a delightful time with you and Whipple. Would I had been there! But this devilish work, to which we are doomed, always stands between us and our desires.

I hope a time may come when I shall be no longer bound. Where is Longfellow going to stay in Washington? Is he going farther south? How can I send an "Eldorado" to him? Will he not stop a day here on his return? I want to see him very much.

I must stop; it is near one o'clock. Greeley is in the other room, and the rest of my fellow-editors hard at work. A police report, or something equally disgusting, will be thrust under my nose the next minute for my special attention and contemplation. I must not forget, however, to thank you for your kind notice of my book in the "Transcript." I think it will help the sale of it in Boston, which is about all I hope from my prose works. As for literary reputation, I would not swap that of ten lines of good poetry for all the prose I shall ever write. . . .

TO MARY AGNEW.

Thursday night, May 14, 1850.

. . . I will do in everything as thou shalt desire. Do not *try* to get well; it will make thee worse. Let Nature regain her strength in her own time. I hope everything from these warm days and balmy airs. I feel most deeply for thee. Thou hast had so much to suffer, and all thy best happiness has been in the future. Ah, well, God will not desert those who suffer patiently; we shall be happy yet, under his blessing.

. . . I will wait calmly and hopefully. I have already more than half given up the idea of being married on the 19th. I would much rather put it off a month than that thou shouldst

not be quite well. The thought of another relapse would be terrible. Try to be cheerful, dear Mary. If thou wishest I will go home in two weeks, if only for half a day. Indeed, if before then thou shouldst desire to postpone the day of our marriage, I will go, whether thou wishest or not. It is late, and I am weary and sleepy. I feel a little sad, but I should be quite happy if I thought thou wert cheerful and hopeful still. Be cheerful, Mary; this trial is hard, but a year hence we will not feel it. . . .

Monday morning, June 10, 1850.

Yesterday I received a letter from mother, which explains the reason of thy not writing. She tells me thou art not so well as when I left. I am deeply grieved and saddened, as thou mayst easily imagine, for I had hoped so much from the delightful weather of last week. I pray that thou art better by this time, for the pleasant sunshine and warmth of the season *must* help thee, if Nature has not grown perverse. I shall look for a letter to-morrow with great anxiety. Mother writes to me that the doctor said riding out every day would much hasten thy recovery, and asks if I cannot get away for a week to take thee out. I think I can. Greeley is not at home, but I can make some arrangement to leave. At any rate, he may storm as he likes: I would sooner bear it than have thee suffer much longer with that terrible pain, when I may help to relieve thee of it. I shall certainly leave here by the last of this week, — perhaps sooner. Thou mayst look for me Thursday night, for I don't think I shall disappoint thee. . . .

TO R. H. STODDARD.

KENNETT SQUARE, PA., *June* 27, 1850.

I have been here four days. Mary is somewhat better, though still in a very uncertain and dangerous state. My hopes are a little brighter, and I can now with a calmer mind entreat God to spare her to me. I have partly recovered my old faith, and do my best to cheer and encourage her. In this I have succeeded. For two days past she has been slowly improving. She does not speak of her danger, has not been told of it, but I think guesses it. The physician *had* no hope, and has but little now, yet I will dare to hope against him. God help me if I lose her!

Write to me, Stoddard, at once, for I shall return in a week. What have you been doing? What new plans afoot? I have

conceived another poem; Heaven only knows when it will take shape! And now, my dear boy, good-by.

An invitation to deliver the annual poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College at Commencement was accepted, and he busied himself over a poem entitled "The American Legend." He did not think it worth while to reprint it in any of his collections, and took his principal pleasure in the opportunity afforded of seeing his Boston friends. Several years afterward, writing to Mr. Boker, who had received the same invitation, and had printed his poem, he expressed his regret that his friend had published the poem. "I made the same mistake," he says. "My Harvard poem, poor as it is, was received with great applause; but alas! I published it, and thus killed the tradition of its excellence, which, had I not done so, might still have been floating around Harvard."

TO GEORGE H. BOKER.

June 30, 1850.

I know nothing more likely to beguile myself from a doleful consciousness of this sweltering heat than the writing to you. What do you with your solid substance this weather? These lank, skeleton poets can live well enough, for they have nothing to lose; but we, who are not only blood and bone, but some fat, must suffer. I rejoice in a tolerable heat, and so long as the mercury don't rise above 80° choose the sunny side of the street. I am conscious of a sort of ripening, so, for it is my favorite theory that one becomes more intensely vital by giving himself up to the sun and air. (Don't pun!) Stoddard and I, though it 's against nature and all precedent, have been plying our pens diligently, — he on his "Search for Proserpine," I on my damned Harvard stuff. By the way, I have had an invitation from Columbia College, in this city, to *redeliver* the poem at the Commencement in October, and have accepted. I must also tell you that there are now three reprints of "Eldorado" in London. I have seen three or four notices, — long, and so far good, but that of the "Spectator" is sneering and contemptible. Had it not

been for the shelter of Bentley's name (Her Majesty's publisher), I should have fared much worse. . . .

You must come out in the fall with a volume of poems. Stoddard will, and so, I think, will I. You can make a capital volume, with your "Song," "Sir John," "Goblet," and other things; Stoddard has his "Castle" as a fine leader, with a number of short songs; and I, besides fifteen or twenty published since "Rhymes of Travel," have a poem in view and to be written soon, narrative, legendary, national, and semi-epic. We might walk out side by side on the platform of public perusal. The publishing showmen would of course parade our wonderful qualities, and the snarling critics in the crowd would show their teeth; but we would be as unmoved as the wax statues of Parkman and Webster, except that there might now and then be a sly wink at each other, when nobody was looking. . . .

Since my return I have had a short note from Mary, but I cannot learn from it whether she is better or not. God grant it may be as I hope! If I lose her, I shall have but a darkened life left me. Write soon.

TO MARY AGNEW.

July 8, 1850.

My last letter from home reached me on July 4th. I need not say how much I was delighted with the news of your improvement. I hope there has been no check to it since. The weather has been so charming here and I have felt so well that I think it must have an equally genial effect upon thee. I am entirely wrapped up in my Harvard poem. The time is near at hand, and I must finish the poem this week. I can do it by sticking to it. I wrote about one hundred and fifty lines on Saturday and Sunday, besides which the California mail is just in, giving me a wilderness of work to do.

I missed writing to thee on Friday last, being so occupied with work in the morning that mail-time passed over before I knew it. I felt sorry at this, for I had promised to write then, and I knew thou wouldst expect it.

I feel tolerably satisfied with my progress in the poem thus far, and think it will be successful. Didst thou see Whittier's glorious "Eldorado" in the "Era"? Dickens had an excellent notice in his "Household Words." All the London papers, in fact, have treated it very handsomely. Stoddard has gone to

New Jersey for his health, and as I am alone I work the more. But I take a daily swim in the salt sea, and am hearty. Write when thou art able, but no sooner. This week I *will* write on Friday.

Monday, July 15, 1850.

I have been steadily working since Saturday at noon, and have my poem finished except the copying. I feel quite used up, having written about one hundred lines on Saturday night, and toiled over the conclusion yesterday. I shall leave for Boston to-morrow, and return on Saturday. I am tolerably satisfied with the poem, but don't know how it will please the Puritan professors. I think the students will like it, which will be sufficient glory. . . .

Thou wilt pardon this hasty scrawl, — my head is so full and my hands so busy with completing the poem. I am entirely well, though a little enervated by this sultry weather.

New York, *July* 22, 1850.

I returned from Boston yesterday morning. As you may suppose, I was so preoccupied by engagements attendant on my situation that I could get no chance of sending a letter which would reach home before this. I am hurried to-day, by circumstances which I will mention by and by, but must not omit sending a short account of my doings.

I reached Boston at ten o'clock on Wednesday morning, having been left behind at Stonington by the cars, which obliged me to wait three hours in a dark depot, and go forward in a freight train, packed among boxes and coffee-bags. I found Fields at once, went to his house (a charming place), and repeated my poem to him. He was delighted with it, which gave me courage for the delivery next day. We took a carriage and rode out to Cambridge, where we saw part of the Commencement ceremonies, and dined with a club of students. I was lionized, of course, introduced to professors, judges, etc., but bore my honors meekly. We went down by way of Roxbury and Jamaica Pond, through delicious glimpses of scenery.

I returned to Cambridge in the evening and spent the night with Lowell, whom I had met at the Commencement. His father's classmates — graduates of the year 1800 — were spending the anniversary with him. Among them was Chief Justice Shaw of Massachusetts. Allston was of the same class. It

was delightful to hear those old men laughing over their college tricks, fifty years ago.

Next morning Lowell and I went down to the College buildings. I was elected an honorary member of the P. B. K. Society, and tied the pink and blue ribbons in my button-hole. The procession was formed in the Library, my place being with the orator of the day, immediately behind the old president, Quincy. We had to pass between double files of the members, all standing uncovered, and thus entered the church, which was already crowded. Judge Walker's oration was very commonplace and respectable, but not exactly dull, which was fortunate for me. When my turn came, I was received with such a warm, cordial, universal expression that all my embarrassment disappeared at once. I went through the poem without the least timidity or misgiving. The audience paid me the compliment of profound silence till the close, when they gave another most hearty and enthusiastic round of applause. The old members — gray-headed men of seventy and eighty — crowded about me with their thanks and congratulations. Ralph Emerson, who sat beside Fields, said it was the best poem which had ever been delivered there. Thence we went to the dinner, which I cannot now describe. It was overflowing with wit, fun, and good feeling. Professor Felton, R. H. Dana, Lowell, and hosts of other good fellows made speeches. I had to say a few words, but got through without trouble. In the evening I attended a *soirée* at Professor Horsford's.

Friday morning, early, Lowell and I started for Amesbury, which we reached in a terrible northeaster. What a capital time we had with Whittier, in his nook of a study, with the rain pouring on the roof and the wind howling at the door! We had several stormy adventures on our return, for we did not reach Cambridge till after midnight. Next day we went down to Nahant to see Longfellow, who, unfortunately, had gone to Portland. I left Boston the same evening, being obliged to decline invitations enough to have furnished me with two weeks' board. The P. B. K.'s took forcible hold of my poem, and are going to publish it. It has been admirably noticed in the Boston papers.

So much for a visit which has delighted, gratified, and humbled me, — warmed my heart towards a whole community, and incited me to fresh labor, that I may deserve the honor already given. My poem does not.

And now, as to my present condition. In two hours I must start for Fire Island, about sixty miles off, on the Atlantic shore. The vessel containing Margaret Fuller d'Ossoli, her husband and child, Horace Sumner, of Boston (brother of Charles), and Powers' statue of Calhoun was wrecked there in the hurricane, and it is believed that all are lost. I am going to do what I can, and if the bodies are washed ashore to bring them up to this place. I may be back to-morrow, certainly on Wednesday. We have just received the news ; it is terrible.

This may prevent my seeing thee before the last of next week. If I possibly can, I will go on Saturday, but must return in the midnight train the same day. I hope to hear from thee to-morrow. I have not time to send more than a single word home. Please, therefore, to let mother see this letter, if she should come to see thee. I will write again on Wednesday, in any case.

NEW YORK, *July* 24, 1850.

I cannot leave this week. I have just returned from the wreck at Fire Island, and after losing two nights and wading about all day in the toilsome sand I feel quite incompetent to go to Kennett and back on Saturday and Sunday, even if I could conveniently leave, — which I can't. Charles Sumner was down yesterday, to look for his brother's body. It is a most distressing thing. The ship is beaten to fragments, and every article washed ashore was stolen and carried off by the pirates who live along the coast. Neither M. Fuller nor her husband has been found. Their child is buried in the sand. Powers' statue lies in the sea, together with three hundred tons of Carrara marble. It is hoped M. F.'s history of the "Revolutions in Italy" has been saved. Her mother, brother, and Mr. Thoreau of Concord, are now here.

I shall certainly get home next week, and will write again on Friday. Why have I not had a letter? Eight days, — it is months ; at least my travels in that time make it seem so. I am very anxious to hear from thee. Thou shouldst be much better by this time. If we cannot make that excursion together when I go home, don't give thyself trouble on my account. I would sooner see thee well than see thee as my wife, and God knows I cannot express more solicitude than these words contain.

Be cheerful and in good heart. It will be only ten days till I see thee. But write to me in the mean time, — but a line, if thou canst no more, — or at least tell some one to write to me.

I shall write more the next time. I am now hurried on all sides.

MARY AGNEW TO BAYARD TAYLOR.

Friday, July 26, 1850.

Many thanks for the letters that have reached me this week; they found me in bed, in pain and suffering, and have done me more good than thou canst imagine. It was so gratifying to hear of thy visit and thy success. I knew it would be so, it could not be other, and delightful to hear of those with whom thou hast been. Thy last one came last night. I very much fear that after so much exposure thou wilt be sick. Do keep well, and come home soon. I hoped I would see thee this week, but as that cannot be I will wait patiently till next week; thou wilt come then. Thou sayest, "Why have I not had a letter?" I put off writing until Sunday, thinking that perhaps I might hear from thee on Saturday. When Sunday came it was a beautiful morning, and I thought I must take a ride. I went as far as thy father's, and against I got back I was so fatigued, and coughed so much, that it was impossible to write intelligibly. Monday I was not near so well, and since Tuesday morning I have not sat up any, till this morning, on account of pain and soreness in my breast. I am much better now; am sitting up writing this, while there is no one in the room to chide me for it. I felt as if I must write. I would have got some one to have written to thee before this, but I still thought perhaps thou wouldst be home this week; now when thou art not coming, thou must hear from *me*. I cannot tell thee particulars, because it takes so much writing to tell so little. Thou wilt soon be home, dear Bayard; we can then talk everything over, and thou canst tell me what is to become of me. Oh! I long to see thee and talk to thee; there is no one else I can talk to as I wish. Why is it that we are so much apart? Sometimes I think there is a more cruel destiny yet awaiting us. God grant that it be not so. Pray excuse the defects of this letter. I am not fit to write, but I felt as if I must send thee a few words after such a long silence. I know thou wilt forgive every fault. Write soon as thou receivest this, and tell me when I may look for thee. I hope to see thee in a week. May God bless thee and keep thee well and happy.

BAYARD TAYLOR TO JAMES T. FIELDS.

TRIBUNE OFFICE, *July* 29, 1850.

He who gives this to you is R. H. Stoddard, who as a poet and one of my best friends should be one of yours. You know him already, and I need say no more.

Many thanks for the papers you sent me. I should not have made much of a figure on the occasion (before the public, at least) had it not been for you. Give Whipple my sincerest thanks for his cordial notice of "Eldorado" in "Graham." I have read his Oration and like it exceedingly, but his article on Wordsworth seems to me one of the very best papers he has ever written. Ripley has written a notice of the Oration, which you will see in this morning's "Tribune."

Will you put "Hylas" into an envelope and forward to me within three or four days? I am thinking of arranging it for publication. I will print my "Sicilian Bacchic," too, shortly.

It may make me some enemies among those who cant of morality and think no poetry is poetry that is not teetotal, non-resistant, and antislavery, but if I cared for that I should deserve to be damned. I am now engaged on a poem of considerable length, entitled "The Picture of St. John." It will not be finished for several months. For Heaven's sake, say nothing about it.

Pray give my kindest regards to Mrs. Fields. I feel that I deserve no mercy in leaving Boston without again calling at your house, and did I not know you so well I should expect none. I feel most grateful for the kindness I received from every one during my visit. The only way I can repay it is by trying to deserve it, and this I hope to prove in three or four years, God willing. Somehow, praise for what I don't value much has the effect of humbling me to myself, and since I returned I have felt like a beginner in literature who has everything yet to achieve. Good-by. God bless you and yours.

CHAPTER VIII.

MARY AGNEW TAYLOR.

1850.

So rarely on the soul the joy to be
Prophetic dawns, so frequent falls the shade
Of near misfortune!

The Picture of St. John.

BAYARD TAYLOR'S marriage with Mary Agnew had been postponed once and again on account of her precarious health. Now, in August, she was in so alarming a condition that some change of life seemed necessary to arrest the progress of an insidious disease, and Bayard, leaving his work, arranged for the removal of Mary, attended by her mother, first to Philadelphia to consult a physician, and then to West Point for a breath of hill-country air. The noise and excitement of this resort were unfavorable, and, by good fortune, a place was found at Cornwall, near by, where the Willises were staying; and here the ladies remained for a while, Bayard Taylor returning to New York, and snatching opportunities to escape from his imperative occupation. It was a time of distraction, of alternate hope and fear, of anxiety which could not be laid, and yet of ardent longing to conquer the difficulties in the way. That to which he had so long looked forward receded as he apparently drew near possession, and he found himself in an agony at the prospect of loss.

TO HIS MOTHER.

PHILADELPHIA, *August* 9, 1850.

We reached here at half-past one o'clock yesterday afternoon. Mary sustained the fatigue of traveling much better than I had expected. Dr. Morton came at five o'clock yesterday. He made a careful examination, both by sounding and questioning as to the progress of the disease. He says there is no action in her right lung, and probably never will be again. The left lung is sound. The disease is partly pleuritic, and the only chance of her recovery is in the drying up of the right lung, to effect which everything should be done to keep up her strength. The only thing he could recommend was a visit to West Point, which would do more than medicine, or indeed any other course of treatment. Her mother has agreed to go, and we shall leave for New York to-morrow, stay in the city till Monday, and then go up the Hudson. Her mother will stay a week at West Point, at least. From what Morton says I have very little hope of the recovery. There is, however, the more need to do everything possible. I am very glad we came. Mary is as well as usual this morning, and has a much better appetite than for some time past. She does not seem to be much fatigued, and certainly looks no worse.

. . . NEW YORK, *August* 11, 1850.

We left Philadelphia yesterday morning at nine o'clock. The day could not have been better, as the rain had laid the dust and freshened the air. Mary bore the ride in the cars much better than we had expected. We reached here about two P. M., and shall leave for West Point to-morrow morning at seven. Mary seems stronger than when we left home. Her appetite is much better, and she goes up and down two flights of steep stairs for her meals. She has coughed very little for two days, but in other respects is not much improved. I do not know whether to hope or not; I rarely allow myself to think of anything but the worst. Since she has come thus far, I do not want her to go back again to Kennett, but want her, when she leaves West Point, to be married at once and remain. This is her own desire. . . . I never will consent to her staying at home through the winter, and she has promised me not to do it, whatever may happen.

I am very much wanted here (at the office, where I am now writing), and shall have to return from West Point in four or five

days. However, there are four trains a day thither on the Hudson River Railroad, and I can go up every day without difficulty.

New York, *Friday*, *August* 16, 1850.

You will probably have heard before this what we have been doing. I arrived here last night, as I could not remain away from the office longer. We went to West Point on Monday last, but Mary did not like the place at all. The noise was too great, and the hotel was so crowded by visitors, many of whom knew me, that it was very unpleasant for her. Fortunately, at the dinner-table we met Willis and his wife, who, by the merest accident, happened to be there on a visit. They proposed at once that we should go to the place where they were staying, about eight miles off in the country, back of Newburgh ; and the next morning we took the boat to Newburgh, and rode the remaining four miles in a carriage. We found the place a quiet, secluded farm-house, on a natural terrace at the foot of the Highlands, with a splendid view of the country round, and a purer mountain air than one gets at West Point. It was the very place for Mary, and she was delighted with it. The people are plain farmers, and the Willises are living very secluded, seeing scarcely any one. Mrs. Willis has been very kind and attentive, and Mrs. Agnew thinks her a wonderful woman. I stayed there two days to see them comfortably settled, and then came down here. I shall go up again to-morrow for a few hours. I have eight or ten chances of getting there and back every day, which makes it very convenient.

Mary is better than she has been at any time. She walks out a short distance every day, and feels herself much stronger. She has had but one slight spell of coughing since leaving Philadelphia. I want her to stay here till the first of September. . . .

The sudden coming of autumn, with cold nights, made it wise to hasten the return to Kennett, and both Bayard Taylor and Mary Agnew accepted the necessity with a good grace, for they persuaded themselves that as soon as preparations could be made they would be married and make their home in New York, where better care could be given the invalid. There were delusive symptoms in the disease which buoyed them with a vain hope.

Mary Agnew returned to Kennett and Bayard Taylor plunged into his work, going to his home whenever he could steal a chance, and keeping up an anxious correspondence with his mother. He was casting about for every possible means to add to his slender income and make provision for his married life, and an opportunity occurred in the furore connected with the coming of Jenny Lind. "The American Parnassus was a Bedlam in the autumn of 1850," says Mr. Stoddard in his Reminiscences, already quoted, "and Bayard Taylor was the innocent cause of its madness. The Prince of Showmen had imported Jenny Lind to sing before his admiring countrymen, and, to flatter their national vanity, he offered a prize of two hundred dollars for an original song for her. All the versifiers in the land set at once to work to immortalize themselves and to better their fortunes, and as many as six hundred confidently expected to do so. Bayard Taylor came one afternoon early in September and confided to me the fact that he was to be declared the winner of this perilous honor, and that he foresaw a row. 'They will say it was given to me because Putnam, who is my publisher, is one of the committee, and because Ripley, who is my associate on the "Tribune," is another.' 'If you think so,' I answered, 'withdraw your name, and put my name in place of it. You shall have the money, and I will bear the abuse.' He laughed, and left, as I thought, to do what I had suggested; but he concluded to acknowledge the authorship himself, and stand the consequences. The decision of the committee was published next day, and the indignation of the disappointed competitors was unbounded. They rushed to all the editors whom they knew or could reach, and these sharp-witted gentlemen, having an

eye for mischief as well as fun, published their prose and their verse, which ranged from an epigram up to an epic. The choice of the committee had fallen upon only two out of the whole number of manuscripts which had been sent to them; and being in some doubt as to which of the two was the more suitable for the occasion, they showed both to Jenny Lind, who chose the shorter one, as containing the feeling she wished to express in her greeting to America. It happened to be the one which Bayard Taylor had written, and it was accordingly set to music by Jules Benedict, and sung by her at her first concert in Castle Garden. I have recovered this unfortunate lyric, but I shall not quote it here, for Bayard Taylor desired to have it forgotten."

TO JAMES T. FIELDS.

TRIBUNE OFFICE, *September* 17, 1850.

Lowell (who was here a few minutes ago) happening to mention his meeting with you in Albany, I was reminded that I had a letter owing to you, and the more need of writing it since I have a word or two to say.

Since you were here, I scarcely know whether I am on my head or heels, so many distracting causes there are to bewilder me. First, this Jenny Lind matter, in which I am obliged to mingle, whether I will or not; then, my business affairs to care for, and they need considerable looking after, just now; and to fill the measure of my trouble to overflowing, Mary is much worse, and the prospect of her recovery looks dark indeed.

I have not felt like my proper self for some time past, and cannot so long as these causes continue.

I wanted to say a word, however, with regard to the Prize Song, — a trifling matter, to be sure. . . .

As far as I can learn, the committee acted with entire impartiality, and till the decision was made but one of them had actually recognized my writing. Jenny Lind, also, as I have been told, declared that she would sing mine, or none at all. Of course, I am not foolish enough to attribute this to any merit in the song, but to its adaptation for the occasion. . . .

Remember me kindly to Mrs. Fields, and Whipple, and Longfellow. If Heaven is propitious, I shall yet redeem what reputation I have lost by the degradation of winning a prize. But I cannot write or do anything else with such a cloud on me as at present. I am nearly ready to give up all hope, and look forward to a life lonely and darkened where it most needs light and sympathy. . . .

TO MARY AGNEW.

NEW YORK, *September* 18, 1850.

. . . I must send a line or two further this bright morning, although —— is still out of town, and the foreign mail is in. . . . I have a great deal to do, but bear the burden without complaint, and so make it lighter. Lowell and his wife are now here ; I called on them a few minutes this morning. They were at the concert last night, and of course are in raptures with Jenny Lind. I must not forget to tell thee that I had occasion to call on Jenny a day or two ago, and spent about an hour talking with herself and Mr. Benedict. She is one of the most charmingly natural and unaffected women I ever saw ; very frank and cordial, and as simple and innocent as a Swedish peasant girl. There were about eight thousand persons at the concert last night.

I have not written anything lately. I cannot collect my thoughts sufficiently amid all this business, and when I have, in addition, a constant anxiety about thee. If I could but hear that thou wert improving and there was a chance of thee coming here, I should be better satisfied. At any rate, when I go home again, whether thou art able to travel or not, we must have the ceremony performed. . . .

If any one should bring thee (which is very likely) some ill-natured notice of my Jenny Lind song, don't let it trouble thee in the least. There are 752 disappointed candidates, and many of them have a chance of making themselves heard. I have been assailed in a great many quarters, but this is what I expected before, and I don't mind it in the least. I must now close, but will write again on Friday.

TO GEORGE H. BOKER.

NEW YORK, *September* 19, 1850.

Have you been observing how delightful a flaying I am undergoing at the hands of every sixpenny critic in the country ? It is

a new sensation, I assure you, and you will readily imagine that I would rather have had it than not. I care nothing for the song; it is poor enough, God knows, for my only inspiration was the hope of getting the two hundred dollars; hence the savage manner in which it was torn to pieces, line after line, does not touch me in the least. I look on, with as merciless a heart as the fiercest of them. Some have gone further, however, and basely attacked my character as a man. This I cannot forgive, and I swear to you there will come a day when they shall repent it. However, I don't take this matter at all to heart. Through the success of the song I have one creditor less, and am therefore so much nearer to that point where I need contend for no prizes, nor write at the temptation of any man's money. I may confess to you, however, that at times I feel a bitter sense of degradation in having written at all, and my success seems but to increase it. This is a proper punishment to me for having defiled the temple of divine Poetry. Depend upon it, I shall never do the like again, and I shall not fail to woo her with prayers and penances till the fault be expiated, and she admits me once more into her priesthood.

But enough of this. I had two or three poems partly written, but so strong is this consciousness of having degraded the poetic faculty, I have not the heart to touch them at present. I inclose a simple little thing, conceived the other day while walking on the Battery. All I have aimed to do is to imitate in the metre the rapid rolling to shore of the waves under a fresh breeze. The repetition of the last line seemed to be demanded, but I am doubtful about the effect. Now, for the life of me, I can't tell whether it is worth publication. I leave the thing entirely to your judgment. If you think so, you may give it to Sartain; if not, light your cigars with it.

[N. B. — I find I have not the poem with me here, at the office, and I have not time to copy it. I shall send it in a day or two, and the instructions will hold good.][1]

I see Stoddard about twice a week. He has commenced work in earnest, and intends finishing the first book of "Proserpine" in a week or two. . . . I have sent a poem of his, addressed to Jenny Lind, to "Graham." He, as well as myself, is delighted with her. She is to me a complete embodiment of Genius in Woman; for she *has* genius. I have seen in no one more of its truth, its

[1] The poem was *The Waves.*

earnestness, its humility, and its glorious pride. Now I am not mad about her, but I recognize her wonderful faculty and reverence her noble character.

Yet, deeply as I feel the enjoyment of her music, I almost regret that it is part of my business to hear it. The news from home is most dispiriting, and all joy, even of the intellect, comes to me under a cloud. Mary is much worse than ever, and I have made up my mind to bear the worst of all. I can no longer hope against hope. I must expect to live a life darkened where it most needs light. It is in vain that you would attempt to cheer me by calling the gods merciful. Here is what I wrote, on reading your letter : —

> You comfort me as one that, knowing Fate,
> Would paint her visage kinder than you deem ;
> You say, my only bliss that is no dream
> She clouds, but makes not wholly desolate.
> Ah, friend ! your heart speaks words of little weight
> To veil that knowledge you have learned in song,
> And 'gainst your solace Grief has made me strong :
> The Gods are jealous of our low estate ;
> They give not Fame to Love, nor Love to Fame ;
> Power cannot taste the joy the humbler share,
> Nor holy Beauty breathe in Luxury's air,
> And all in darkness Genius feeds his flame.
> We build and build, poor fools ! and all the while
> Some Demon works unseen, and saps the pile.

I thank you most warmly, my dear friend, for your sympathy with me. God knows I shall need it in the desolation that is to come. I will try to bear it like a man, but when I think of her, poor girl ! — whose only dream for years has been a life shared with me, and now to be cut off just as our paths joined and our hands were meeting, no more to be divided — it quite unmans me. But I should not burden you with my own griefs. Write to me soon.

TO MARY AGNEW.

TRIBUNE OFFICE, *Friday noon, September* 27, 1850.

No letter yet. The equinoctial has come on, and I feel very much afraid — nay, almost sure — that thou art not so well. The dreary, melancholy November days will soon be at hand, and what must I do ? Is there no chance, no hope, of my seeing thee in New York before the winter comes ? Is it not possible for thee to travel so far ? If it be, pray get ready at once, and come home with me next week. I hope to see thee next Monday ;

probably Monday forenoon, but of that I am not certain. Unless I hear from some one to-morrow (Heaven grant it may be thou !) I shall have little peace till I reach home. As long as I do not hear, I have not heart to hope.

I am tolerably strong, but have still a little uneasy feeling in my breast. That, however, is fast wearing away, and will not trouble me much more. It is a terrible stroke of fate that thou shouldst be so dangerously ill, when in all other respects Fortune is so gracious. Scarcely a day passes but some pleasant recognition is given me. I was invited last Friday to dine with Bancroft and Cooper ; on Saturday with Sir Edward Belcher and Herman Melville ; on Monday I was applied to by the Philadelphia Mercantile Library Society to deliver a lecture for them, and be paid seventy-five dollars, and so on, day after day. These things seem like mockeries, sent to increase my bitterness of heart. Again my friend and brother, Boker, has been gloriously successful, and I can give him but half the joyous congratulation that I ought. There may be some severe, chastening lesson in all this, but I am too weak and blind to see it. I would give all, and more than all, I possess to look on the future with the same happy security as last spring. But I should write to cheer, not to sadden thee, and unless I could cheer I had much better be silent. I shall hardly need to write again before my visit. God bless thee !

TO GEORGE H. BOKER.

New York, *October* 8, 1850.

God bless you for your words of sympathy to me in these my dark days ! I cannot tell you how your letter touched my heart and softened the bitterness of its grief. I do not write to burden you with my own trials, to sadden you for my sake, but I must say that it is inevitable. I must lose her. I cannot implore God to spare her now, for it is too late ; I shall have but few more days with her on earth. It was a terrible struggle to keep my heart from rising in rebellion against Him, but the first agony of the trial is over, and I am now too dead and benumbed in soul for that. I have foreboded this from the beginning, but I shut my eyes and would not see it. She, too, poor girl ! her whole life has been full of trouble, for my sake, and all her hope was to join me at last and share my destiny. I never knew what I could bear till I saw her grief. But it will not do to write thus, — you know it all. . . .

I was at home a day last week. I found Mary greatly changed, and I only returned to make arrangements to leave here for two or three weeks, so that I may be with her till the hour comes. I expect to leave to-morrow, and may see you on the way, but cannot tell. I have been detained so long here that there will be no time to lose. But you must write to me when you can. . . .

I was obliged to deliver a poem before the societies of Columbia College last night, according to appointment. It was an affair of somewhat more than two hundred lines, — heroics, about equal to, or perhaps better, than my Harvard poem. I wrote nearly the whole of it on Sunday night, for I could not sooner bring my hand to touch the hated task. It was the most arduous piece of work I ever accomplished. I wondered at my good fortune, till Stoddard learned to-day that the same day was your birthday. Certainly, as your good Genius of Poetry hovered over you, consecrating you to fresh toils, he must have touched me with the tip of his wing. "This, too, do I owe to thee, Giaffar!"

TO R. H. STODDARD.

KENNETT SQUARE, PA., *October* 22, 1850.

Your note came last night, but not so soon as I expected it, or required it. What you say about "Proserpine" rejoiced me greatly. Go on with your cry to Melpomene (may the divine muse hear and bless you!), and don't touch the first book till I see it. If you work as you ought, you should finish the second book before the year is out.

My head is swarming with ideas, an entirely new growth, — stronger, freer, and sturdier, but springing up, alas, without the light and warmth which a hopeful heart only can give. I have not written much, though the *call* is upon me constantly. I cannot touch the "St. John" — it is too human; it comes too near to my own sorrow. If I can, I will remove something else from my conscience. There are two subjects pressing upon me, — grand, strong, and full of the free breath of the woods and hills. This calm, serene autumn weather fits me to undertake them, and I shall try to do something before I return.

My dear friend, I am indeed grateful for your sympathy with me in this terrible trial. It is better to love and lose than never to have loved. This love henceforth shall be the consolation, as it has been the happiness, of my life. But do not deceive

yourself or try to deceive me with words of hope. There is no hope ; the worst is certain. She may linger a little while longer, — it may be weeks or it may be months, — but death is the end. It seems to me that the crowning bitterness of the struggle is over. I am no longer rebellious against God, as I have been, but try to yield to his will. I see now a thousand warnings to which I was always blind, — warnings that our vision of love would never be fulfilled. . . .

TO JOHN B. PHILLIPS.

KENNETT, *October* 28, 1850.

I know it will gladden your heart when I tell you that I am writing this note in the chamber of my wife. Yes, after all our trials, after all our sorrows, after years of weary waiting, Mary is at last my own wedded wife, and will die bearing my name. This is a poor recompense for all we have endured, but it is something wrested from an unkind destiny, and I feel it as a partial consolation in my grief. Mary seems dearer to me than ever before ; and while I thank God for the angel he has given me, I try to subdue the impatient grief of my heart, and believe that since it is his will that she must die it must be good. I am sitting by her bedside as I write these words. She is paler and weaker than when you were here, but more calm and saint-like in her pure and perfect beauty. There is no hope that she can survive the winter. (God ! what terrible words are these !) I try to be strong, — to be patient, and, if it may be, resigned. We have had some heart-breaking hours, talking of what is before us, and are both better and calmer for it. I was reading to her from the Bible the other day, when I came to some passages that so gently and tenderly reproved my own rebellious heart I could scarcely speak for a gush of repentant tears. Since then I have striven hard, and am now patiently bowed to God's will. But I need much strength for all the agony that is yet in store. Pray with me, my dear friend, that she, at least, may be sustained and soothed in that terrible hour. . . .

We were married on Thursday last, the 24th. There were only three persons present, — Mary's parents and my mother. . . . I shall be obliged to leave for New York to-morrow. . . .

TO MARY AGNEW TAYLOR.

TRIBUNE OFFICE, *Wednesday*, 1 *p. m.*, *October* 30, 1850.

. . . My first letter as a husband must be shorter than those I shall write hereafter. I find a good deal of work waiting for me. My substitute was not very satisfactory, though the best I could get, and there has been much gratification expressed on account of my return. If I were free of all pecuniary obligation to the office or those connected with it, I would not regard this, but leave my place entirely, to be with you. As it is, I will do all I can. It is a great trial to both of us, but most to thee ; yet it seems inevitable. I know I am severely blamed by many, who think it a matter of choice, and I can but wonder at the patience with which thou bearest the sad necessity of separation. I hope it will not be long this time ; I shall certainly see thee week after next, but whether the first or last part I cannot now tell. . . . Trust in God, my dear wife, and we shall learn to bear this bitter sorrow meekly and patiently.

NEW YORK, *November* 3, 1850.

Your letter came yesterday morning, as I had hoped. It was a great joy to get one written by my wife, though I could see from the hand that it must have cost you much trouble to write it. I had hoped, however, to hear that you were better. My anxiety is not relieved, but I must bear it two days longer, as I can hardly expect another letter before Tuesday morning. . . .

I have, within two or three days, written a poem called "Autumnal Vespers," the last stanza of which embodies this thought [of submission]. It was written with a chastened feeling, as yielding to God's will, which made me strong for the time, or I could not have written at all. This expression of my soul has given me a sort of mournful comfort, and it may comfort you :

Our life is scarce the twinkle of a star
  In God's eternal day. Obscure and dim
  With mortal clouds, it yet may beam for Him,
And darkened here, shine fair to spheres afar.
I will be patient, lest my sorrow bar
  His grace and blessing, and I fall supine :
In my own hands my want and weakness are,
  My strength, O God ! in Thine.

My dear wife, I am trying to look calmly on the future. I foresee that it will be stern and solemn, yet, with God's blessing,

not wholly dark. It remains for me to do what I have sworn to do, as a Poet and a Man, with a more true and conscientious aim, — more than ever to subdue and correct the restless, unenlightened impulses of my nature, and so to strive with all that drags us down to the degrading level of the world that I may at last win a crown worthy to be worn with the blessing of thy love. Thou wilt be ever with me in this struggle, and I suspect it will not last very long. Forgive me for speaking of this. I would not have you add my sorrow to your own, and I wished to show the fountain whence I hope to draw that serene strength which purifies the heart under affliction. It is wrong for either of us to despair, — nor do we. I feel like a child worn out with weeping, that lies, with only a quiet sob now and then, on its mother's breast. I am shielded by the arm of our great Father's love, and lie trustingly in his embrace. Never, never has God seemed so near, so kind, and so tender.

I cannot write to you on lighter subjects to-night, dear Mary. My heart is full, though less sad since I have shared its thoughts with you. . . .

TO R. H. STODDARD.

KENNETT SQUARE, CHESTER CO., PA., *November* 19, 1850.

I cannot write much to you to-night, but a word or two will be enough to draw something from you in return. I have been here six days. Mary was very weak when I reached home, and has been growing weaker ever since. It seems impossible for her to live many days in this condition. I find it a hard trial to see her going from me with so slow and certain a decay. My own health is already shattered, and if this were to last much longer it would kill me outright. It is very hard to be resigned to God's will ; do what we may, the heart will at times rebel. I have done nothing ; I have no spirits to work.

. . . Did you see the Brooklyn announcement of my lecture ? ("Bayard Taylor, the successful competitor for the Jenny Lind prize"!) It is simply infernal. Is that damned song to be the only thing which will save my name from oblivion ? Stoddard, I wonder that we poets are not Bedlamites in reality ; mankind must certainly think us fools. Well, we have this advantage : we believe no more than we choose of what men tell us of ourselves, while men believe everything that we tell them of themselves.

It is late at night. I am alone in our old homestead. The wind is whistling dismally in the trees, and the fire has gone down. I feel too sad and desolate to stay awake, and will leave you with a short good-night.

TO JOHN B. PHILLIPS.

KENNETT SQUARE, PA., *November* 23, 1850.

It is after dark, this raw, dismal night. The fire is simmering and flickering warmly on one side of me, and Mary lies asleep, or nearly so. I have bethought me of my promise to write, but I have nothing very cheerful to say. Mary is still weaker; she cannot last long, and yet the principle of life seems so strong in her frame that sometimes it is impossible for me to realize that she must die. However, I am fully resigned to that, and God has given me strength to bear it. I cannot stay with her much longer, and she seems so to cling to me as the only comfort left her, that, as you may easily understand, my situation is very painful. This constant anxiety of mind has at last begun to affect my health. Since last May I have gone through more than I supposed it possible for me to bear, and it will be some time before I can recover from the effects of it. But I have resolved to endure my trials manfully, to learn patience and submission. It seems cowardly to shrink from the pain of my grief. No doubt God sent it for some wise purpose, and I must not measure his decrees with my weakness and blindness.

Sometimes it seems to me that the path I early marked out for myself, without knowing why (but the aim of which I now plainly see), is still kept for me to tread. May there not be a destiny, distinct and unchangeable from the cradle to the grave? Be that as it may, these sorrows have lifted me into a purer region of poetry, and I see heights to reach which I once thought above my powers. I cannot talk of them now, with Mary lying pale and quiet before me. I am writing this to lay a spirit of unrest, and you must pardon my incoherence. . . .

TO JAMES T. FIELDS.

NEW YORK, *November* 29, 1850 (*Friday*).

On reaching here last night, after an absence of two weeks, I found your note, which, as it is not dated, may have been here nearly the whole of the time.

I have sent your notice to the compositors ; it may partly answer your end, though so late.

That I have not written you will readily pardon me ; though I should not have been silent so long had I not supposed you were in my debt. If I am not mistaken, I wrote last. However, I have been absent half the time for the past three months, and so disturbed and unhappy while here that I had no heart to write to any one. I do not like to write sadly to my friends, and I have not been and am not able to write cheerfully.

Mary is sinking rapidly ; she cannot possibly survive another month. I have been expecting this since last spring, and I can scarcely yet resign myself to the blow.

We were married about a month ago, — she wished to bear my name for a few days, at least. Do not congratulate me.

I feel wretched in body as well as soul ; but that signifies nothing. Those who are terribly afflicted are sure to live. It is only the fortunate who are in danger of death. . . .

TO MARY AGNEW TAYLOR.

NEW YORK, *Sunday afternoon, December* 1.

It was so mild and fair this morning that I felt strong and cheerful ; but now the clouds have come over the sky, and my spirit begins to sink. However, I feel less depressed than when I last wrote, though very anxious to hear from thee. No letter has come, as yet, but I still hope for one to-night.

I am quite busy, so that I have not yet finished my lecture. I find, however, that it need not be so long as I supposed. I am obliged to write an article on California for the Whig Almanac, which will take about two days. The printers have been waiting for me two or three weeks. Greeley came back this morning ; I have not yet had any conversation with him. It is now pretty nigh settled that —— will not go to Washington. I can very nearly promise positively to reach home on Wednesday. I must finish this California article, which I cannot do at home on account of not having the Tribune files. I hope to get through in time to leave Wednesday, but will not be later than Thursday. So, you see, the half of our absence is already over.

Boker's play was given for the last time last night. I went to hear it, and was delighted, though it was badly acted. Stoddard came to me yesterday. He is unwell and dispirited, but I believe he will live long enough to do great things. Greeley's boy

has twice sent a message to me from the spirit-world, — at least, a request to speak to me. He lately rapped out on the floor a number of lines of poetry, which are said to be quite good. In spite of all, I will not believe that intelligent souls pass their future lives in such trifling employment.

I think I shall write once again before I leave. I have, I believe, told thee everything that can interest thee. I look forward with joy (the best joy I have left me) to the prospect of being with thee again.

TO GEORGE H. BOKER.

KENNETT SQUARE, PA., *December* 4, 1850.

Your letter reached here the day after I left for New York, and I did not receive it till my return to-day.

I hardly need tell you how much I regretted my absence from New York. What might we not have said in two weeks! I had discovered a new beer-house which I thought would be exactly to your taste, where we could have a quiet hour now and then. But while you were in New York I was here, watching at the bedside of my dying wife, and more wretched, in body and mind, than I have ever been before. Mary has been sinking with fearful rapidity for the last week or two, and she is now very near her end. During my absence of two or three days in New York the expression of her countenance has wholly changed. The lines are sunken, as in death, and the eyes are large, clear, and strangely bright. She is radiantly beautiful, but it is not the beauty of earth. She can speak but a few words and in the faintest whisper. It almost breaks my heart to see her suffer. I have just left her for the night, and feel very weak and sad, but can no longer delay sending you a few words. I bear up under all this sorrow with what heart I have, bow myself to God's will, and look to Him for strength when the last trial comes. It is unmanly to shrink, when Mary herself sets me such a divine example of patience and resignation.

It is a blessing to me that I have this speech of poetry to embalm and consecrate my affliction. I experience a pious joy in writing lines which will link our names to the same destiny. We have loved so long, so intimately, and so wholly that the footsteps of her life have forever left their traces in mine. If my name should be remembered among men, hers will not be forgotten.

With the next year I shall commence a new epoch of my life. My future has tumbled into ruin ; I must build another. I shall take new resolves, swear new vows, and think new thoughts. I try to think calmly, now, on all that has been and must be, and often succeed ; but when I sit beside Mary, hour after hour, looking on her pale, wasted face, I know nothing but the bitterness of separation. It does not add to my pain, to write to you, but rather relieves it for the time. I would have written more frequently, but I feared to oppress you with my sad history. Pray write to me again : it was wrong in you to withhold any news of yourself. Believe me, my dear George, I have the same interest in your doings as ever : if my thoughts are not with you as frequently as in brighter times, they are none the less warm and sincere. I shall write to you again in two or three days. I have much to say that I cannot say now.

I saw the last night of the "Betrothal" in New York. It is even better as an acting play than I had anticipated, but was very badly acted. I have heard nothing but good of it, from all quarters. If I had been at my post, I would have smuggled a notice into the Tribune. Good-by. God bless you !

KENNETT SQUARE, PA., *December* 17, 1850.

I have been at home two weeks since my last flying trip to New York, but it seems as many months ! I think I have never been more disturbed, restless, and entirely wretched in my life. Mary is still lingering on, sometimes better for a day or two, and then hanging on the verge of death ; suffering fearfully, yet never losing her quiet patience. I have been with her almost constantly, suffering scarcely less than she. Perhaps I ought not to say this, but I have still more to bear than the loss of her. It seems as if all the cares of my life are crowding up in the rear of this great calamity. They are as nothing beside it, but they help to bewilder me, and shake the trust and courage I was beginning to attain. Well, God is above us all, and sees the good end which is dark to us. I have resolved to be patient, but cannot succeed as I ought.

I hoped to have heard from you before this, but perhaps your new play is still on your hands. If so, I will forgive your writing till it is finished. But when the last couplet of the epilogue is turned to your liking, sit down and give me a history of yourself for the last month or two, and what new shores are looming

in your future. Let us not lose sight of each other's hopes and aspirations. I feel a powerful change working in myself, but as yet I can only dimly see to what it is tending. Perhaps to nothing, I sometimes think. If sorrow teaches song (a cruel teacher!) I should be learning a great deal. . . .

My lecture in Philadelphia comes off on the 8th of January. I have two in progress: "The Animal Man" — a glorification of physical life, with its bearing on literature, art, etc. — and "The Life and Genius of Schiller." Now, which of these subjects is best adapted to the meridian of Philadelphia? What will be the character of my audience? Perhaps you can give me some advice, for, being my first appearance there in that capacity, I naturally desire not to fail.

So Tennyson is laureate. None fitter than he, and in him the title loses none of the glory it took from Wordsworth. You spoke of "In Memoriam." In my opinion it is the first poem which this generation has yet produced. God bless him for the worthy consecration of a true friendship! I cannot build such a monument as that for the love I lose, but it has become so vital a part of my nature that if I live at all it will live with me. I am glad you understood so readily the feeling with which I wrote the poem I sent you.

TO R. H. STODDARD.

KENNETT SQUARE, PA., *December* 27, 1850.

It is over. Perhaps you may already know it, but I wish to tell you so before we meet. She died on Saturday last, and was buried in the midst of that cruel storm on Monday. She is now a saint in heaven. She had no foes to pardon and no sins to be forgiven. God help me to be worthy of her guarding care through life and her welcome after death!

My dear friend, I cannot now write to you more. I will not attempt to tell you all the anguish I have suffered. I have submitted myself to God's will, and neither hope for nor desire consolation. The blow has shaken me terribly, but I have been strengthened to bear it.

I shall return to New York on Monday night or Tuesday morning, and hope to see you in better hopes and spirits. God give you a happier fate than mine!

Several years later, when writing to a friend who

had lost his wife, Bayard Taylor recurred thus to the period of his own loss: "In my case all mention of what I had suffered, even that which was meant for sympathy and condolence, gave me pain, and I knew not what I could say to you which might not wound more than it would cheer. . . . I cannot attempt to console you. All such attempts are useless. There must be a great gulf of time between you and your sorrow before you can contemplate it calmly, and speak of it without pain. In fact, *that* you can never expect to do. But you must force yourself to think of something else, — you must shut your eyes on the past, for a time, if you would have peace. There is no doubt a terrible reproach in your grief, as there was in mine, — that of not having sooner taken your heart's fortune into your own hands, of not having disregarded all worldly considerations, and united your fates, leaving the future to God. There is no cure for this reproach; you must resolutely turn away from it."

How impossible it was for himself to get away from the memory of what had been appears in a letter to E. C. Stedman, written October 31, 1866, in which he says, "These sad autumnal days depress me unaccountably. I count the growth of the night with a sort of horrible shrinking, and shall not recover my elasticity until the 21st of December is over, and the sunshine begins to return. I suppose it is partly constitutional, and partly the result of association."

The closing entry in Bayard Taylor's journal for 1850 is a prayer, written on the last night of the year: —

"Almighty Father, who knowest the burden of every heart, help me to bear the cruel sorrow which has fallen upon me. Remove the weakness and blind-

ness of my rebellious soul, that I may see thy ways more clearly, and still the outcry of my heart. Soften the bitterness of my grief, that I may not fail to praise Thee and love Thee with the same confiding spirit as of old. Let me believe that Mary has been gathered to thy bosom, in mercy to her, and not in chastisement to me. Let me know that she is still near me, that she watches me in my desolation, that she will welcome me to a purer life when I pass away from this. Suffer me to become all that she hoped of me, all that I believe I may become, if thy blessing sanctions the labors of my life. Help me to be purer and better than I yet have been; help me to toil more zealously and faithfully than I yet have toiled. All that I have I have from Thee; let the powers Thou hast given me ripen to the fulfillment of my best aims, the completion of my destiny."

CHAPTER IX.

A BOOK OF ROMANCES, LYRICS, AND SONGS.

1851.

So feeling dead, Art's habit held me bound !
The Picture of St. John.

When the strain under which Bayard Taylor had been living was relaxed, there followed a period of dull pain which made it difficult for him to rouse himself to any activity. He resorted to his friends rather than to his poetry. He began to look forward to some distant plan of travel, and meanwhile plodded on with his daily editorial work, answered one or two calls to lecture, and made infrequent visits home. It was painful for him, however, to be at Kennett, and he preferred having a visit from his father and mother and Mary's father. His financial affairs were steadily improving; he remarks in a letter to his mother, written early in the year, that he had balanced his accounts, and found that he had exactly three thousand dollars more than he owed, and by investments in Tribune stock, which was very remunerative, he looked forward to a speedy release from all the drudgery of editorial work.

Although robust, he felt the effect upon his constitution of long-continued labor and anxiety, and early in the spring began to consider the possibility of again setting out on his travels. There was a talk at the Tribune office of sending a correspondent to Central

America, and he thought he might go; but the plan fell through, and soon his old desire to see the East took possession of him, and he made his arrangements to go abroad in the fall as soon as Mr. Greeley should return from London, where he had gone to report the World's Fair. He made diligent study of books to qualify himself for the journey, and also set his own house in order. He accepted from Mr. Putnam the task of editing a "Cyclopædia of Literature and the Fine Arts," for the money which it would bring him; but gave his special attention to preparing for the press a volume containing the best of the poems written since the publication of "Rhymes of Travel." He wrote a few poems chiefly under the impulse which the new book offered, but labored more constantly in revising those which he designed for the volume. He wished to gather his past work and leave it in order, for he felt that the future held other forms of verse and fuller, larger life. He was slowly rising from under the weight of sorrow.

TO GEORGE H. BOKER.

NEW YORK, *January* 1, 1851.

It is a great deal to thank God as fervently as I do now, in the midst of my grief. Your earnest and ready sympathy was my greatest support in the terrible time that is over, and now this noble proffer of your love is the only thing in the world that could cheer and encourage me . . .

This, the beginning of the year, the turning-point of the century, seems to me like the beginning of a new career. I hope to live a nobler and better life than I have yet done. If it is lonely and blighted on one side, it will still be happy, so long as you are spared to me.

NEW YORK, *January* 25, 1851.

This is the third effort I have made at writing to you within a week, and as I have all Saturday night before me I hope to get

on without interruption. I have been constantly busy and perplexed since your letter came. The perplexity is now over, but the business remains. My pecuniary interest in the "Tribune" required arranging, and I have succeeded in establishing it in such a way that, if no misfortune intervenes, two years of steady work will make me independent of all minor resources. After buffeting six or seven years with these contemptible money difficulties, I begin to see smooth water ahead. My days of degradation are over, thank God!

. . . What you say about a dramatic style I fully appreciate. It must necessarily be of slow growth, however. The same thing has been a torment to me for a year or two, and I am just beginning to believe that I have a poetic individuality, and may in time give it expression. Let us wait five years before we begin to despair.

I have been working a little at such odd hours as I could snatch from my tread-mill. I have written a poem of near two hundred lines, entitled "The Summer Camp."[1] If it is not an advance in some material points I shall be much discouraged; yet now, while the reaction is on me, I cannot read it. "St. John" is untouched. I have three or four troublesome spirits to lay before taking it up again. Beside, part of the story will reflect my own sorrow too keenly, and I do not now feel strong enough to contemplate it face to face, and calmly describe its features. The old spirit is stirring again, and I hope to do a great deal before the spring is over. Would you were here, that I might sometimes have your counsel! I shall not publish my last poem until you have first seen it.

So, George, you have found out my weakness, have you? Well, since we have it in common, there is no use in trying to conceal or suppress it. I confess to a most profound and abiding tenderness of heart towards those I love, whether man or

[1] General Beale, who was Bayard Taylor's traveling companion in California, and to whom he dedicated *Eldorado*, wrote to him after the appearance of the volume containing "The Summer Camp," "The description of California summer scenery on the plains is the finest thing you have yet accomplished; it is a daguerreotype of nature as it exists there in the month of August. Apart from your very kind remembrance of me in it, I admire it beyond measure."

woman. There is much more than an intellectual sympathy between us. I trust my whole nature, good and bad, in your hands. The thought of your sympathy with me in my trials softens me as nothing else can. I take refuge in it when that wild and desolate sense of wretchedness creeps over me, as it sometimes will. But I am not so blind as not to see that life still keeps many joys for me, and that by singly following the voice of my better (poetic) nature I may make it glorious to myself, however waste and profitless to the world. The years of labor before us will indeed be glorious, working hand in hand, helping each other on, and achieving at last, let us hope, a brotherhood of fame. Dear George, is it too much to anticipate such a destiny?

Do not fear as to the epic element. I am working up to it gradually; my ideas begin to take that form. In addition to "St. John," I have three subjects in my head for long and elaborate poems, beside half a dozen such transition pieces as "Kubleh" and "Hylas." I think I know exactly how much of the requisite power I possess, and in what particulars I am yet wanting; but that cannot be fairly shown without trial. I am determined to finish "St. John" before summer. I must write occasionally for the magazines, for I cannot yet do without their aid; but I think of preparing several prose papers, and keeping all my poems by me till there is sufficient for a volume.

By the bye, James [1] paid me a very elegant compliment, in his speech at the printers' banquet the other night, referring to me as the best landscape painter in words that he had ever known. This is something from an Englishman, but it humiliates me at the same time, for I want to do more than paint landscapes, or even portraits, — St. Johns and Holy Families, at least. But it is not good to say too much about one's aspirations, when their fulfillment, if it ever come, is still so far off. I have given you enough of what would be egotism to any one else. You must expect this, however, for I expect it and desire it of you.

TO JOHN B. PHILLIPS.

NEW YORK, *February* 19, 1851.

Your letter reached me to-day. I am very glad that you have written to me so frankly and fully of your feelings and desires. What you say surprises me somewhat, since you never intimated

[1] G. P. R. James, the novelist.

to me the existence of this current in your nature ; but it also rejoices me. I have frequently wondered how, with your keen and vital sympathy with all that is great and glorious in literature and art; with your sound habits of thinking, your good judgment, and your clear and comprehensive view of human nature, — of man in the abstract, — how, with all these rare requisites of an author, you had never been visited with the impulse of utterance, that passionate hunger of the soul, which only finds food in expression. Now, I speak coolly and impartially. I am not looking at you through the warm light of our long-tried love; I place you in the clear atmosphere of the intellect, and try to see you with its searching eyes.

I think I wholly understand your state of mind. I rejoice in it, as I have said ; and yet I scarcely know how to counsel you. Are you aware of the toil, the disappointment, and the anxiety which the best minds must endure, often for a long time, before there is the first dawning of success ? Have you ever struggled with your own thought till you have compelled it to wear the poor livery of language ? Have you mastered it, and wrought in it and with it, as a sculptor in his clay, a mechanic with his tools ? Have you been tortured by reluctant phrases as by devils, and had whole days of sunshine blackened by the lack of one necessary word ? Can you conquer the resistance of your imagination, your feeling, your reflection, to be put into speech, and make the very heat of effort serve for the glow of a genuine inspiration ? Tell me, John, not whether you have felt all this already, because that could not be ; but have you thought of it, — have you a glimmering of it, when this desire for achieving something better is uppermost in your mind ? The restless, tormenting necessity of giving voice to his individual nature makes the author ; but to fulfill this necessity is labor without end. The soul must sometimes sweat blood. Nothing great is achieved without the severest discipline of heart and mind ; nothing is well done that is done easily.

Now, with time and toil and discipline, I believe you can do much, — enough, at least, to bring you into that charmed circle of artist and author life, which is the only real life of this world. Only, if you begin it, you must expect a thorny path at the outset. You must determine to work hard and work always ; to overcome discouragement and despondency, and almost despair ; to look into your heart of hearts, and bring up to the light the

profoundest experiences of your life. Besides, you must have enough confidence in yourself to lift you out of all these pits, and enable you to bear the unutterable disgust of contemplating what you have previously done, when you have climbed to a higher platform. I write this with the more lively sense of its importance, since I am at this moment unable to read a line I ever wrote without a hopeless sinking of the heart. It is the natural and unavoidable reaction from a long poem, which I finished two or three days ago.

The matter stands thus with me: As a poet, I would join with you at once in all your aspirations, cheer you in every possible way, and rejoice to see you cut adrift from all your previous associations, and laboring with a single soul to do honor to the divinity of our choice, — yours and mine! As a man who has seen something of the world, I should caution you against hastily breaking up your present connections, if in so doing you incur much present or prospective loss. I should tell you that it is possible, to some degree, to serve both God and Mammon, — in fact, I do it daily, but I *hate* Mammon while I serve him: there 's my safety. I should ask you whether it would not be well to commence your new work now, devoting all your leisure to it, and all your time and life, as soon as you are certain of a fair provision for your creature wants. These latter suggestions are not those of my heart; they come from an acquired prudence and caution which I cannot wholly disregard. Would that you were here for a day or two! Why can you not slip away for a few days and join me? We might then settle the matter in secret conclave. I try to write with all candor, but on looking back over what I have written the tone seems to me cautious and guarded. The more I think of it the more my heart enters into your plans, but I do not wish to throw its heedless enthusiasm into the scale in so important a matter.

New York, *March* 6, 1851.

I have been looking for some days for a letter from you. Why have you not written? I am anxious to hear from you again, that I may write you a more intelligible letter than I fear my last has been. I wrote that letter late at night, with not the clearest head and in not the most genial mood. I was suffering from a fit of intense disgust at everything I have ever done. The fit has partly passed off, — enough, at least, to make me desirous

of showing a more active sympathy with your plans. If we could but talk together! Why can't you pay me a visit here, after your busy spring season is over? At all events, you must meet me in Kennett in three weeks. I shall stay about three days at home, and expect to deliver my lecture in the Square.

I have not written a line of poetry since I last wrote to you,— cannot. But this is a natural revulsion, after getting off about five hundred lines. I am miserably ignorant yet, and must devote more time to study, or give up the hope of promotion.

I am living a busy, excited life here — scarcely a waking moment unoccupied. This is best, for when I am alone and unable to write — given up, in fact, to my memories — the sensation of utter loneliness and desolation is too heavy to bear. I try to look the future steadily in the face, but it shows me such a blighted life that even the past is less sad. I try to find help in the recollection of God's infinite wisdom and mercy, but this seems unavailing to stop the outcry of my heart. Forgive me for this; it is painful for me to write, and must pain you to read it. But I seem lost. . . .

NEW YORK, *March* 21, 1851.

I begin to feel alarmed at receiving no word from you. Why do you not write? What did I write to you? — not the last time, but the time previous. I dashed off the letter late at night, just after receiving your letter and after a hard day's work, when my faculties were not the clearest. I have but a glimmering recollection of the general drift of it, but something seems to tell me that it was not such a letter as I ought to have written. The truth is, I have been in such a bitter and gloomy mood this winter that I am not my true self more than half the time. I cannot work with any spirit; another such winter will kill me, I am certain. I shall leave next fall on a journey somewhere, — no matter where; probably I shall go to Italy, Greece, Egypt, Palestine, etc. (This to you alone.) I can do so without much difficulty or loss to myself.

TO GEORGE H. BOKER.

NEW YORK, *March* 28, 1851.

This delicious weather gives me a new life to-day. Your letter this morning found me in a mood more like content than I have felt for many months, and I read it with a deep, subdued

joy. I have an idle hour before me, and I cannot flatter this happy mood so successfully as in a talk with you. . . .

I look forward with delight to the prospect of meeting you. I shall get to Philadelphia in the Friday morning train, and leave on Saturday morning. The Central American trip is undecided, but I am certainly going somewhere, though I may not leave before the end of summer. There is so much to be said on this subject that I shall wait till I see you. What you say about yourself at the same time gratifies and troubles me. I have thought the same thing of your quiet Philadelphia life, and I am glad that you see it in a stronger light than I do ; but there must be a change sometime. Destiny is not blind ; we think we are groping in the dark, but we are always guided by a wise hand. Your fetters cannot harm you much, so long as you feel them to be fetters. And yet, sometimes, I think such fetters better than the freedom of the world.

Do you know, George, that I have a similar presentiment about the days we shall spend together. When it will be I know not, for mine will be a wild and wandering career ; but there will come a time when we can lie alone under the summer trees, and look upon our life as calmly as on the white clouds along the sky.

I have been writing a little at times ; but I cannot write in the old vein. My old ideas and sensations are going from me. I trust they will be replaced by better. . . .

TO JAMES T. FIELDS.

NEW YORK, *April* 19, 1851.

Your note came while I was absent in Pennsylvania, and so my acknowledgment has been delayed. Stoddard and I understood from the Astor clerk that Mrs. Fields was ill, which had hastened your return. I hope she is entirely recovered, and that both of you are enduring this dismal weather with a patience becoming to good Christians. As for me, I am utterly dispirited and disgusted with it. Everything goes wrong with me except sleeping, and I get little of that to do. I should like to be drowned during these days, like a fly in soap-suds, to be resuscitated when the sun shines on me.

I saw so little of you while you were here that a great deal I intended saying remained unsaid. One of the most important topics was this : I should like to bring out a volume of poems

next fall, and, furthermore, I should like to make some arrangement by which they can be clothed with the incomparable type and paper, and sanctified by the all-potent imprint of Ticknor, Reed & Fields. I have come to the belief that poetry sells better coming from you than from any other publisher, and have prevailed on Putnam (to whom I am bound for future works) to let me apply to you on the subject.

I have poems enough, published and unpublished, to make a volume of one hundred and twenty to one hundred and forty pages, which is quite large enough ; the title to be, "A Book of Romances, Ballads, and Lyrics," or something better, if I can find it. The poems will be classified : the Romances, which open the volume to include "Hylas," "Kubleh," "Ariel in the Cloven Pine," and five or six others of like character : the Ballads will contain "Manuela" and three unpublished California poems ; and the Lyrics a great mass of heretical, bacchanalian, revolutionary, and audacious material. I want to square accounts and take a fresh start, having a long poem commenced and others in contemplation.

I am getting into a very different sphere of thought, and feel that, whether it be better or worse, I never can wholly return to the themes I have hitherto tried. But this is idle talk. You have my idea : let me know yours. Have no hesitation whatever in speaking your mind "right out."

I am very glad you are going to give Stoddard a chance. If you can only do one of the two, do his. Remember me always to all friends.

TO HIS MOTHER.

New York, *April* 29, 1851.

. . . We have had a terrible stormy time here till within a few days. I have had a bad cold, but have now got over it, and am as well as usual. The "Tribune" is still flourishing. . . . Oliver Johnson has just arrived from Ohio to help in Greeley's absence. I shall not be much overworked through the summer, but I have had so much to do and to bear for a year past that I want to spend next winter in Italy or the East. I cannot remain here without being obliged to work, and as I can take a six months' trip without expense I shall persuade Greeley to let me off when he returns.

TO GEORGE H. BOKER.

NEW YORK, *May* 1, 1851.

. . . I wish I could write something good of myself. I am not as healthy in body as I should be, and this keeps me constantly depressed. I am haunted sometimes by a dreary idea of having lived in vain. This is, of course, a morbid state of feeling, and it will not last, yet it makes everything drag with me. I cannot write a line of poetry ; I can scarcely read it. I have tried by turns "In Memoriam," Shelley, Wordsworth, and Schiller, but always close the book with a very sickness of soul. Nothing, I am sure, will wholly cure this disturbance but a change of scene and a relief from my business duties here. I cannot leave before September, however, and must do my best till then. This is not, George, a vain regret for what I have lost. I have resolved to bear all that has been placed upon me silently and as submissively as I can: but in all my hopes, all my ambitions, all my lookings towards the future, there is a continual blind pain, — the motions of a passion whose office has been destroyed. It is something like that vague distress which is felt in the place of an amputated limb. But I know my ailment, and there is therefore hope for me. No doubt all will be right again in good time.

The Tribune people oppose my going up the White Nile, so I am afraid that splendid plan will fall to pieces. In that case I shall sail direct for Gibraltar, visit Granada on one side and Fez on the other, and then to the Orient, taking Italy on my way. I shall push into Persia, or climb Caucasus, or make my way into some other remote and unvisited part of the East. There is no use in continually walking in other people's tracks. Would to Heaven you could join me !

Ticknor & Co. (silly souls !) have agreed to bring out a volume of poems for me next fall, at their own risk. I have enough to make a volume of one hundred and fifty pages, which will square accounts and leave me a clear field for better undertakings. I am getting out of the age of sensations and short poems. Ticknor & Co. seem to think my book will sell, and I hope it may ; nevertheless, I was a little astonished at their ready acceptance.

An Italian sculptor, named Piatti, is now engaged in *busting* me. He desired to do it for his own private amusement. It

promises to be a good thing, but with the thinnest nose ever cast in plaster. The hair is bacchic and luxuriant, the mouth heavy, and the eyes close together. The face looks to me like a cross between Coptic and Tartar. By the bye, has Brackett a model from which he could take a cast of your bust? I should like to elevate our ghostly semblances on two pillars in my room. . . .

TO JAMES T. FIELDS.

NEW YORK, *May* 2, 1851.

Thank you for your ready acquiescence in my plan. I shall go to work and arrange you a volume which, I trust, will be no discredit to your house or to me. As to the terms, I expected no more. I never write poems for pay, and am not anxious to make money by them.

If the book sells well, finds appreciative readers, and the publishers are satisfied, I shall be content, whether or not it puts money in my purse. I know perfectly well the difference between poetry and prose. My "Rhymes of Travel," miserable as they are, have made some small returns to Putnam and to myself, and as the volume I am now preparing will be infinitely better I think it ought to have a more ready sale. However, if a volume of poems can be sold at all in this country, it is with your imprint.

When you have time let me know your objections to my title. I have tried it with Ripley, ——, and Stoddard, and they all think it very good. I like the quaintness of calling the volume "A Book of" etc., etc. Besides, "Romances" is an unappropriated word for poetry, yet the best word for such poems as "Hylas." Ask Whipple what he thinks of it. I must, in all cases, avoid "and Other Poems." What do you say to "Mon-da-min; the Spirit of Maize; with Lyrics and Rhymed Romances?" I don't like it, yet it might serve your purposes better. By the bye, the "Spirit of Maize" is not corn brandy, but an Indian divinity. The poem is from an African legend. To get a plain, simple, direct title is the most difficult thing in the world. I shall try again, however, but I should like very much to retain the word "Book." I suppose, if you get the copy complete some time in August, it will be in ample season. Of course you can bring out the volume when it best suits your interests.

I hope to visit Boston at Commencement time to hear your poem. I have such pleasant recollections of Phi Beta Kappa

day that I want to participate in the jubilee once more before going off to join the Bedouins. I have no fear of Boston on the score of morality, but, judging from the reputation of our city in New England, you should rather dread to see me among you. I hope you do not mean that Boston is dull because it is moral. In that case there is no hope of our improvement.

Don't let books bury you up entirely. If your eyes are blinded by the Traffic, bathe them with the lotion of Helicon. Anoint your wearied faculties with the grease which drips from Apollo's chariot-wheels. You will find it a spiritual Holloway's Ointment, healing with a touch the wounds of your slavery. But enough of this nonsense. Write soon.

TO GEORGE H. BOKER.

New York, *May* 22, 1851.

I know I deserve your brotherly rebuke for this unaccountable fit of despondency, but its cure seems almost out of the reach of my will. Its causes are partly physical, for, to tell the truth, I am troubled with a feeling of weakness in the lungs and a general sluggishness of the whole nervous system. This warm summer weather operates favorably, however, and though I shall have a double share of work to do for three months to come I now hope to hold out till the fall brings me release. A winter in the Orient will restore my health, and enable me to begin with fresh spirit the works for which I am now gathering strength. But do not speak of my having achieved anything as a poet. Could you know how utterly discouraged I sometimes feel, — how, compared with the originals in my brain, all my best poems seem failures, — you would understand my present state of feeling. Your kind anticipations of fame humble me to the dust. I have almost ceased to expect appreciation from the world at large, but so long as I have yours and that of a few who know me I shall not complain.

Can you imagine how it is that while the ideas of poems come to me as constantly as ever, and the craving for expression is just as strong, I can only write with the greatest difficulty? Some electric connection between thought and speech seems to be lost. It puzzles and distresses me. For a week or two I have been trying to write a poem which weighs sorely on my conscience, and am now nigh ready to give up in despair. There is no pleasure in these poetic pains, I assure you. I can only cross my

hands, and say with the Turks, "It is the will of God!" and wait for brighter days. Seriously, dear George, though I am half ashamed to show myself to you in such a pitiful light, these things all combine to depress me. I think the best medicine would be a week of your society, and, if you love me, let me have it soon.

NEW YORK, *May* 29, 1851.

I have been working harder than ever for a week past, and can only have a few words with you now at the fag end of the day. When will you come to New York? I should like to pass some of these bright mornings or cool summer nights with you, particularly now, when I need your advice and criticism in relation to my new volume. I want to make a decent book, — something, if possible, which shall put a stop to all this slang about "promise;" for if I have yet performed nothing, I never shall. The volume, I am sure, will decide the question whether I am to be acknowledged as a true poet; for whatever my friends may think, I am well aware that my literary reputation in general depends on my books of travel. I look forward to the publication as a test in this respect, but without the least concern; for the judgment of critics cannot change my judgment of myself. There are two or three poems which I am doubtful about admitting; among these, "The Tulip-Tree" and "Earth-Life" (a horrid title, this last). You will hardly remember them. The "Chant of the Dreams" I shall of course omit. Some that I shall include were written from a lower platform of thought, but they do not attempt more than they compass, and are therefore complete so far as they go. . . .

Stoddard wants me to commence the Romances with "Love and Solitude." I scarcely know what to think about it. Pray give me your counsel. What would be your own inclinations in a similar case? It is an embodiment of happy love, with a presentiment (unconscious, perhaps) of coming evil. The poem was commenced before this sorrow fell on me, and I found a melancholy solace in completing it. I have tried to soften the bitterness of my grief by giving it poetical expression, and perhaps at some future day I may publish all poems which sprang from my love, — but nothing now which refers directly to my loss. You know the idea of "Love and Solitude," and I shall include or omit it as you advise.

I send with this a new poem, which will go in the volume. I

finished it to-day, after laboring on it at odd hours and half-hours for a week. It was written piecemeal, as I am obliged to write everything now. This ruinous occupation of mine, I am afraid, will destroy my poetry. Just think of writing one stanza in the morning, one at noon, and one at midnight, — and so on till the thing is done! Instead of painting on a free canvas, I must work in mosaic. Scrutinize this poem severely. It must be perfect of its kind, or it is worth nothing. It is too near and warm in my mind, as yet, for me to stand off and look at it calmly.

My health is still indifferent, and I am convinced that nothing short of rest and a milder climate next winter can prevent some chronic derangement of the lungs or nerves. I have rallied somewhat from my terrible fit of despondency, and will try to avoid another henceforth.

New York, *June* 5, 1851.

It was kind in you to send me a good long letter while I was lying all alone in my room, with nothing else to do but take villainous doses of medicine. Stoddard was here while I was at the height of fever, with a letter half written to you, so I don't know what terrible things he has said of my attack, which was simply the crisis of a long course of derangement. It came upon me all at once, shook me pretty severely for a day or two, and has now gone again, leaving me quite weak, but otherwise sound. This is four days that I have been alone in my room, and the seclusion is most refreshing, now that I can read a little and write a little. This little attack, too, seems to have purged the acrid humors from my heart. I feel to-night a tranquil sense of happiness, of tender reconciliation with the world. I trust I have wholly thrown off that moody melancholy with which I have so long afflicted you in my letters. But looking back over the past spring is a most dismal experience, — too dark and heavy to recover from so suddenly.

You see, by dint of hammering away at the cursed fetters which bound my poetry, I broke loose, and accomplished a rather laborious fancy about a pine-tree. I began the next night on "The Soldier and the Pard," which was stopped by my illness; but that and one American story must I finish in time for my volume, so as to complete the plan. These two latter things have been vegetating in my thoughts for a year or two, and are all complete but the writing. I shall have six romances to lead off with. The "Pine-Tree" is intended for one.

I have been fortunate in frequently seeing Jenny Lind and her friends during their stay here. She is the only great, unquestioned genius in woman's form I have ever known, and the more I see her the more I reverence her truth, her purity, her faith in art as the crown and glory of our nature. You should see her face when she speaks of these things. And with all this, she is more truly feminine than the whole herd of our spiritual, inner-lived, and sweet-sympathy-craving women writers. If you have not already imagined that Jenny Lind was all this, think of it when you next hear her sing. . . .

TO JAMES T. FIELDS.

NEW YORK, *June* 9, 1851.

I was in bed nearly all last week, or I should have sent you a line sooner. This slavish life and villainous weather combined brought on a bilious attack, which, if I had not possessed a very accommodating constitution, would have racked me severely. As it is, I am at work again, busily preparing my poems to make a decent appearance before the world. I do not feel satisfied with your reluctant consent to my title, and, though I still hold it to be a good one, the fact of your not thinking so — you, of all men, being the best judge of good titles — makes me distrust myself. Pray tell me, candidly, your original objection to it. I have written to Boker, and have consulted all my friends here, with the most triumphant verdict in its favor. That you may see how I want it to look I inclose a mimic title-page.

In studying over the plan of the book, I have resolved to exercise the severest judgment upon all my published poems, mercilessly casting out all that do not satisfy me, and to admit a greater number of unpublished poems. The book must have no half-way character ; it must be either something or nothing. My very life's blood is in some of the poems I shall include. . . .

TO HIS MOTHER.

NEW YORK, *July* 30, 1851.

. . . I shall most probably leave in the Franklin, which sails on the 20th. I am very anxious for the time to come, not so much for the sake of getting away as for the relief which travel will afford me, and the renewed health and spirits which I am sure of obtaining. I am still engaged in studying the route over which I shall pass and getting all possible information in advance. It will make the trip much more interesting and easy to me. . . .

TO JAMES T. FIELDS.

NEW YORK, *August* 2, 1851.

. . . Whipple wrote to me that you would be in the White Mountains about two weeks, so I suppose this will find you in Boston. I hope to see you soon. My health has been bad this summer, and I wait with intense longing for the time of leaving for Europe. I shall sail on the 20th of September, and be absent eight or nine months.

My poems are ready for the printer. The work is all done, and I hope to read all the proofs before starting, perhaps to take a few copies with me. Can this be? When you think best I will go to Boston with the copy.

TO GEORGE H. BOKER.

NEW YORK, *August* 2, 1851.

. . . My poems are ready for the press, thank Heaven! — all revised and fairly copied and arranged. It is a great relief, for the exercise of mind which it hast cost me, in addition to my other duties and labors, was most exhausting. I look forward with the most intense longing and delight to the prospect of getting away. I verily believe another year of my present life would put an end to me.

The book contains all I have written up to the present time, and more than half of it will be now first published. This circumstance will probably help its sale, but that is a matter which, on my own account, I care little about. I hope it will pay the publisher, but I don't publish it for the sake of profit.

I had a letter from Powers the other day. He says nothing of Read. I shall sail from here on the 20th of September. I think my brother will go out with me, to spend the winter in Germany, and return with me in the spring. Unfortunately, he cannot go the whole round. Ah, if you could go, George! If we could sail on the Nile together, or guide our camels over the Desert! As a poet, the trip would be as advantageous to you as to me.

NEW YORK, *August* 17, 1851.

I only have time to-night for a line or two. I hope to leave the country by the 10th or 11th of September. Greeley's return releases me two weeks sooner than I anticipated, but not too soon, for I am fagged out, weak, dull, and miserable. I am in a

fever of impatience to be away, — to reach the solitude of the seas, where no thought of work can annoy me. I shall visit home week after next. If you are in Philadelphia by that time, won't you go out with me to my father's. I shall only be there three days. But I don't absolve you from your promise of a week here. It will be a long time before we meet again, as I shall be gone at least ten months. I was at Boston a week ago. The printers have all my copy in hand and I shall read the proofs before starting. The book will have to stand or fall by its own merits, as I shall not be here to help it.

My "Cyclopædia of Literature and the Fine Arts" is nearly finished. A week's hard work will carry me through. Would to Heaven the week were over! I've half a mind to keep you in the dark about this Dictionary, but it 's really not worth many words: a piece of hack-work I am doing for Putnam, — nothing more. It will give me the means of traveling two months in the Orient; so, blessed be the Dictionary!

TO JAMES T. FIELDS.

NEW YORK, *August* 22, 1851.

Since writing you, two or three days ago, I have made another change in my plans. I shall now leave in the City of Manchester, which sails from Philadelphia on Thursday next. I am offered a free passage in her, and want to take advantage of it. This will hurry me somewhat, but I can do it, and the sooner I get away, the better in every respect.

If you could go, I would wait; but as you have given it up, in the words of Robinson Crusoe, "I must finish my journey alone."

I received some proof on Wednesday night, and sent it back yesterday; the second sheet has not come to hand. Please send me some more by to-morrow (Saturday) evening's mail, directed to this place, and until Tuesday evening direct to Philadelphia, at the office of "Graham's Magazine." After Tuesday it will be too late to reach me.

I can, however, read all the Romances, and for the rest I must depend on the printers. If they stick faithfully to copy I have little fear of errors. Pray don't let them take any liberties whatever, unless to correct bad spelling. Would you be kind enough to look over the proofs of those poems which are in MS.? It would oblige me very much. The proof sent to me

was remarkably correct, except where they did not follow copy. I am very exact in my punctuation, but they tried to improve it, and blundered. I hope the volume will be successful. My absence, I suppose, will rather help its sale than otherwise; but at any rate, I am determined you shall lose nothing by it. If it shall not have paid expenses by the time I return, I shall willingly make up the difference.

"A Book of Romances, Lyrics, and Songs" was published by Ticknor, Reed & Fields in the fall, after its author had again set out on his travels. He dismissed it from his mind as soon as he had performed the necessary labor upon it, and hardly recurred to it again in his thought, for such poetic purpose as he had lay now in new directions. He scarcely knew, indeed, how great was his relief until he was once more in the forced rest of an Atlantic voyage, and then the charm of the sea came flowing in upon his tired mind and body with an inexpressible power of soothing. The end of the voyage found him refreshed and even eager for the scenes and persons which lay before him.

"These two weeks which have elapsed since I left home," he writes to Mr. Boker, "have made a different man of me. We found the ocean in a delicious state of calm, and for four days I lay in the shade, looking out on the blue water and enjoying — brain, heart, and limb — the most perfect rest. After this sedative, the medicine which I most needed, the fresh sky and bracing air of these northern latitudes have been a wonderful tonic to my relaxed nerves. The sea spoiled but one of my days, and gave the others so much pure inspiration, so much and so varied enjoyment, that I almost regret our approach to land. I take delight in living again; the very circulation of my blood, warmer and quicker than it has moved for many months, gives me pleasure. And under all the

desolation of the grief that has been consuming my heart the old hopes and dreams and resolves are coming to life once more."

Bayard Taylor was accompanied by his brother William in the early part of his journey. They landed at Liverpool, and after a pleasant stay in Warwickshire went up to London, where they saw the World's Fair and Bayard met again old friends as well as made new personal acquaintance with the Brownings, Robert Owen, Lady Stuart Wortley, John Kenyon, and others. They left London September 27th for the Continent, and went by Heidelberg and Nürnberg to Vienna, where they parted company, and Bayard Taylor pursued his way alone to Triest, whence he went by Smyrna to Alexandria. He detailed his experiences in letters to the "Tribune," which he reprinted several years later when he collected a number of papers in the sketch-book entitled "At Home and Abroad." The only poetical record was in two short poems, "Smyrna" and "To a Persian Boy, in the Bazaar at Smyrna."

CHAPTER X.

TRAVELS IN THE EAST.

1851–1852.

Beyond the dark-blue, dimpled sea
Lie sands and palms, the Nile's wide wealth of corn,
And soaring pylons, granite roofs upheld
By old Osirid columns: there the sun
Sheds broader peace in all his aged beams,
And hoary splendor on uncrumbled stone.

Prince Deukalion.

The Poet came to the Land of the East,
When spring was in the air:
The Earth was dressed for a wedding feast,
So young she seemed, and fair;
And the Poet knew the Land of the East, —
His soul was native there.

The Poet in the East.

THE plan which Bayard Taylor had formed of spending the winter in Egypt was due partly to a belief that the climate would offer a cure for the affection of the throat from which he was suffering, partly to the fact that the country would afford fresh material for letters to the "Tribune," and partly also to a desire which he had to come into close contact with a life which had always made an indefinite but powerful appeal to his imagination. "The journey," he writes, "was simply a change of position, from assistant editor to correspondent, enabling me to obtain the strength which I sought without giving up the service on which I relied for support." He had scarcely landed at Alexandria before he began to feel the restorative charm of the air. "I have not felt so well

and strong since leaving home," he writes to his mother, "as during the day and a half I have been in Egypt. The air, the climate, the sky, the scenery, — everything combines to make me cheerful. The climate is delicious, the very air a luxury to breathe." Out of the months which he spent in Egypt, Syria, and Asia Minor came the poems which he afterward collected in the volume of "Poems of the Orient." "I thought, and I think so still," says Mr. Stoddard, "when I read these spirited and picturesque poems, that Bayard Taylor had captured the poetic secret of the East as no English-writing poet but Byron had. He knew the East as no one can possibly know it from books, or Moore would have reflected it with greater fidelity in 'Lalla Rookh.'"

He landed at Alexandria November 4, 1851, and after a few days' stay went on to Cairo, and thence up the Nile to Khartoum. From this place he ascended the White Nile as far as the country of the Shillooks, and returning was again in Cairo April 1, 1852. By the few opportunities which he had he sent to America his letters to the "Tribune," and wrote to his home friends, especially anxious to relieve his mother of the concern which she might feel as to his safety, since absurdly exaggerated reports had appeared in the papers regarding his proposed journey.

TO HIS MOTHER.

CAIRO, EGYPT, *November* 14, 1851.

. . . You need be under no apprehension about my trip into the interior. I am not going to the Niger nor to the source of the Nile, nor where nobody else has ever been. I am going to Khartoum in Nubia, as I expected to do on leaving home, and as I assured you all. Put no faith in newspaper reports from people who don't understand geography. The journey is long and

toilsome, but here, where the people ought to know something about it, they tell me there is no danger from the Arabs and that the trip will be most interesting. . . . I engaged a dragoman yesterday. . . . The American consul assures me that he is one of the best in Egypt. It would be very difficult to travel without an interpreter, although I have already picked up considerable Arabic. Besides, this man understands the desert thoroughly, and will be not only a protection, but a sort of companion. He is a brown fellow, from Upper Egypt, wears the Arabic dress, and is acquainted with many of the government officials. He speaks English and Italian very well. I am going to don the red cap and sash, and sport a sabre at my side. To-day I had my hair all cut within a quarter of an inch of the skin, and when I look in the glass I see a strange individual. Think of me as having no hair, a long beard, and a copper-colored face. My throat gives me no trouble. I wear no cravat, and shall get an Egyptian shirt which is open at the neck and has no collar. . . .

Give my love to all at home, including those of whom I think so often when I feel what I have lost. Tell them I do not travel to escape from my sorrow, but to learn to bear it more patiently. It is always with me, but more subdued and resigned than before. Remember me kindly to all who inquire. I think of all my friends, perhaps more than they suppose, and am grateful for the interest they take in my wanderings. . . .

UPPER EGYPT, NEAR THEBES, *December* 3, 1851.

We are now approaching the town of Kenneh (within forty-eight miles of Thebes), and as I hope to meet an acquaintance of mine from New York there I cannot let the opportunity slip of sending you a few lines. It is now sixteen days since we left Cairo, and we have come rather more than four hundred miles. It is the most delightful journey I ever made, and each day I feel in better health and spirits. We have had no trouble of any kind. My dragoman is a most honest and faithful fellow, the sailors are the simplest, most ignorant, and best hearted people in the world, and my fellow-traveler is a man out of a million. The climate is like that of our June, and I cannot conceive a more healthy life than that we lead. Egypt has disappointed me in every respect, but on the right side. I rejoice more than ever over the instinct which brought me here, for it seems the beginning of a new life. . . .

I cannot be sufficiently grateful for the fortune which brought me my present companion. He is a wealthy German land-owner, forty-five years old, weighs two hundred and twenty pounds, and is in every respect the reverse of myself. But a more honest, manly nature, a warmer and more generous heart, I never knew. I love the man like a brother, and it will be a sore trial to part with him. His companionship and sympathy have strengthened me for the whole of my journey. He will not believe this, but considers himself indebted to me, and has made me promise to visit him in Saxe-Coburg next summer. Were it even the North Pole I should certainly go. I do not think two such happy and harmonious travelers were ever on the Nile. If he had not a wife at home, he would go with me to the White Nile, to Palestine and Nineveh.

UPPER EGYPT, NEAR THE FIRST CATARACT,
December 11, 1851.

I am now drawing near the point where I shall leave behind me all opportunities for sending letters home, and you will probably have to wait three months after receiving this before you hear from me again. However, you need have no fear on that account. I am already in the heart of Africa, more than five hundred miles from Cairo, and nearly half way to Khartoum, the end of my journey. The farther I go the more safe and agreeable the trip appears, and if I had any misgivings about it before leaving home I should have none now. My friend, who thought it a terrible undertaking when we first met at Smyrna, now congratulates me on it, and says he has no anxiety whatever in relation to it. This is the strongest testimony you could have, for he has told me that there is no man living for whom he has a warmer regard than for me. I don't know what I should have done without his friendship and sympathy. You know I am not weak nor sentimental, yet I assure you that when we speak of parting in a few days it brings the tears into our eyes. My visit to him in Germany next summer is all arranged. He has a splendid Arabian horse, which I am to have for a ride through the Thüringian Forest. We are going to take a week for the tour, and enjoy it as much as our present journey. . . . Out of the circle of home and my few tried and faithful friends in America, I have never met a man who so entirely gave me his heart. His unselfish devotion to me has cured me of many rebellious thoughts. . . .

My dragoman is a man who makes himself respected everywhere, and makes the Arabs respect me. He always speaks of me to them as "His Excellency." I am now wearing one of his dresses: a green embroidered jacket, with slashed sleeves; a sort of striped vest, with a row of about thirty buttons from the neck to the waist; a large plaid silk shawl as belt; white baggy trowsers, gathered at the knee, with long, tight-fitting stockings and red morocco shoes. I had a pair of trowsers made yesterday to wear while riding camels. They reach from the hips to the knees, and *only* contain eighteen yards of muslin. They cost, with the tailor's bill, about $1.50. This Egyptian dress is very cool and pleasant, and I shall wear it till I reach Cairo. . . .

NEAR KOROSKO, NUBIA, *December* 19, 1851.

I am resolved that you shall have as little anxiety about me as possible, so I embrace every chance to write to you. I shall get to Korosko to-day, and shall probably start to-morrow on my journey through the desert. I will send this letter by the Arabic post to the governor of Assouan, directing him to give it to the first American traveler going down the Nile, to put it into the office at Cairo. It is hardly possible that I shall have another chance of writing before reaching Cairo again, toward the end of March. Three days ago I parted with my friend at Assouan, and set sail in a smaller boat for Korosko. . . .

I want to speak of the friend from whom I have just parted, because I am very much moved by his kindness, and the knowledge may be grateful to you. His friendship for me is something wonderful, and it seems like a special Providence that in Egypt, where I anticipated the want of all near sympathy and kindness, I should find it in such abundant measure. He is a man of totally different experience from myself; accustomed all his life to wealth, to luxury, and to the exercise of authority. He was even prejudiced against America and the Americans, and he confessed to me that he was by nature stubborn and selfish. Yet few persons have ever placed such unbounded confidence in me, or treated me with such devotion and generosity. He gave me his pistols for the journey, his medicines, and everything which he thought I would need. Besides this, he purchased a number of supplies in Assouan, pretending they were for his return journey, and then persuaded Achmet to pack them secretly in my boxes. He also told Achmet he was going

to leave a handsome present for him with a merchant in Cairo, but he (Achmet) would not receive it unless he had served me faithfully. For two days before our parting he could scarcely eat or sleep, and when the time drew near he was so pale and agitated that I almost feared to leave him. I have rarely been so moved as when I saw a strong, proud man exhibit such an attachment for me. He told me he could scarcely account for it, but he felt almost ready to give up all his engagements to return home and accompany me. I told him all my history, and showed him the portrait I have with me. He went out of the cabin after looking at it, and when he returned I saw that he had been weeping. . . . Almost the last thing he asked of me was to look at it once more before leaving. And he knew so well how to speak to me, soothing, but without offering consolation, that I feel stronger than for a long time past. The last three days have been very lonely, but they would have been more so had I not met with him. I shall pursue my travels in a far more happy and courageous mood than I anticipated. Besides, I have promised to spend two or three weeks with him next summer in Germany, and shall keep my promise. I owe him far more than I can lightly repay, and it is some satisfaction to confess the debt to you.[1]

KHARTOUM, IN ETHIOPIA, *January* 18, 1852.

I am more fortunate than I expected in having an opportunity of writing to you from this place, in the heart of Africa. I wrote from Korosko, just before starting on my journey through the Nubian Desert, and hope you will receive the letter before this. My journey has been of the highest interest, and better in every respect than I have anticipated. A peculiar good fortune seems to follow me. . . .

[1] It was on the steamer, when passing from Smyrna to Alexandria, that Bayard Taylor fell in with this gentleman, Mr. August Bufleb, and thus began an acquaintance which ripened into an ardent friendship. Mr. Bufleb, in his letters to his wife at this time, speaks in the strongest terms of his new-found friend. "A glorious young man," he says. "If it were not for you I would go with him." "His company is a gain to me in every respect. He, with his clear head and pure heart has preferred to travel with me, while many of his countrymen are following or sailing ahead of us. . . . He has won my love by his amiability, his excellent heart, his pure spirit, in a degree of which I did not believe myself capable."

On reaching here I went to the house of Dr. Reitz, the Austrian consul, for whom I had letters of introduction. He made me at once bring my effects and take up my residence with him. I am writing this in my room, a lofty chamber, roofed with palm logs, the windows of which open on a court-yard, in which two large ostriches are pacing up and down. The door leads to a balcony, covered with jessamine in bloom, looking upon a garden of palm, orange, banana, pomegranate, lemon, and fig trees, and many beautiful flowering shrubs. To one of the trees is chained a tame leopard, a particular pet of mine. I have already taught him to climb up on my shoulders. To vary my amusement there are two hyenas, who are a little wolfish and snap sometimes, an immense adjutant crane, and a whole yard full of gazelles, wild goats, antelopes, and ibexes. In the outer court is a full-grown lioness, which is also a great friend of mine. I sit on her back, and give her my hand to lick. She likes to take my leg in both paws, then open her jaws and close them very gently around it, but she is too well fed to bite. The pacha has a little lion which runs loose about the house, and gives him great amusement by frightening the slaves. When I add that I ride every day on a red stallion of the wild breed of Dar-Fur you will certainly think I have grown barbaric in my tastes.[1]

In his diary, under date of January 24, 1852, he writes, "Archipelago of the Shillooks, 2 P. M. We have just passed the northern point of the island of Aba, on our return to Khartoum. The sails are taken down, and the men are rowing along the lee side of one of the island-beds of foliage which stud this glorious river. I reached my turning-point, between lat. 12° and 13° north this morning at nine o'clock, in just forty-eight hours from Khartoum, having sailed in that time two hundred and fifty miles. Now, the gateway to the unknown south is closed, and my face is turned to

[1] The juxtaposition of these letters brings out forcibly the singular power of attraction which Bayard Taylor had over both men and dumb animals. The reader of his poems will recall many cases where the theme has been suggested by the subtle association of man and beast.

the Mediterranean. But I have at least stood on the threshold of that wonderful land, and in the grand and strange vistas opened before me have realized a portion of my dream. For what I have seen I thank God, who has protected me beyond hope and almost beyond example." Fifty-seven days from Khartoum saw the traveler once more in Cairo, which he reached April 1st, to find a generous store of letters and papers awaiting him.

TO HIS MOTHER.

CAIRO, EGYPT, *April* 2, 1852.

. . . I have had nothing but good luck from beginning to end.[1] The whole trip has occupied less than five months, and I have traveled four thousand miles. Notwithstanding the great heat of Central Africa (105° in the shade at noon), and the sand storms in the desert, and the fatigue of traveling thirty-four days on a dromedary, my health has been always good, and I look so fat and black that you would hardly know me. At present I am suffering from an inflammation of the eyes, caught, I presume, by the sudden change from the dry air of the Desert to the moist air of the Nile ; I don't know how else. I had nearly cured them yesterday morning, but to-day they are worse, partly from standing yesterday on the top of my cabin, in a strong wind, in the excitement of approaching Cairo, and partly from reading letters and fine newspaper print half the night. But the mail to England closes this afternoon, and I must at least let you know

[1] It is worth while to note, in passing, that a more credulous man than Bayard Taylor might well have supposed himself a special favorite of Providence ; for in all his affairs, now and for some time, everything turned out as he could wish. "Oh, master," exclaimed Achmet, on one occasion, "there never was such a lucky journey as this!" and his friend, Mr. Bufleb, was independently struck with the good fortune which always attended him. In his diary, under date of January 30th, Bayard Taylor remarks, "I sat in the cabin and wrote diligently most of the time. About half an hour before dinner another large fish jumped on deck, and was instantly caught and put into the frying-pan. This Achmet considers as a most extraordinary token of good luck. It is a little singular that for three days a fish should jump on board precisely in time to make a dish for my dinner."

of the fortunate termination of my long and adventurous tour in the wilds of Africa. It was delightful, coming down the Nile, to revisit the scenes I saw on my fortunate upward journey. Every guide and donkey-boy in all the towns recognized me at once, and hailed me with, "Thank God, you have come back safely!"

TO GEORGE H. BOKER.

CAIRO, EGYPT, *April* 4, 1852.

Three days ago I was beating down the Nile against a strong wind. The citadel of Cairo was in sight, and I hurried the men with prayers and promises till they reached the old town, where I jumped ashore, took a donkey, and galloped at full speed to the British consulate and my banker. I came to my hotel with my pockets full of letters and my arms full of newspapers. Two of the letters were from you, and while the sun set behind the pyramids, and the odor of lemon-groves in blossom came through the open window, I read them, God knows with what gratitude, what serene joy in my heart! That hour paid me for all the long silence, the death (so far as the real, living world is concerned), of my journey into Central Africa. I cannot say that I have recovered my whole strength till now. God has led me into submission with a beneficence which is the greatest reproach to my mad rebellion against his will. He has weighed me down with a weight of love which I feel almost too weak to bear. Your letters have humbled me; you have shown me to myself, not as I am, but as I once aspired to be. I have not the strength, the courage, the heroism, you attribute to me. On the contrary, half my life has been spent in concealing, or trying to overcome, the weaknesses of my nature; and I have too much pride to make this confession even to you, did I not feel that you will still love me in spite of all my short-comings. I cannot glory in the little I have accomplished, when I see so clearly how much more I might have done. And as for popular favor, — good God, what is there so humiliating as to be praised for the exhibition of poverty and privation, for parading those very struggles which I would gladly have hidden forever, when that which I feel and know to be true to my art is passed by unnoticed! For I am not insensible that nine tenths of my literary success (in a publishing view) springs from those very "Views Afoot" which I now blush to read. I am known to the public not as a poet, the only title I covet, but as one who succeeded in seeing Europe

with little money ; and the chief merits accorded to me are not passion or imagination, but strong legs and economical habits. Now this is truly humiliating. It acts as a sting or spur, which touches my pride "in the raw," whenever some true recognition sets me exulting. In spite of your letter I have, at this distance, a sort of magnetic impression that my volume of poems has only had a negative success ; yet I am not discouraged ; I am hardly surprised at it. It is enough for me that you and some few others recognize a forward step in it. What you say of my "American Legend"[1] gratifies me beyond measure, because you have been impressed with the very qualities which I strove to give it. The subject was warm in my mind, and suggested abundance of imagery, but I did not dare to mar the beautiful symmetry of the story by overloading it with embellishments. The legend, as I found it, seemed to me as pure and perfect as a Grecian myth. It had, besides, a grander and broader significance, and I had faith enough in it to give it the severest and simplest form of which I was capable. The descriptions of the seasons are my own additions, and I only hazarded them because the artistic development of the story seemed to require it. I think the poem the best I have done ; it is the *first* which (to me) gives promise of a longer life than mine.

But enough of this, when I have so much else to say, and must husband my time and be merciful to my eyes, hardly recovered from an attack of ophthalmia. You have probably the answer to your questions after receiving my note from Assouan. Yes, George, I have grown strong and patient beyond all hope. I have found a peace as new as it is grateful, — a peace which does not reproach my love while it takes away the bitterness from my sorrow. I felt its approaches as we do those of sleep, but cannot tell how nor when it first descended upon me. I only know that I am changed ; that the world again looks bright and life cheerful ; that the capacity of being happy is restored to me ; that I look forward hopefully to the future ; and, better than all, that no memory of the past is less sacred. Something of this I have gained from nature, in these five long months, during which I have been buried in the heat and silence and mystery of mid-Africa ; but more from man. The most remarkable good fortune has attended me. Such a luck has marked my

[1] "Mon-da-Min."

journey from the start that even my wild Arab attendants were struck by it, and considered me as a man specially protected by God. And such kindness of heart as everywhere overflows towards me, I know not why! I have tried to fathom this mystery, but cannot; I find no particular quality in myself, no peculiarity in my intercourse with others which can account for it. Why rigid Mussulmen should pray that I might enter the Moslem paradise; why guides, camel-drivers, sailors, and the like should show me such fidelity; why beys and pashas, to whom I had no word of recommendation, should pay me most unusual courtesies, is quite beyond my comprehension. If I were a devout believer in the special workings of Providence, I should say that this experience was sent me as a healing. There is no balm for such a sorrow so potent as gratitude for the love of others.

TO JAMES T. FIELDS.

ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT, *April* 12, 1852.

I should have written to you sooner, but on my first arrival in Egypt I was so busied with preparations for my further journey that I found no time, and afterwards, as you may well suppose, could hardly mail a letter to Boston from the land of the lion and hippopotamus. I have had a glorious five months' tour in mid-Africa, having gone up the White Nile farther than any English or American traveler, had a rich store of adventures, and, what is best of all, quite recovered my health and strength, both of body and mind. If you think of me now, picture me to yourself as brown as an Arab, with a long beard, a red cap and white turban, a big shawl around my waist, and red slippers on my feet. I have quite a smattering of Arabic, and can swear by Allah with the true Moslem unction. Would to Heaven you had been with me, to taste the light and heat and mystery of African travel! Nothing else in the world could have wrought such a powerful change in me. That quiet and peace of soul which I had only hoped for as the work of years has descended on me, I know not how. Life again begins to look cheerful, and I have wholly recovered my perfect trust in God, — that prop without which I was drifting so helplessly.

I am not able to write you a long letter on account of an attack of Egyptian ophthalmia, from which I am just recovering. You will no doubt have seen some account of my wanderings in the "Tribune," and I need not describe them. I leave here in

two days for Beyrout and Jerusalem, after which I shall ride through Asiatic Turkey as far as the borders of Persia. I shall be in Constantinople early in July, and beg you to write to me there, "Care of J. Alléon & Cie.," inclosed to Baring Brothers, London. I should like to hear something of the reception of my volume. My letters from home are so taken up with other matters that they say little about it. I learn, however, that it is published, and has been favorably received in some quarters. A letter from a friend in Copenhagen (think over what latitudes we are scattered !) says the "Westminster Review" glorifies it. But I have, somehow, a magnetic impression that its success has been only negative. There are some things in it for which I hoped a recognition, but shall not be greatly disappointed if they have not received it. I should be glad to know, however, that its sale has not been such as to dishearten the publishers. My last letters were written more than two months ago, and it had probably not been published long enough for my friends to know anything about its success. Will you write to me frankly on this subject? How has Stoddard's book gone off, and the "Golden Legend"? I have been out of the world and know nothing. Send me all the literary news, but, more than all, news of yourself. I often thought of you during my long marches in the desert.

Pray give my kindest remembrances to Whipple and Longfellow and Whittier, and all good friends in and around Boston. How glad I shall be to see them all once more ! Do not fail to write to me. God bless you !

A reply came from Mr. Fields in June from London, whither the letter had followed him from Boston. He urges Bayard Taylor to join him there, and enjoy with him the society of their literary friends, adding, "You ask about the success of your volume. My long absence does not allow me to judge either of your own or Stoddard's book, nor do I know what the critics have said. But this I do know: that my old and dear friend Miss Mitford says, if she writes another book, in you and Stoddard must go. She swears by you both, and says you are fame-sure. Copies shall be

here to meet you on your arrival. 'The Golden Legend' is a great success, and adds to rather than diminishes the author's good name. Longfellow is very popular here, and is fast taking the wind out of every sail in the English seas of Poesy. Hawthorne, too, is immensely popular. He has just finished a new romance, the scene of which is laid at Brook Farm. I have not read the MSS., of course, but E. P. W. writes me it is sparkling with beauty. I see at every railroad station your books selling to travelers daily. Come and taste your own fame at my side, dear Bayard."

He left Alexandria April 14, 1852, for Beyrout, and spent three months traveling in Syria, Palestine, and Asia Minor. The season had advanced so far and was so oppressively hot that he gave up the plan of visiting Nineveh and Arabia. Indeed, he was becoming somewhat weary of his isolation, and writes in his journal June 26th, "Here in the heart of Asia Minor all life seems to stagnate. There is sleep everywhere, and I feel as if a wide barrier separated me from the living world. I have now been eight months out of it, only touching its borders now and then; finding the rest I sought, it is true, but now that the healing is complete I miss the accustomed stir and struggle of the life to which I return." He reached Constantinople July 12th on his way home, and the following letter to Mr. Fields describes the general course of his three months' journey: —

TO JAMES T. FIELDS.

CONSTANTINOPLE, *July* 14, 1852.

The first thing I did after reaching here, two days ago, was to get my letters, among them your welcome missive from London. How surprised I was to learn that you left home so soon after

me! Why did you not come on to Cairo and visit Palestine with me? It would have well repaid you. Europe is tame after this grand and gorgeous Orient, wherein I have now been reveling for nearly nine months. If you could see me now you would swear I was a disciple of the Prophet. I am become

> "Long and lank and brown
> As is the ribbed sea-sand,"

but I pray you mislike me not for my complexion. I wear the tarboosh, smoke the Persian pipe, and drop cross-legged on the floor with the ease of any tailor whatever. When I went into my banker's they addressed me in Turkish. The other day, at Brousa, my fellow-Mussulmen indignantly denounced me as damned, because I broke the fast of the Ramazan by taking a drink of water in the bazaar. I have gone into the holiest mosques in Asia Minor with perfect impunity. I determined to taste the Orient as it was, in reality, not as a mere outside looker-on, and so picked up the Arabic tongue, put on the wide trowsers, and adopted as many Eastern customs as was becoming to a good Christian. Now, however, all is over. Yesterday, alas! I crammed my unwilling legs into a pair of narrow pantaloons, elevated a straight collar about my neck (though no gibbet-rope could be more uncomfortable), and am now taking exercise in sitting bolt upright on a chair. What I suffer you can't imagine. I don't wonder that the Druse conscripts in Syria have revolted, rather than wear the Frank dress. Fortunately, I don't need to wear gloves, as my hands are precisely the color of yellow kid, and pass for such.

But enough of this nonsense, and let me tell you what I have been doing. After seeing all Palestine and Syria, I coasted northwards from Beyrout to the mouth of the Orontes, and then traveled inland to Antioch and Aleppo. In Aleppo I stayed several days. It is a great and stately city, and pleased me even better than Damascus. I saw a great deal of society there, and attended both Christian and Hebrew weddings, balls, and other festivities. Thence I crossed the mountains into Cilicia, and after visiting ancient Tarsus, and drinking a cup of snow-cold water from the Cydnus at the very spot where Cleopatra met Mark Antony, struck northward into Asia Minor. I was three days passing the Taurus, by a defile grander than any in the Alps, and reached the plains of Karamania. Thence to Konieh (the ancient Iconium), and so on into the glorious piny

mountains of Phrygia, where I found the tombs of King Midas and the Gordian monarchs. Thence to Kiutahya, to the old Greek city of Œzani, with a magnificent theatre and temple, and over Olympus, through the sublimest beechen forests in the world, and down on the other side to Brousa. A voyage in an open boat across the Sea of Marmora finished the journey, and brought me here in time to see, last night, the superb illumination of the mosques and the Golden Horn, on the occasion of the Sultan's taking a new wife. I have been occupied with this trip ever since my last note to you. But was it not worth making?

Now my Oriental tour is over, and I shall turn westwards, but not in time, I fear, to meet you in London. Would to Heaven I could be there with you! — I so long to see the face of a friend. I feel as if I had been lost to the world for a long time. I am glad to know that you are in such pleasant hands. What would I not give for one of your days! I must see your friend Miss Mitford, when I pass through England, and hope I shall this time be fortunate enough to meet Barry Cornwall. I shall stay three or four weeks in London, where I hope to see more of men than when I passed through last autumn. I shall send a note by this mail for G. G., whom I hope to meet somewhere.

I know not yet what course I shall take from here, but I think *via* Athens, Naples, Florence, Venice, and then into Saxony, to spend two weeks with a German friend, who was my companion on the Nile. I cannot say anything with certainty until I receive further letters from home. There is a bare possibility (which I both hope and dread) of my going farther east. But the chances are a hundred to one against it. God bless you!

The last sentence refers to an important proposition in letters from his Tribune associates, which he found awaiting him at Constantinople. He did not feel at liberty to speak more definitely to his friend, but the next day he wrote to his mother.

TO HIS MOTHER.

CONSTANTINOPLE, *July* 15, 1852.

I must let you into the secret of some news which reached me by the last mail from America, — news which has quite unsettled me for the present, and which, I fear, will not be gratifying to

you, though in many respects it ought to be. It is nothing less than a proposition which will lengthen my stay abroad from six to nine months,— a proposition which, if it was merely to travel and write letters I should not accept, though conscious that every additional month so spent serves to settle my healthy habits of body, and strengthen me in every way for work at home. But they have made application to the Secretary of the Navy to get me a place on board of the flagship of Commodore Perry's expedition to explore Japan, one of the most remarkable and interesting enterprises of the present day. In case they are successful (which they expect to be) they will forward me the order at once, with funds which will enable me to take the overland route by steamer to Alexandria, Suez, Bombay, Calcutta, Singapore, to Macao in China, where I shall meet the expedition about the end of October. The "Tribune" offers to pay my expenses to China, and give me a much higher rate for all the letters I shall write. The expedition will be from two to four months in all probability at Japan, and I shall afterwards return to Europe, *via* India. It is a grand and fascinating proposal, and may be the means of advancing me more than anything I have done. I am a little ambitious, and the expedition offers chances which I can't let slip of doing something which may make me honor. My situation on board the ship will of course be that of guest and looker-on, but the order will give me every possible facility for this. If I consulted my heart alone, I should decline, for I long to see you all again, and I fear lest this prospect may trouble you ; but my head tells me I must go. Even without reasoning with myself on the subject, my magnetism urges me on, and when I follow it I always go right. If I should go, have no fear for me. There is no danger greater than I should endure on the way from here to New York. . . . This Oriental trip has done enough for me to more than satisfy my anticipations. I feel that it only needs for me to continue in the same course I have begun to assure me fame and fortune. The latter appears now to be assured me, and of the former I have already ten times more than I ever expected. But it is impossible to stand still or turn back : all I have done only prompts me to do more. Pray say nothing about all this till I write again, but be sure that whether I go eastward or westward I am safe. My term of life has not yet run out, and so long as I keep this feeling the uttermost parts of the earth have no terrors for me.

The first letters which his Tribune associates sent him expressed no doubt of their being able to procure for him the necessary order to accompany Commodore Perry, but they promised later and more definite instructions. For these he waited nearly a month in Constantinople, and was at last on the point of leaving, in despair of hearing, when a letter came with funds for prosecuting the journey, but with a somewhat less specific assurance of the essential coöperation of Commodore Perry. "I have endeavored," the writer says, "to procure from the Secretary of the Navy some appointment which would give you a good official position on the squadron for as long a time as you might wish to hold it, but the Secretary declared himself powerless in the matter. Next I applied to the Commodore through the active intercession of his friend, George Blunt, the hydrographer. But even to him Perry replied that he had refused thousands of such applications, and that his fear was that if he accepted you he might not only be compromised with others, but that, not knowing you, he had some fear that you might not be exactly the man he wanted, and might indiscreetly publish something concerning the expedition after you had joined it. On all these points Blunt made the most urgent and positive assurances, and finally Perry said that he could not bind himself to take you, *but if you were at Hong Kong when he was there he should be very happy to see you.* In Blunt's opinion this is enough to justify your going there for this purpose, and, after considering the matter in our semi-annual meeting last week, we all came to the same conclusion. Accordingly, I inclose a letter from Blunt, introducing you to Perry." Under these conditions Bayard Taylor determined to

accept the commission. The expedition would not reach Hong Kong, however, before the end of the year, and thus he would be enabled to carry out his original plan of joining his brother at Florence, crossing the Alps, and visiting Mr. Bufleb in Gotha, and then making a short stay in England before setting out on his overland journey to China. It was while waiting at Constantinople for advices from the "Tribune" that he wrote to Mr. Boker and Mr. Stoddard.

TO GEORGE H. BOKER.

CONSTANTINOPLE, *July* 18, 1852.

The grandest cannonading I ever heard is thundering around me as I write, and the tremendous echoes, flapping back and forth between the shores of Europe and Asia, are prolonged far up the Bosphorus. I wish you were here to sit at my window with me and look out on this superb Constantinople, now sparkling with the thousand lamps of the Bairam festival. Last night the fast month of Ramazan terminated, and this morning at sunrise I was in the Sultan's seraglio, witnessing the great procession of all the dignitaries of the Turkish Empire, from Abdul-Medjid himself down to his chief eunuch. I am here at a fortunate time, having seen, a few nights ago, the illumination of the Golden Horn, — a scene truly magical in its magnificence. Again I say, would to Heaven you were here! I thought so this evening, as I sat watching the sunset fade away between the cypresses of the cemetery of Pera, and quietly smoked a long Persian pipe the while. One whiff of that same pipe would whisper to you more secrets of the Orient than I could say or sing in a twelvemonth. There is a touch of the East in your nature, George, — perhaps even more than in mine, — and I wish you would cultivate it. I think you could enjoy with me the glorious laziness of this land. We cannot be lazy at home ; one's conscience is too active. But here it is another thing. True strength is best exhibited in a certain degree of repose ; there is wisdom in silence, and so I find both dignity and poetry in the inertia of Oriental life. . . .

I have now finished the Orient, and in another week will prob-

ably sail for Italy, *via* Athens. There is, however, a secret chance (which I must whisper to you) of my being sent eastward to India and China, there to join the U. S. expedition to Japan, in character of correspondent extraordinary. The prospect chimes in too strongly with my own fancy to be rejected, and if I get the necessary order (which has not yet come to hand) I shall be on my way to the Flowery Kingdom in a month. This will postpone my return to the United States six or eight months; but if, at the end of that time, God gives me one night with you in your new house, we shall make amends for this long, long separation. How comes on that same house? I have not forgotten all the promises which are being built up in it for me: the welcome at the threshold; the place at the table; the bottle in the vaults; the strong, true heart, never beating but in faith and friendship. By all the gods we worship, if the stones of that house hold together as long as I shall claim the fulfillment of those promises, they will outlast your day and mine! . . .

TO R. H. STODDARD.

CONSTANTINOPLE, *July* 21, 1852.

I wish I had you here for an hour, instead of sitting down to stain the virginity of this sheet of paper. I wish you were here for two reasons: that you might enjoy with me this superb view of two continents and their proudest city, which I now see whenever I lift my head; and, secondly, that I might relieve my heart, and perhaps yours, by letting loose a fountain of talk which has been sealed up for months. Since my German friend left me on the Nile, I have met no one to whom I could speak of poetry and be understood. I am like a lover who has no confidant. Nothing now would refresh me half so much as to stumble on the number of "Sartain" containing your "Carmen." (But what is there especially poetical about the *nature of triumphant car-men?* Do tell me!) Seriously, my dear Stoddard, I am beginning to feel lonely, and would give my best pipe for a talk with you. . . . Well, God be with us all, and speed the time when I may so see you, and we may gossip away the midnight in my lofty attic. Fields promises to have copies of both our books waiting for me in London, so that I shall see something of you before I reach home. . . .

Bayard Taylor left Constantinople August 7th, reached Malta on the 11th, and, failing to make an

expected connection, took a small sailing-boat to Catania in Sicily, which he reached just in time to see the grand festival of St. Agatha, which takes place only once in a hundred years. He went to Messina by stage, and took passage to Leghorn. On reaching Florence he found his brother just recovering from an attack of fever, and, after a few days' stay among his earlier Florentine friends, they both went by Venice to Germany, where they separated; his brother returning home, and Bayard going to Gotha to pay the promised visit to Mr. Bufleb, who received him with open arms. "Indeed," he writes to his mother, "he had not dared to leave Gotha for four weeks beforehand, fearing I should arrive in his absence. Every kindness that friendship could invent has been heaped upon me. All his relatives and friends received me like a lost member of the family; every door was open for me, and there was a place already prepared at every table. Two days after I arrived, as the weather was fine, we started on a tour through the Thüringian Forest, which we made partly on foot, partly in B.'s carriage." A narrative of this excursion is contained in the first series of "At Home and Abroad." He was in London again October 11, 1852.

TO GEORGE H. BOKER.

LONDON, *October* 18, 1852.

Behold me once more in London, but not as near home as I imagined when I wrote to you from Cairo. It is tantalizing to think that in two weeks I might take you by the hand, and pour my living soul into your ears and eyes, instead of spreading a few small atoms of myself over this dull paper. But alas! the time for that is a year off; not the Atlantic, but all Europe, and Asia, and the Pacific, and our own continent lie between us. You may well be afraid of me when we meet. If I get through this

second trip as successfully as the first, I shall come to you burdened with Gibraltar and the Alhambra, with the rivers and jungles of India, the Himalayas and the pagodas of Delhi and Benares, the "summer isles of Eden" of the Eastern Archipelago and the wonders of the Central Flowery Land, in addition to the conquest of Japan. I shall be able to strangle like a Thug, or run amuck like a Malay; I shall be as expert a disemboweler as the chief executioner of Japan; I shall yearn for my missing bird's-nest soup and puppy-pie, — Heaven knows what I shall *not* be capable of. A man can't pass through so much and be the same he was originally. . . .

Many thanks to you, dear George, for writing to me here. It is a great satisfaction to hear from you once more before going into a region where mails are less frequent and letters less certain. But nevertheless continue to send letters after me. Heaven rewards such efforts, even if they fail. Write next to Calcutta, to the care of the American consul there. . . . I have three reasons for making this new trip: it is the urgent wish of my associates of the "Tribune," who have furnished me with ample means; it is a chance, such as I may never have again, of seeing some of the most wonderful cities of the world; and, thirdly, by spending a second winter in a warmer climate I hope to secure my present good health beyond the possibility of relapse. My frame was shaken more than I knew, and has barely recovered its balance. I think you will see the weight of these reasons, and agree with me that I could not rightly do otherwise than go. . . .

I have much changed during the past year, but changed in a manner that brings me nearer to you. In spite of all that you say, I believe you are stronger than I, and, because I have gained in strength and will, I feel more worthy of your love, though still far, far below the character you give me. I try to think well of my own efforts because you do; but my last volume, which I found here the other day after long search, has disheartened me more than I like to confess. It is so far inferior to what I anticipated; it is unworthy of what I hoped and still hope to do. But thank Heaven, I am young yet, and capable of better things. I wish I could see your last volume. Why did you not send it here to meet me? Good God, what would I not give for a night with you! How shall I get through this com-

ing year without seeing you? I, too, have changed in my ideas of poetry. I have been a slave heretofore, but henceforth I will be free. My aims have never yet been acknowledged, though I have received far more praise of one kind or other than I deserve. During my whole year in the East I was lying fallow, and did next to nothing. But two months ago, in Malta, I picked up a volume of the "Westminster Review," wherein I read, "B. T. has published a volume of Tennysonian imitations," etc. I fired up in an instant. "Damn the reviewer!" I said to myself. "Before he dies he shall tell another story," and in two days I had conceived at least six new poems. This convinced me that the faculty was not dead, but only sleeping, and I shall never doubt it more. If God gives me life and health I shall prove that I am something better than a mere traveler, — a reputation which the world is now trying to force upon me. But enough of this stuff.

I am writing this in Southampton. It is now October 28th, and to-morrow I leave in the Madras for Gibraltar. I am all alone in my chamber in the hotel, and write as vehemently as my thoughts. Will you not write me a good long letter, not later than December 1st, to the care of the American Consul, Calcutta? I would write you oftener and longer letters did not my duties to the "Tribune" occupy so much of my time. My stay of two weeks in London was very agreeable. I made lots of friends, and found that I had already a good foothold as an author. Two or three publishers were anxious to treat with me for the copyright of future works. My "Eldorado," it appears, has had a very great sale, and some stray copies of my poems have found their way to different authors. These things are encouraging; and when I compare my present visit to London with my former one, seven years ago, I feel cheered by the comparison. I have seen "Calaynos" in two or three places, and heard it highly spoken of. Dick, too, is making headway here. I shall write to him to-night. . . . I anticipate nothing but success in the coming trip, but when it is finished, and I am with you in *the house*, what a jubilee! Do not fail to write oftener, for I need your letters more than you do mine.

TO JAMES T. FIELDS.

SOUTHAMPTON, *October* 28, 1852.

I should have written you before this, but my stay in London was given up to the necessary preparations for the new tour I have before me; and this, with the numerous invitations to dinner, — so kindly offered that one could not but accept them, — consumed all my time. Now, however, I am all alone in this dull seaport, where not a soul knows me, and take the occasion of acknowledging your kind notes of September 4th and 18th. I wish we could have met in England, as it will be another year before I reach America, and then, from what your English friends tell me, you will probably be settled here. I hope you will find reason to change your mind. I don't see how we can spare you at home. *I* shall sink out of sight as soon as you leave. I have no doubt that, if the little pyramid of my literary reputation were taken down, I should find the initials "J. T. F." scratched on half the stones composing it.

I found Bennoch the day after reaching here. He is both great and good, and I am indebted to him for a deal of kindness. Grace was here the first week, but left about eight days ago for Paris and Rome. Barry Cornwall is not at home, and Leigh Hunt is waiting on a sick son, — so I have seen neither. I have become acquainted, however, with Charles Mackay, Bennett, and good old Miss Mitford, with whom I spent an afternoon. She is enthusiastic in your praise and in Louis Napoleon's. I agreed with her concerning the former, but not the latter. We had a merry afternoon. The Russells (do you know them?) were there, and I narrowly missed meeting "Alton Locke." Altogether I have been delighted with my London experiences this time. Bennoch took me one night to dine with the aldermen, and we had a jolly time. America was toasted with nine cheers, and I had to reply. I have seen Kossuth, Mazzini, Freiligrath, Mary Howitt, Murray, Bogue, and a number of other worthies. But the greater part of my time was occupied in writing up my correspondence for the "Tribune" (which I had neglected since leaving Constantinople), and hunting for rare books and maps.

I leave here to-morrow in the Madras for Gibraltar, where I stop and take three weeks to visit Seville, Cordova, and the Alhambra. Then I take the next steamer direct for Bombay, go

overland to Calcutta, *via* the old Indian cities of Delhi, Agra, and Benares, and the Himalayas; embark for Singapore, Batavia, and Hong Kong; visit Manila and the Sandwiches; and will probably find my way home, *via* California, some time next September. It is a glorious prospect, and I commence the journey in high spirits. I am led into these wanderings almost without my will; it seems to be my destiny. Where I shall go next Heaven only knows.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FARTHER EAST.

1852–1853.

He met the men of many a land;
They gave their souls into his hand.
The Palm and the Pine.

THE departure of Commodore Perry had been delayed, so that Bayard Taylor was enabled to make a somewhat leisurely journey to the point where he was to join the expedition. He was glad to have the opportunity of visiting Spain, and not sorry to leave behind him the autumnal rains of England. "The weather was cold, dark, and dreary," he writes, "and the oppressive, sticky atmosphere of the bituminous metropolis weighed upon me like a nightmare. Heartily tired of looking at a sun that could show nothing brighter than a red copper disk, and of breathing an air that peppered my face with particles of soot, I left on the 28th of October [1852]. It was one of the dismalest days of autumn; the meadows of Berkshire were flooded with broad, muddy streams, and the woods on the hills of Hampshire looked brown and sodden, as if slowly rotting away. I reached Southampton at dusk, but there the sky was neither warmer nor clearer; so I spent the evening over a coal fire, all impatience for the bright, beloved south, toward which my face was turned once more."

He landed at Gibraltar November 5th, and found himself in sunshine. "I have a southern soul, it seems," he writes in his diary, "for I feel strongest and happiest when I am where the sun can blaze upon me;" and in his printed narrative of the same day he says, "I am a worshiper of the sun. I took off my hat to him, as I stood there, in a wilderness of white, crimson, and purple flowers, and let him blaze away in my face for a quarter of an hour. And as I walked home with my back to him, I often turned my face from side to side that I might feel his touch on my cheek." He had but three weeks in Spain, yet it was so in continuation of his Eastern travel that wherever he went he saw rather the Saracen than the Spaniard. He caught himself writing poems which had their impulse from the Orient, and he donned the Andalusian dress for the time; half figuring thus the facility with which he slipped into the life of the people amongst whom he was especially when they appealed so strongly to his native love of the *bizarre*. When well on his way to India he sketched in brief the course of his travel in a letter to his friend Phillips.

TO JOHN B. PHILLIPS.

STRAITS OF BABELMANDEB, MOUTH OF THE RED SEA,
December 17, 1852.

. . . I left England on the 29th of October, and reached Gibraltar in six and a half days. Thence I went to Cadiz, up the Guadalquivir to Seville (beautiful city!); then to Cordova, where I saw the great Moorish mosque, then to Baylen, in the borders of La Mancha, and southward by way of Jaen to Granada. There I stayed four days, delighted with everything, and especially with the matchless Alhambra, the crown and blossom of Oriental architecture. Then I put on an Andalusian dress, took a guide and horses, and rode through the robber-haunted mountains of Malaga and Ronda, — as wild and rough a journey

as you would like to make ; but I went through it safely, in spite of robbers, storms, and swollen rivers. So I came back to Gibraltar to meet the India mail, and left again November 27th. We had one hundred and seventy passengers, among them numbers of English officers, who supplied me with abundance of letters to all parts of India. We touched at Malta, and reached Alexandria December 8th. Of course as I was booked for Bombay, I could make no stay in Egypt, but was hurried on to Cairo and Suez with the other passengers. I was eight or ten hours in Cairo, and saw my faithful dragoman Achmet, who was beside himself with joy. Go to Egypt, by all means, before you return home ! Give up Greece, Palestine, Constantinople, if you must, but go to Egypt ! We left Suez on the night of the 11th, saw Sinai and Horeb the next morning, passed within one hundred miles of Mecca, and so on down the hot Red Sea to its mouth, which we have just now (ten P. M.) reached. We saw the town of Mocha this afternoon, about ten miles distant. Tomorrow morning we touch at Aden to coal, and I shall put this letter in the post-office there, hoping that in time you will safely get it at Heidelberg. . . .

I am in excellent health and spirits, though a heavy head-sea and dim lamps make me write with difficulty. But I cannot neglect the first opportunity I have of communicating with you. I am full of pleasant anticipations of my trip in India, and my later voyage to China and Japan. Is it not a rare opportunity ? The only thing that troubles me is the long absence from my sanctuary, and the little I can do for my art while thus on the wing. I have written eight or ten short poems, Oriental in style and subject, but can attempt nothing of any magnitude till I get home again. . . . And now, my dear John, I must close, hoping that if you have not already written you will do so at once. God grant us a happy meeting after our wanderings !

He reached Bombay December 27, 1852, and after a week's stay sent his heavier baggage by steamer to Calcutta, and proceeded himself across the Ghauts. A week's traveling by cart brought him to Indore, whence he went to Agra and from Agra, to Delhi. There he was still a thousand miles from Calcutta,

with only a month before him, but he could not resist the temptation to get a glimpse of the Himalayas, and so he made a hasty and rough journey to Landowr, the highest point in the range which could conveniently be reached during the winter season. Turning back to Dehra, he went on to Meerut, and by Lucknow to Cawnpore. At Allahabad he struck the Ganges, and making a short stay at Benares reached Calcutta February 21st.

TO HIS MOTHER.

CALCUTTA, *February* 24, 1853.

Here am I at last in the city of palaces, all my journeys in India finished, and with a ticket for Hong Kong (to leave in two days) in my pocket. During less than two months I have traveled 2,200 miles in the interior. If you look on the map, and draw a line from Bombay to Agra and Delhi, and thence northward to the Himalaya Mountains, where they intersect latitude 31°, thence southeast to Lucknow, Benares, and Calcutta, you will see what my track has been, and how much ground I have gone over. . . . My whole journey through India has been a succession of narrow escapes, but I have come off clear. Now I can breathe freely, for the hardships of my journey are all over, and steam shall tug me all the rest of the way around the world. My health, of course, is excellent. How could it be otherwise? All climates are the same to me. I have met nothing but kindness from one end of India to the other. Every door was open, and I was free to stay as long as I chose. It was a great satisfaction to find that I was already known. 'Eldorado' has been before me, and all the intelligent Englishmen I meet have read it. I found a copy, in a library at the foot of the Himalayas! The Indian newspapers have noticed my progress through the country in the kindest terms.

Although so rapid a journey permitted only the record of impressions formed by a quick-eyed traveler, the accuracy and trustworthiness of those impressions have been testified to by many subsequent travelers.

All the guide-books to India contain passages from his descriptions as still the best. This is especially true of his description of the Taj Mahal. The letters to the "Tribune" were necessarily rather sketches than full narratives or elaborate observations. The contact with India, however, which this rough excursion gave, had a value for Bayard Taylor, who had already begun in his mind those studies of human life and faith which he was afterward to make the basis of poems of cosmic thought. "There is something," he wrote at Bombay, "in every form of religion worthy of general respect; and he who does not feel this can neither understand nor appreciate the art which sprang from the ancient faiths. Our teachers of religion speak with sincere and very just horror and contempt of all forms of idolatry, yet under pain of their anathemas I dare assert that he who can revile Osiris and Amun-Re is unworthy to behold the wonders of Thebes. The Christian need not be an iconoclast; nay, more, his very faith, in its perfect charity and its boundless love, obliges him to respect the shrines where the mighty peoples of the ancient world have bowed and worshiped. Besides, there is truth, however dim and eclipsed, behind all these outward symbols. Even the naked and savage Dinkas of Central Africa worship trees; and so do I. The Parsees worship the sun, as the greatest visible manifestation of the Deity; and I assure you I have felt very much inclined to do the same, when he and I were alone in the desert." [1]

Besides this, it was a pleasure to him to see, as he occasionally did, not only the magnificence of temple and castle, but the pomp and pageantry of ceremony

[1] *A Visit to India, China, and Japan in the Year* 1853, pp. 50, 51.

and ritual. Lucknow, with its gayety and prodigality of riches, was a feast to his eyes, and he enjoyed to the full his own impromptu share in the display of the city. He had been invited by a British officer to make an excursion through the place.

"We were joined by one of Captain Sleeman's friends, and mounted on three of the king's largest elephants. With our gilded howdahs, long crimson housings, and the resplendent dresses of the drivers and umbrella holders who sat behind us, on the elephants' rumps, we made as stately a show as any of the native princes. It was the fashionable hour for appearing in public, and as we entered the broad street leading to the Roomee Derwazee it was filled with a long string of horses and elephants, surging slowly through the dense crowd of pedestrians. We plunge boldly into the tumult, and, having the royal elephants and footmen gifted with a ten-man power of lungs, make our way without difficulty. It is a barbaric pageant, wholly to my liking, and as I stare solemnly at the gorgeous individuals on the elephants that pass us I forget that I have not a turban around my brows." [1]

He left Calcutta February 28th, glad to accept the repose of the sea in exchange for the wearisome jolting over rough roads which had so lately been his experience, and after touching at Singapore arrived at Hong Kong March 16th. The United States steam-frigate Susquehanna was lying in the harbor just ready to sail for Macao, and Captain Buchanan at once invited Bayard Taylor to accompany him to that port, where he could take a steamer to Canton. At Macao he went to pay his respects to Colonel Hum-

[1] *A Visit to India, China, and Japan in the Year* 1853, p. 226.

phrey Marshall, the United States minister there, when that gentleman at once proposed to make him an attaché of the embassy which was just about to leave for Shanghai, and possibly Nankin. The Imperial Commissioner with whom Colonel Marshall was to treat was at that time at the head of the Chinese army, which was attempting to put down the revolt headed by Tien-Teh, and afterwards by Tae-Ping. The proposal took Bayard by surprise, but he could not hesitate a moment. The possibility of seeing Nankin, a city which not more than half a dozen Europeans had at that time ever visited, was enough in itself to decide him. So the next day he was again on board the Susquehanna.

"It was worth all my long wanderings in foreign lands and among strange races," he writes, "to experience the pride and satisfaction of walking the deck of a national vessel, and hearing again the stirring music of our national airs. One must drink deep of absence and exile to learn the tenderness of that regard for his native land which at home lies latent and unsuspected at the bottom of his nature. I want no man for a friend whose heart will not beat more warmly at the sight of his country's banner floating on a distant sea."

The Susquehanna reached Shanghai March 28th, and three days later the commissioner decided to start for Nankin. Unfortunately, the vessel was very ill-managed by the pilots, and after repeated attempts to ascend the river it was pronounced impracticable, and the Susquehanna returned to Shanghai. As a matter of fact the same vessel went up with great ease the next summer. All sorts of rumors reached Shanghai as to the success of the rebels and the probable fate

of Shanghai itself, and the period of Bayard Taylor's detention there was one of great excitement, as well as of unusual opportunities for obtaining a knowledge of China and the Chinese.

At last on the 3d of May the mail-steamer arrived bringing the European and American mails, and news that Commodore Perry had left Hong Kong; the next day the Mississippi, his flagship, dropped anchor beside the Susquehanna. Bayard Taylor at once presented himself to the commodore with his letters, and after some diplomacy received the appointment of master's mate.

TO HIS MOTHER.

SHANGHAI, CHINA, *May* 8, 1853.

The question is settled this morning, and fortunately just in time for the mail which closes this afternoon. I am to accompany the expedition to Japan, in the capacity of — imagine it if you can! — master's mate! with a salary of $300 a year, and six dollars a month for rations. Oh, what a falling off! From the attaché of an embassy to master's mate on board a man of war. Think of me hereafter as wearing a blue coat, with big gilt buttons, a gilt anchor on the front of my cap, and a terrible sword by my side. I belong to the great American Navy — that glorious institution which scatters civilization in every broadside, and illuminates the dark places of the earth with the light of its rockets and bomb-shells. Now shall the name of Taylor be as renowned upon the sea as it already is upon the land.

Seriously, I consider myself most fortunate. The rules of the Navy Department are so strict in regard to the expedition that nobody has been allowed to accompany it except in some naval capacity. Everybody has been refused. English noblemen, German barons, and American scholars have applied in vain, and the mere chance of a vacancy in a merely nominal office has enabled me to join. I shall have nothing to do connected with the service, except in case of need, to act as messenger from one part of the squadron to another, or similar small duties. The captain of the Susquehanna, who is my fast friend, applied to have me as his clerk. The commodore refused, and

for a few days I had not the slightest hopes of going. By dexterous management I have succeeded in bringing a good deal of influence to bear upon the commodore, who is a blunt, honest old fellow and well-disposed towards me, and he this morning gave his consent. He prefers that I should join as master's mate, because I should then be under his immediate command, and could accompany him in all his official visits and excursions on shore. This will give me the very position I seek. I shall mess with the midshipmen of the Susquehanna, and the artist (an old friend of mine), daguerreotypist, and telegraphist. The rules of the service forbid me writing a line for publication[1] and oblige me at the end of the cruise to give up my journal to the Navy Department. But I shall have little difficulty, through Commodore Perry's aid, in reclaiming it and publishing a history of the expedition.

In this, however, he was disappointed. He kept a full journal, which was delivered to the Navy Department, but never returned to the writer. He was obliged, therefore, to rely upon his memory and upon his letters home to write, after he had left the service, a brief narrative of his share in the expedition. He regretted this especially in the case of the visit which he made to the Loo-Choo Islands, of which he made a full report to Commodore Perry, who pronounced it of great value. It was used, as well as other portions of his journal, by Dr. Hawks in his "Narrative of the Expedition of an American Squadron to the China Seas and Japan," published by Congress in 1856.

The Susquehanna, which had become the commodore's flagship, left Shanghai May 17th, for a trip to the Loo-Choo Islands and afterward to the Bonin Islands. On returning to Loo-Choo June 24th, the Plymouth, one of the vessels of the squadron, was found in the harbor, having on board the mail for the Sus-

[1] He received permission, however, to write to the *Tribune* special letters, which first passed under the commodore's eye.

quehanna. It was welcome news to Bayard Taylor, for he had had no word from America since he left Alexandria, December 8, 1852, and the large package of letters which had been accumulating for him at different places, and had at last been forwarded to Hong Kong, gave him abundant food for thought on the voyage to Japan. Especially interesting was the intelligence in a letter from his mother that his father had made a bargain for eighty acres of land near the Taylor homestead on his account. His mother had known of his wish some day to own this land, and had brought matters to a successful conclusion. The property thus bought was the Pusey farm, afterward named Cedarcroft, so dear from that time forward to its owner. How exciting to him was the news of the purchase can be judged when one reads the account which he afterward gave of a bit of earth steeped in early and late associations.

"It happened," he says, "that adjoining my father's property there was an old farm, which was fast relapsing into a state of nature. Thirty or forty years had passed since the plough had touched any part of it. The owner, who lived upon another estate at a little distance, had always declined to sell, — perhaps for the reason that no purchaser could be found to offer an encouraging price. Left thus to herself, nature played all sorts of wild and picturesque pranks with the property. Two heaps of stones were all that marked the site of the house and barn; half a dozen ragged plum and peach trees hovered around the outskirts of the vanished garden, the melancholy survivors of all its bloom and fruitage; and a mixture of tall sedge-grass, sumacs, and blackberry bushes covered the fields. The hawthorn hedges which lined

the lane had disappeared, but some clumps of privet still held their ground and the wild grape and scarlet-berried celastrus clambered all over the tall sassafras and tulip trees.

"Along the road which bounded this farm on the east stood a grove of magnificent oaks, more than a hundred feet in height. Standing too closely to permit of lateral boughs near the earth, their trunks rose like a crowded colonnade clear against the sky, and the sunset, burning through, took more gorgeous hues of orange and angry crimson. Knowing that if the farm were sold, those glorious trees would probably be the first to fall, and that the sunset would thereby for me lose half its splendor, I gradually came to contemplate them with the interest which an uncertain, suspended fate inspires. . . . In another wood of chestnuts, beyond the field, the finest yellow violets were to be found; the azaleas blossomed in their season, and the ivory Indian-pipe sprang up under the beech trees. Sometimes we extended our rambles to the end of the farm, and looked down into the secluded dells beyond the ridge which it covered. Such glimpses were like the discovery of unknown lands. How far off the other people lived! How strange it must be to dwell continually down in that hollow, with no other house in sight! But when I build a house, I thought, I shall build it up on the ridge, with a high steeple, from the top of which I can see far and wide."[1]

This was the vision which again rose to his eyes in those far Eastern waters, as he read his letters from home, and although he could not, and did not wish to withdraw from the expedition on which he had set

[1] *At Home and Abroad*, ii. pp. 3-5.

out, his plans and hopes for the future were quickened by the new knowledge.

TO HIS MOTHER.

NAPA, LOO-CHOO, *June* 28, 1853.

I very much hope father has made the bargain with John Pusey. I have always wanted to get hold of the property, and the terms he offers strike me as very reasonable. If I have it, I promise you not a sound tree on the place shall come down. I intend also getting the fifty acres which I proposed buying of father, and later, perhaps the forty now held by Uncle M. My idea is to get as much land as possible adjoining father's property, so as to create a large family homestead estate. I shall not be able to live on my part of it for many years to come, but it will be a satisfaction to secure it, and the money is not lost. . . . If the Japan business is over this summer (which I very much doubt), I shall have a splendid chance to make something out of it. If not, I shall resign my situation and return home, for I cannot remain another year, even for the opportunity of writing the history of the expedition. I am beginning to get a little tired of travel, and I miss the society to which I have been accustomed. I shall not want to leave home again for a long, long time after I get back. . . .

The squadron sailed from the harbor of Napa-Kiang July 2, 1853, and six days later made a headland not far south of the great bay of Yedo. It was not till the 14th that the preliminary ceremonies were dismissed and the first foreign ambassadors since the expulsion of the Portuguese were received on Japanese soil. We have become so familiar with Japan since that day and there has been so much reciprocal relation, that the hasty notes which could be made of sights which were then strange and full of promise have been largely superseded by more liberal narratives, but there remains the very interesting account of a most suggestive meeting of the American and Japanese representatives. Commodore Perry made

only initial overtures on this short visit and returned the following summer to complete the diplomatic relations of the two countries. The squadron now remained but three days longer in the bay of Yedo. On the 17th of July it took its leave and, after a short stay again at Loo-Choo, reached Hong Kong August 7th. Here the squadron was divided, and the Susquehanna after touching at Macao was ordered to Cumsingmoon, a Chinese island about fifteen miles farther north, where was a good anchorage, good water, and healthy air.

TO GEORGE H. BOKER.

U. S. S. SUSQUEHANNA,
MACAO, CHINA, *August* 11, 1853.

Your letter of November 25, 1852, reached me at Loo-Choo on the 25th of June, 1853. So far am I removed from you, from home and civilization. What have I not seen and experienced in that time? yet all that experience seems to be urging me farther and farther away, till I am ready to write to you as to an inhabitant of a different planet. If you could have received a letter which I wrote to you in April last, you would have known what a mighty yearning I have for the old life of home; but that letter now lies at the bottom of the China Sea, in the hold of a sunken steamer, with thirty or forty drowned seamen and lascars. You will see that I have neither forgotten nor neglected you. I do my best to keep the place you have given me in your heart, because every day of my life teaches me better how to value it. Your letter was a rare joy to me, for seven months had passed over my head without a word from home, and I was fast growing reckless and desperate. We were about leaving for Japan, for an indefinite length of time, and in a day or two more I should have been beyond the reach of mails, when one of the vessels of the squadron arrived from Shanghai, bringing me a large packet of letters. I need only say to you that when I received them I nearly cracked my skull against one of the timbers of the orlop-deck, where I was domiciled, without being sensible of the blow.

I suppose you know something of my movements since leaving

London. I hope so, for I am not in the mood for narrating them. They are nearly all thrust far back in my memory by more recent things. I saw Spain and India by the way, and spent two months in China as attaché to the American Legation; and on the arrival of the squadron at Shanghai succeeded in getting on board the flagship for the expedition to Japan by entering the service. Yes, George, I give you liberty to laugh at me to your heart's content. I am nothing but a "master's mate" in the navy, privileged to wear an anchor on my cap, and a blue coat with eighteen buttons; allowed to go up and down the gangways by the port ladders; to smoke cigars forward of the main shaft; to mess in the cockpit; to salute the quarter-deck; to take off my cap to the commodore, and swear at the seamen. I appear at "general quarters" with a cutlass belted at my side; and in Japan I went so far as to stand my night-watch with a loaded carbine, ready to repel the enemies of my country. "I have done the state some service;" but alas! the state will never know or recognize it. Well, we shall at least have a jolly laugh together, when I can tell you of my performances in this new rôle. It will ruin forever my small reputation as a poet, I fear, for the world believes that a poet can never be anything else than a poet, least of all a naval officer.

We sailed from Shanghai in May, and went to the great Loo-Choo island, a place little visited and little known. The commodore made me one of an expedition to explore the interior, which was wholly unknown. We had a remarkable week's work, tramping up mountain and down dale, surrounded with spies, avoided as a pestilence, and yet treated with the greatest possible respect. We were enchanted with the beauty of the scenery, and made some interesting discoveries. Early in June we sailed for the Bonin Islands, eight hundred miles to the eastward, where we found a colony of runaway sailors, living like Robinson Crusoes, with Kanaka women for their mates. Here I was appointed to the command of an exploring party, and had a frightful labor in crawling through impenetrable forests and scaling impassable precipices. It was a task to my liking, and I had one or two manly, resolute fellows with me. The age of adventure is nearly past, but I have had some few tastes of its spirit, — enough, I fear, to subject me to visitations of unquiet and the thirst for a roving, venturesome life for the rest of my days. We returned to Loo-Choo, whence we sailed on the 2d of

July for Japan. How we fared there you will learn from the newspapers. I have sent a full account to the "Tribune." The visit was interesting to me from its historical importance, and it is a source of some satisfaction to have participated in it, but I should never choose Japan as a field of travel. China I hope never to see again. These people lack all sense of art, and their most celebrated productions are at best but labored monstrosities. I have taken an inveterate disgust to them, and shall rejoice greatly when I see their stupid, impassive, yellow visages for the last time. We reached here a few days ago, on our return from Japan ; and as the squadron will not leave again for Yedo before next May, I am about to resign my place and return home by the first opportunity. You may expect me in Philadelphia about New Year's Day, 1854, when I shall claim the welcome, the seat, and the bottle, which you promise me in your new house.

I have been greatly shocked and depressed for the past few days by an accident which occurred while we were lying at Hong Kong. My hammock-boy, who was one of the finest men in the ship, fell overboard during the mid-watch, and was drowned. I was awakened from sleep by his drowning cries, and saw him struggle and sink without being able to save him. He showed a manly attachment for me, which I fully repaid, for wherever I go I must have some one on whom to spend the surplus of my affection. Not two hours before his death he had for the first time partly made me a confidant, for he was of a respectable family and serving under a false name. A large property had been left him, and he was desirous of getting permission to return home. Yet so sadly did the poor fellow talk, and so loath was he to leave the place where my hammock was slung, that I am certain the shadow of death was then upon him. Great God ! is there an unrelenting fate in the world, ever ready to snatch from our lips every cup which might relieve the fever and weariness of life ? That man's last bubbling cry is still in my ears, torturing me anew with doubts of the justice of Providence. I shall never lose the recollection of it. He was one of the maintopmen, who are selected from the best men in the ship, and one of his mates immediately offered to take his place as my boy. I wrote an inscription for the tombstone of another, who died in Hong Kong, and thereby gained the cordial good-will of all the men, who take every occasion to show it by such trifling acts of

attention as they can give me. There are some fine fellows among them, and I shall feel more regret at parting with them than with most of the officers on board. I am waiting for letters by the steamer Powhatan, which went off to Loo-Choo before our arrival, with three months' mails on board. When I get my letters I shall take measures for returning home, probably in a clipper ship, direct for New York, as there are no American vessels up for San Francisco. I shall have ninety days at sea, in that case, — ninety days of perfect rest and quiet, — and shall try to do something in the way of poetry. I shall have little to show you else, and that little, I fear, will disappoint you. There is a poem of mine in the June number of "Blackwood," which you may not have seen, remarkable only for my theft of a measure in your "Song of the Earth." What would I not give to have your new poems and tragedies to read and criticise (!) on the way home! Tell Stoddard that a letter of mine to him lies at the bottom of the China Sea, but I would also write a note to him if he had not neglected me so cruelly. Give my love to him, nevertheless, and to Read, who seems to have dropped me out of his memory.

MACAO, *August* 18, 1853.

Since commencing this letter, I have been at the anchorage of Cumsingmoon, about fifteen miles to the northward of this place. I was there four days, when the commodore, who had taken a house here, sent for the artists (among whom I am classed) to come down, and take up their quarters in a large building which he has hired as an hospital for seamen. It is a fine old Portuguese mansion, in the highest part of the town, and we find it an airy and agreeable residence for a tropical summer. Here I shall stay until I leave for home. I have not yet recovered from my regret at leaving the noble old Susquehanna, and nothing but my long absence from home, and the necessity of returning to take charge of my neglected business matters, prevents me from remaining and seeing the cruise to an end. In spite of all its disagreeable features this ocean life exercises a powerful fascination upon me, and I find myself frequently lamenting that I am not young enough to adopt it. This is idle and ridiculous, of course, but we can't always control our fancies; and for my part, I am as prone to whimsical longings as a pregnant woman. The secret of it is, perhaps, that there are among the men a few blunt, hardy, honest, and wholly manly natures, whom I cordially

esteem, and who, in their rough way, show an attachment for me. Since I parted with my Spanish muleteer in Gibraltar, theirs are the first faces in which I have read a manly affection for myself, — an affection in which I feel honored. There is room in one's heart, you know, for a score of these simple friendships, and I am restless and unhappy when I am without them. Do not fear that I am prodigal of my feelings, and shall spend all their best warmth during my rovings, so that I shall go back to you with a languid love. No, my dear George, we know each other too well for anything to shake that steady faith in each other which is the greatest happiness Heaven has left to me.

You speak of changes which absence and my varied experiences have wrought in me. Alas! I fear you will find little growth in anything, except in my attachment to yourself. I have gained, indeed, a considerable accession of mere knowledge, and perhaps a better insight into the mysteries of human nature; but I do not feel that I have advanced in art, or am, as I should be by this time, a better poet. Perhaps when the harvest of new thought shall be ripe I may find my gain, for I cannot say that I am disheartened by the consciousness of how little I have done. You may see in Putnam's new magazine a poem called "Camadeva," which I sent him. It is a fair sample of the few I have written — the sum of my labors for two years! I feel a kind of shame creep over me when you speak of your hopes for me.

I have relented towards Dick, and send him a note by the same mail which carries this. But the lazy fellow has no excuse for not writing to me. What is he doing? My latest news from home are no later than the middle of February. The Powhatan has not yet returned from Loo-Choo, but is hourly expected, as she is overdue. I must close without waiting to see whether there is another letter from you in her, for the mail leaves to-morrow for England. The chances are that I shall leave here in three or four weeks, and reach home by the close of the year. It will be a bad season for such a sun-enamored body as mine, after nearly two years of tropical existence. You must keep a warm corner for me at your fireside, and I don't think a warm potation would hurt either of us, when the winter nights are longest and coldest. Would you were here, even in this torrid August weather, that we might stroll to the garden and grotto where our brother Camoëns wrote the "Lusiad!"

And now, please God, I drop my correspondence with you until we meet face to face. Give my kindest regards to Mrs. Boker and your father's family. God bless you!

TO R. H. STODDARD.

U. S. S. Susquehanna,
Cumsingmoon, China, *August* 13, 1853.

. . . I fear I shall go back to you the same mere lyrist as of old, with a few new Orientalisms in my imagery, an additional glow and color, perhaps, in my cup of wine, but nothing else. I shall have little to show, and that little, I fear, will disappoint you, if you have been measuring my growth in the mean time by your own. I have relapsed into a traveler, an adventurer, seeking the heroic in actual life, yet without attaining it; satisfied with the sensation of animal existence, and more admiring and more thinking of the lusty joys of living and breathing among my fellow-men than of the glorious art to which I once devoted myself. It has repaid me, however, by inspiring me with a warm sympathy with all kinds and classes of men, and I shall have, for some years to come, friends in the deserts of Nubia, the mountains of Spain, and among the hardy seamen of our navy, who, I am sure, will remember me with kindly feeling. The experience of the last two years has been most valuable to me in every respect. It has vastly increased my sum of mere knowledge, and, most of all, my knowledge of human nature. I have a rich store of material to work up in after life, if I live, and my art does not forsake me. . . .

Commodore Perry, on learning that a prolonged absence would be a serious disadvantage to his extemporized master's mate, good-naturedly gave him permission to resign, and on the 5th of September he took the anchor from his cap, bade adieu to his messmates, and embarked on board the steamer for Canton. He was much touched by the hearty good-will of the men of the Susquehanna, who sent a deputation to the captain and begged permission to man the rigging and give him three cheers. "It could not be granted," he says in a letter to his mother, "as such

a compliment is only allowed for a commodore or captain, and my rank as an officer is three grades below the latter; but here the will is the same as the deed. It is the most grateful compliment I ever received; for it came from a body of three hundred men, none of whom knew me as an author, but only as a man, and it was all genuine; there is no humbug in a sailor's heart. When the captain told me of it, I sent for the men who had come to him, and told them to thank the crew for me."

After a short stay in Canton he embarked September 9th on the Sea-Serpent, a merchant-ship bound for New York round the Cape of Good Hope. The quiet sailing through summer seas was a pleasant time for retrospect. There was work to do in rewriting letters which had been lost at sea, and more than a score of poems found their way upon paper. It would seem as if in that long suspense between continent and continent he had leisure to distill the essence of his two years of travel. As he was looking toward New York, he wrote in his diary: —

"December 2, 1853. We are to-day 2,400 miles from New York, having already sailed somewhat more than 12,000 miles. I can scarcely yet realize that I am so near home, and that in three weeks I may be under that roof where so much parental and fraternal kindness awaits me. Yet I am becoming restless and impatient, and rejoice that the tasks I proposed to myself, in starting, are so nearly accomplished. Of all the crowd of poems with which my mind was pregnant, three only are still awaiting their parturition: the lost letters have been rewritten, and the unwritten ones likewise; and of the sketches of Eastern travel I determined to fill up, there only remains the work

of four or five days. I shall go home with clean books, and a mind which, if not precisely a *tabula rasa*, is at least free from the reproaches of a poetical conscience — to me quite as hard to bear as those of a moral one." . . . The last entry in the journal is, "Landed at New York Dec. 20th, at 2 P. M."

CHAPTER XII.

FRUIT AND FLOWER OF TRAVEL.

1854.

Unto the desert and the desert steed
Farewell! The journey is completed now:
Struck are the tents of Ishmael's wandering breed,
And I unwind the turban from my brow.
L'Envoi (in "Poems of the Orient").

Now Fame approached, when I expected least
Her noisy greeting.
The Picture of St. John.

When Bayard Taylor came home after two years of travel he found his name far more widely known than he had imagined. There could be little opportunity for him, while wandering, to know of the interest which people took in his wanderings, but he had been keeping himself in the minds of his countrymen in the most effectual way. "The 'Tribune' comes next to the Bible all through the West," he once wrote to his mother with an amused pride, and the readers of the "Tribune" had heard his voice more than a hundred times, when he had been living with scarcely a sound from home. Now he was to hear and see the public in the most emphatic manner. The lecture system, outside of the great eastern cities where new attractions had begun to divide the field, was at its height, and in the West especially a popular lecturer enjoyed the highest favor.

As soon as it was known that Bayard Taylor had

returned to America, invitations to lecture poured in upon him, and in a short time he had received so many that he saw a new and prosperous vocation open clearly before him. He was busy preparing his notes and arranging his evenings, and wrote to Mr. Boker when he had been in the country but ten days: "I am overwhelmed with invitations to lecture, and shall have to visit every town from Maine to Wisconsin, between now and April." He had no admiration for himself as an orator. "I have a quiet laugh to myself now and then," he writes to Mr. Fields, "at the idea of being a popular lecturer, I who have no faculty for anything like oratory. I see how it is that people are interested in what I say; but that does n't lessen the absurdity of the thing. I care no more for the applause I receive from lecturing than if it were bestowed on somebody else; the only advantage I am conscious of is, that I can stand up in the face of the multitude without feeling embarrassed."

The explanation of his success as a lecturer is a very simple one. He had already acquired a reputation as a man of wide experience, who wrote agreeably and freshly of what he had seen; he had an interesting story to tell, and he told it frankly, without affectation, with hearty good-nature, speaking as a man to his friends. It was for him a profitable but irksome mode of publication. He had a vigorous constitution which had been reinforced by his life in the open air in the East, and he endured the fatigue which attends incessant traveling and speaking as few men in his place could endure it. It was wearisome to see so many people, to hear the same things said to him in each place, and for that matter to say very much the same things himself, yet in no other way than by lec-

turing could he so rapidly accumulate the means which would rid him of all literary drudgery.

Besides lecturing he needed to prepare at least three books of travel from his letters, journals, and notes, and he set about them in the order of his tour. "A Journey to Central Africa: or, Life and Landscapes from Egypt to the Negro Kingdoms of the Nile; with a Map and Illustrations by the Author," was published by Mr. Putnam in August, 1854, and "The Land of the Saracens: or, Pictures of Palestine, Asia Minor, Sicily, and Spain," later in the same season. A year after appeared "A Visit to India, China, and Japan in the Year 1853."

The labor of preparing these books, together with a revised edition of "Views Afoot," kept him constantly in reminiscence of his experience; wherever he went he found himself recognized as a traveler; the form of recognition was often exceedingly distasteful, but the fact could not be overlooked that people believed in him as having unusual gifts as a painter in words of landscape, scene, and costume. Above all, he had, he was obliged to confess to himself, a real love of seeing many cities and men, and of coming face to face with nature in strange and distant moods. It is no wonder, then, that at this period of his life he should have come to regard his travel as more of an end and less as a mere means. He had become somewhat reconciled to a view of himself which came more closely to an agreement with the popular conception of him than he would once have been willing to admit.

"It would be strange," he says, speaking of his Eastern travel, "if an experience so prolonged should not sensibly change the bent of an author's mind. It was not the sphere of activity which I should have chosen,

had I been free to choose, but it was a grateful release from the drudgery of the editorial room. After three years of clipping and pasting, and the daily arrangement of a chaos of ephemeral shreds, in an atmosphere which soon exhausts the vigor of the blood, the change to the freedom of Oriental life, to the wonders of the oldest art, and to the easy record of impressions so bright and keen that they put themselves into words, was like that from night to day. With restored health the life of the body became a delight in itself; a kindly fortune seemed to attend my steps; I learned something of the patience and fatalistic content of the races among whom I was thrown, and troubled myself no longer with an anxious concern for the future.

"I confess, too, that while floating upon the waters of the White Nile, while roaming through the pine forests of Phrygia or over the hills of Loo-Choo, I learned to feel the passion of the Explorer. Almost had I eaten of that fruit which gives its restless poison to the blood. It is very likely that, had I *then* been able to have marked out my future path, I might have given it the character which was afterwards ascribed to me.

"I will further confess that the unusual favor with which those three volumes of travel were received, perhaps, also, the ever-repeated attachment of 'traveler' to my name, and that demand for oral report of what I had seen and learned which threw me suddenly into the profession of lecturing, with much the sensation of the priest whom Henri Quatre made general by mistake, I will confess, I say, that these things did for a time mislead me as to the kind of work which I was best fitted to do." [1]

[1] *By-Ways of Europe:* "A Familiar Letter to the Reader."

To this frank confession should be added the significant fact that while thus going with the stream, he found his happiest work in shaping a new volume of poems and in ordering his new domain of Cedarcroft. We have seen how abundantly the Oriental life had flowed in song during his reminiscence of it, especially when homeward bound. He added now a few more poems, and collected the material into "Poems of the Orient," published in the fall of this year by Ticknor & Fields, and the hearty reception given to the volume by the public gave him surprise and genuine pleasure. His very lecturing tour brought him many reminders that among those who listened to him as to a traveler were others who knew him more intimately as a poet.

When he bought Cedarcroft he wove an invisible web about himself. Every tree which he planted invited him to rest beneath it; the sunset through the oaks was the background to his reveries, and his mind, when at leisure from arduous duties, turned wistfully to the fields and copses which his ardent youth had known. In the midst of his busy life he was always snatching a moment to send a few lines to his mother, with money for the purchase of trees and shrubs and directions as to the planting. The place grew in his heart as the homestead for all; he heard with alarm and strong dissatisfaction of his father's wish to move to the village of Kennett Square; he had chosen the spot where he meant to build a large house. For here it may be said, without the particulars which do not belong to the public, that Bayard Taylor was as loyal to his family as if they formed together a Scottish clan. From the first moment that fortune breathed on him he made haste to bring them all under the same warm air.

His long absences both from New York and from Kennett, while lecturing, gave slight opportunity for literary work beyond a poem which now and then called for expression, and his correspondence suffered from the same cause. He wrote often to his mother, but chiefly detailing his movements and the meetings which he had with members of the family or neighbors whom he met in the West; he was obliged, also, to write on the business of his book to Mr. Fields, and the occasion was pretty sure to call out something besides business, and he found moments of comparative leisure when he enjoyed a friendly word with Mr. Boker and Mr. Stoddard. From early in January until the end of April he was constantly moving from town to town.

TO GEORGE H. BOKER.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., *Sunday, February* 5, 1854.

I am passing my Sunday alone here, resting after a week's hard work, and have just read your letter over again to dispel my loneliness. I wish I could see your face for an hour to-day, for our last meeting was little more than a mutual exposition of our poetical labors. . . . I am perhaps happier, or at least stronger, than you suspect. Strong emotion of any kind always carries the expression of sadness, and when I was last with you I was subdued almost to tears by the recollection of your sympathy during my season of trial, of the stay which your friendship gave me in my weakness, of the constancy with which your sympathy followed me in my long absence, and by the great joy of meeting you again. Do not suffer all the debt to be on my side. . . .

I passed through Philadelphia twice last week on my way to and from Baltimore, but had barely time to get from one station to another. In Baltimore I had a great triumph. I spoke to four thousand people in a hall three hundred and fifty feet long. It was a new and proud experience to magnetize so many persons at once. I soon felt that I could enchain their attention, and was never more confident and collected. In Albany, also, I

had great success, hundreds being unable to get into the hall. I have now not a single evening vacant before the middle of April, and am refusing invitations daily. To-morrow here, then in Salem, Amesbury (where I spend a night with Whittier), Manchester, N. H., etc., and next week Rochester and Buffalo. It is a profitable business, but I consider the money well earned. . . .

I have not seen Dick for a week. The poem was his, and I am glad you like it. He has half a dozen other charming little things in MS. My own brain is beginning to ferment again as the vernal equinox draws nigh, but I shall have no chance of relieving it until this vagabondage is over. I like your "Standard" better than ever, after reading it in "Graham." Don't be lazy, George, but have one of these library drawers filled by the time I come to see you. I long to take possession of that bit of "Gulistan" which you have given me in your third story, and to smoke away the nights with you in your library. I could forget the Orient there, but here, with the mercury at zero every morning, my Arab blood is chilled. Write to me as often as you can.

TO JAMES T. FIELDS.

PENN YAN, N. Y., *February* 17, 1854.

. . . When shall we have a chance to notice the changes which three years have made in each other? I am going to be in Boston in May, and can hardly hope to see you before then, as my engagements in the West will detain me until the middle of April. This lecturing is a great business. I have sixty-five engagements, and have delivered twenty or thirty. Everywhere I have crushing houses. This afternoon a special train comes down from Canandaigua, solely on my account! Curiosity is alive to see "The Great American Traveler." It provokes and humiliates me, but I suppose it is natural, and I must submit to it. But I would give all this noisy popularity for a quiet evening with you.

TO HIS MOTHER.

CORNING, N. Y., *February* 25, 1854.

. . . I inclose ten dollars to pay the expense of getting fifty more pine-trees, making one hundred altogether. I want them set to the north and west of where the house will stand, along the fence and among the other trees, so as to form rather a dense

grove. A protection of this kind is needed to keep off the northwest winds. Fred knows where the house will stand.

My lectures continue to be as popular as ever. The houses are crowded, and people come here, fifteen and twenty miles, to hear me. I find that everybody, literally *everybody*, has read my letters, and knows me already. Such introductions as I must go through with! I am stared at and pointed at as if I were the great Gyaskutos itself. It is not very pleasant, but I must pay the penalty. However, it makes me acquainted with many excellent people all over the country, so that, wherever I go, I am never among strangers.

A pleasant account of the manner in which he made friends, when on his lecturing tours, appears in a reminiscence by a writer in the Troy (N. Y.) "Whig," after Bayard Taylor's death: "I met him first," the writer says, "after his return from India, and knowing him then only as the 'great American traveler,' and never having read or heard as to his personal appearance or manner, was prepared for the manifestation in him of anything that was distant, cool, dignified, repelling, or repressing. He was as much a stranger to all the others who were present on this occasion as to me, and he must have known by his keen power of studying character that those whose guest he then was regarded him with great respect and admiration. But from the first moment of his introduction to the end of his visit, the ease of his manner, the attention which he paid to the various queries which were propounded to him, the full and intelligent information that he conveyed, and the graphic words in which he described what he had seen and heard, and which we desired most particularly to hear, won me away from my preconceived notions as to his style and bearing, and left him forever enshrined in memory as one who

'Bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman.'

"I had listened for some time to his intelligent descriptions, enunciated with extreme modesty in the modulated tones of his pleasing voice, when Tom, a large Maltese cat, entered the room. At Mr. Taylor's invitation Tom approached him, and as he stroked the fur of the handsome cat, a sort of magnetism seemed to be imparted to the family pet, for he rolled over at the feet of his new-made friend, and seemed delighted with the beginning of the interview. In the most natural manner possible, Mr. Taylor slid off, as it were, from the sofa on which he had been sitting, and assuming the position of a Turk on the rug before the sofa, remained there for ten or fifteen minutes, playing with delighted Tom in the most buoyant manner, still continuing his conversation but changing the subject, for the nonce, to that of cats, and narrating many stories respecting the weird and wise conduct of these animals which are at once loved and feared by the human race." [1]

TO R. H. STODDARD.

BUFFALO, *March* 5, 1854.

. . . I have lectured nine times since I saw you, and have had great success everywhere. Crammed houses; women carried out fainting; young ladies stretching their necks on all sides, and crying in breathless whispers, "There he is! *that's* him!" etc.

Believe me, Stoddard, it is a miserable business, this lecturing. There is some satisfaction in finding so many persons that have known you, and read what you have written, and feel a sincere interest in you, and are kind and hospitable towards you, but, oh the vanity and vexation of hearing the same remarks twenty times a day, and being obliged to answer questions that have become hideous by endless repetition. I wonder how I retain my patience under it all. Sometimes I snap them rather short off, but they think it 's my way of talking, and are not offended. I find that this business of traveling has entirely swamped and

[1] *Troy Morning Whig*, December 23, 1878.

overwhelmed my poetical reputation, except with a few sensible people here and there. People can't see that if I had not been a poet, I should never have had such success as a traveler. Then to hear remarks made about me and my lectures, in the cars and hotels, by people who don't know me personally, it 's amusing, yet humiliating, for I am not flattered by the value they put upon me. There is not the least fragment of discrimination in it. Most of them admire me hugely for having gotten over so much ground, and some are inclined to sneer because the others admire. Altogether, the experience is interesting and useful, but I foresee that I shall soon get enough of it.

TO JAMES T. FIELDS.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., *March* 16, 1854.

Your letter has reached me at last, after chasing me all over the West. I shall be in Boston (I hope and expect) about the last of April, so I shall certainly see you before your departure. How long shall you be absent? I hardly envy you the journey just now, for I desire nothing so much as rest. I have had no rest since I reached home, and shall have none for a month or two to come. But I *must* see you before you leave for many reasons. And to come to the main subject at once, I *do* desire to bring out a new volume of poems in the fall. They are mostly Eastern in subject or spirit, and I think of calling them "Poems of the Orient." But few of them have been published. I have forty or fifty in all. As my work on my African travels will appear in August, and another on Syria, Asia Minor, and Spain in November, I think if I could get out the poems in October they would come in *à propos* to the travels. I want to show you the poems, and discuss the subject of their publication.

I am afraid my "Romances," etc., have been an unfortunate investment for you. I have fully made up my mind that the book has been a complete failure. Now, James, I want to know the exact truth. If you remember rightly, I promised to make up whatever deficiency there might be. I have not the slightest idea that the book has paid the expense of publication, and I want to know my indebtedness. I did hope a rather more favorable result, but am not disheartened, seeing that in order to have a great sale one must adopt the style of Tupper or Alexander Smith.

Therefore, if a limited sale proves that I have no resemblance to

those worthies, I am well satisfied. But I do not intend that you shall lose a penny by my failure. I make Ticknor & Co. my preferred creditors, and there are still sufficient assets in my hands to pay you one hundred cents on the dollar. Make no bones about the matter, my dear James, but come down upon me as you would upon an absquatulating book-agent.

TO HIS MOTHER.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., *March* 16, 1854.

Here I am, in the wilds of Wisconsin, just come in from a journey of three or four days on the Rock River prairies. I have the most astounding success all through the West. The little country towns all give me fifty dollars a lecture, and cram their halls and churches. People come ten, fifteen, and twenty miles over the prairie in their wagons to see and hear me. They *all* take the "Tribune" and read every one of my letters conscientiously, and their great curiosity is to see what sort of an animal I am. They are greatly disappointed because I am not forty-five years old. I had no idea before that I was half so well known. I am carried from place to place in triumph, have the best rooms at hotels, the most obsequious attention, and am stared at in a way that quite puts me out of countenance. At Rockford they gave me a serenade. Some of the farmers' wives are so overcome with awe when I am introduced to them that they cannot say a word. It 's puzzling to me to see this ; I examine myself to see what I am, and find myself to be somebody else than I thought I was. Why, there are men coming down from Janesville (seventy miles off) to hear me lecture to-night here, although I have lectured in Janesville once already. The people are infatuated, and I can't understand why. It is a new and curious experience. If I lecture next winter I can spend three months in the West, and have engagements for every night.

Mr. Fields relieved his mind with regard to the fortune of "A Book of Romances." "It has sold," he writes, "to that extent which leaves the author thereof uncalled upon to pay. . . . Do let us publish the other volume of poems. Stoddard had the MS., and I borrowed it to read in the cars going home from New

York last Saturday. It is fine throughout, and one poem in particular, one of the longest, is one of the best pieces from anybody's pen that has appeared for years. It is that where the Arab tells his love, and relates how he carried off his lady on the back of El-something." [1]

TO JAMES T. FIELDS.

St. Louis, Mo., *April* 15, 1854.

Behold me here, in the Missourian wilds, on my lecturing crusade! I have half a mind to run up to Nebraska and roll out one of my harangues to the unsettled prairies of that great country. I am doing my best to fulfill my engagements in the West, but the invitations increase in geometrical ratio; so that I have finally set a limit, and now sternly decline the entreaties which still pour in upon me from all sides. The programme of my season is at length completed, and if you knew how arduous and incessant my labors have been for the past three months, you would congratulate me heartily. I lecture to-night for the sixty-eighth time, and have still twenty more appointments.

I have to be at Portsmouth, N. H., on the 9th of May, so you may expect me in Boston on Monday afternoon, May 8th, and on Thursday, May 11th, all day. Now I sincerely trust you have not engaged to leave for England before that time, for I look forward to a night with you as a hart panteth for the water-brooks.

What you say of my Book of Lyrics, etc., my dear James, is not wholly calculated to satisfy me. I believe you to be wicked enough to equivocate in such matters, for the purpose of sparing your friends. I am not altogether certain that you have not done so in the present instance, and ask you solemnly, in the words of Chadband, "Is that *Terewth?*" And why is it not *Terewth*? O my young friend, tell me why!

I am highly gratified with your approbation of my Orientalities. Of course I want you, and no other, to have the book, and your willingness to bring it out, after the former failure, surprises me even more than it pleases me. I will see that you have the entire copy in season to publish in September or October, if you choose. But of all this, and much more, we will dis-

[1] El-Azrek in the poem "Amran's Wooing."

course when we meet, three weeks hence. Pray Heaven that I find you still at your post. I know of no man just now the sight of whom would refresh me more. This is merely a scrawl to remind you of my whereabouts, doings, and plannings. My lectures are mightily successful, but I am very tired of being shown up as a lion, and long to meet with somebody who don't consider me a phenomenon.

TO HIS MOTHER.

NEW ALBANY, IND., *April* 23, 1854.

. . . I had crowded houses at Indianapolis, many persons coming seventy miles to attend. You must know, by the by, that I am a professor in the Indiana State College. They wanted me to lecture for them, and in order to secure for me the College Hall, which no one can use except a member of the Faculty, the trustees elected me Professor of History *pro tem.* I was very sorry I could not go after that ; but I have promised to lecture for them next winter, and shall not resign my professorship until that time. . . . I shall reach New York in just two weeks from to-day. Last night was my seventy-fourth lecture, and I have thirteen more to deliver before going home. I shall wait until next spring before setting out more pines on my place, as it is now rather late in the season. I shall no doubt want two rows in some places, and perhaps three. If I ever come to live on my property I think I shall make it entirely a grazing farm, which will be much more easily managed and quite as profitable. . . .

NEWARK, OHIO, *April* 30, 1854.

. . . I have six more lectures this week (every night) which will take me back to New York. Next week I must visit Boston, on business, and lecture in Portsmouth, N. H., and Lawrence, Mass. Week after next I shall lecture twice in Wilmington, and be at home. Week after that I shall lecture in West Chester, which will close this season's work, thank Heaven ! I am quite fagged out, not with speaking, but with traveling, and with being shown up, introduced, questioned, visited and made to visit, handshaken, autographed, honorary membershiped, complimented, censured, quizzed, talked about before my face by people who don't know me, written about in the papers, displayed on handbills, sold on tickets, applied to for charitable purposes, and the Lord knows what else. Nevertheless, my

voice is in splendid order, stronger and clearer than ever before, and I still keep every ounce of my 172 pounds of solid flesh. . . . It is said that a rolling stone gathers no moss, but I think I've gathered something that will feather my nest quite as well.

TO GEORGE H. BOKER.

NEWARK, OHIO, *April* 30, 1854.

. . . I have another piece of good news, in which I am certain of your congratulations, — Ticknor's offer to bring out my Oriental poems in the fall, and of course I intend doing it. Fields writes me that the other volume *paid expenses*, but, between ourselves, I doubt it. Fields would rather lose something out of his own pocket than acknowledge to me that the book was a failure. I have half a dozen more Orientals to write, which will make about fifty poems in all, and clear off, I hope, all the small fry on which I have been engaged. I shall then go steadily to work on my "Picture of St. John," which, you may remember, was commenced three years ago. I have two or three large canvases in my studio, and hope that time and energy may be allowed me to fill them up.

This western tour, thank God! is nearly over. Last night I lectured for the eightieth time, and I have ten more engagements to fill. I shall be in New York in another week, and shall then visit Boston and New Hampshire. I am tired to death of being introduced to people, answering questions (many of them silly enough), and being stared at with a mixture of curiosity and awe as "the man that went to Africa." Fame (if this is it) is not worth the trouble we take to get it. There is, however, a counterbalancing pleasure in the knowledge that one has written things which tens of thousands have had delight in reading. I have been touched by an incident related to me the other day, of a man in Ohio who rode several miles one raving night to borrow the "Tribune," in order that his sick wife might read my letters, which, it seems, had a cheery effect upon her. I have also met numbers of bright-eyed children (God bless them!) who were as eager for my letters as for Robinson Crusoe, and who seem so delighted to see me and talk with me that I take my notoriety gratefully, with all its annoyances. On the whole, I am immeasurably cheered and strengthened by this winter's experiences, and I pray God to keep me from all undue exaltation

of mind on account of it. I foresee that this popularity is temporary, and that somebody else will soon take my place ; but it is a great happiness to feel *once* in your life that you have achieved something which has given you an interest in the minds of your countrymen and a warm place in their hearts. I expect to call at 506 Walnut Street on the morning of May 16th, on my way to Chester County."

TO JAMES T. FIELDS.

NEW YORK, *June* 12, 1854.

. . . I am over head and ears on my "Journey to Central Africa," which must be out by the close of August. There will be a map and fifteen to twenty illustrations, and I am obliged to be my own illustrator, so that my hands are tolerably full. Nevertheless, I shall have the Poems ready whenever you call for them. I suppose if you get the copy in a month it will answer very well. I have added to my stock the following : "Proem Dedicatory — An Epistle from Mount Tmolus ;" "Hassan to his Mare ;" "The Wisdom of Ali ;" "A Pæan to the Dawn ;" "In the Meadows ;" "The Phantom,"— all written since I saw you. Am I not a good boy ? Now I have an "Envoi Extraordinary" and three more Orientals to beget, and then I shall lay my manuscripts at your feet. There will be fifty-five poems in all, and I suppose the volume will make two hundred pages. Don't be alarmed at this, for I pledge you my word that I shall write no more than I have said, and I am going to omit two from the MS. book which you saw. In spite of your advice, I cannot make up my mind to print what seems to me to be tame trash.

TO HIS MOTHER.

NEW YORK, *June* 13, 1854.

. . . I almost regret having come home so soon, when I see what a fine time my brother officers are having in Japan. You will find the account in to-morrow's paper. Perry is perfectly successful, as I said he would be. . . . I have become acquainted with Sami Effendi, the Egyptian commissioner to the Crystal Palace. He is a Circassian by birth, but a good Mahometan, and therefore I like him. I have been daguerreotyped in Arab dress, to be engraved for "Putnam's Magazine." . . .

TO R. H. STODDARD.

KENNETT SQUARE, CHESTER CO., PA., *August* 10, 1854.

Many thanks for your care in forwarding my letters, but many complaints for your not sending a line or two of your own with them. My holiday is nearly up, and I do not wish any more letters sent to this address, as I shall be in New York on Monday night. The country is glorious at this season ; I never saw it more fresh and luxuriant. I have been leading an animal life in the open air, and flourish like a green bay tree. My own trees are growing bravely. I have blistered my hands and torn my coat in trimming out and civilizing a favorite pine grove. I have wrought wonders, as you shall see when you come here with me in October. I have made a seat under the father-pine, and intend putting another seat and writing-desk in the thickest shade. The birds know me already, and I have learned to imitate the partridge and the rain-dove, so that I can lure them to me. I have some superb cedars and the grandest oaks you ever saw. This savagism in the open air has quite destroyed the inclination to write. . . . I have not written a line, and could not if I would. For this chiefest of mercies the Lord's name be praised. I have just thought of a couplet of Goethe's, which please make a note of : —

> "Gray and hoary is all Theory
> Forever green Life's golden tree."

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD TO BAYARD TAYLOR.

SWALLOWFIELD, *August* 18, 1854.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — Thank you very sincerely for your most interesting letter. Your two books and your lectures will have, I doubt not, the great power which you most wish, that of making the Arab character known in the West. Only this very day I find a very distinguished man (Arthur Stanley, the biographer of Dr. Arnold) expressing just your feeling. He tells a most dear friend of his and mine that he "cannot keep away from the East ;" and that you should wish to return thither is far less surprising. You seem to me not unlike an Arab yourself, — frank, loyal, faithful, brave, generous, imaginative, and, above all, nomadic. To keep you in one place would be like fixing a lark to the earth or imprisoning a swallow. Wandering is your destiny, dear friend, and your power of writing and

of speech make it a destiny profitable to your country and to ours. I always thought of Moore's *verses* (they are not poetry) just as you do. Knowing the man well, I liked him as a companion and a wit, but now by publishing his diary he has shown that he was a mere party man, a place-hunter, and a base sycophant to rank, money, fashion, — mammon in every shape. It is a book which ought to do good to authors by showing what bitter apples they swallow who haunt in the form of toad-eaters the tables of the great. Theodore Hook himself was not a more miserable warning. It is a comfort to me that I expressed, two years ago, in my "Recollections," the same opinion of Moore's verses (even his Irish verses), and almost in the same words. Just look at the book; you will find the sentence in one of the chapters on Irish poets. Have you read a little book by Monckton Milnes, called "Palm Leaves"? That is an imperfect approach to your plan. "Les Orientales," by Victor Hugo, far more poems than either Milnes' or Moore's lyrics, are hardly Eastern. Altogether, the ground is left vacant for you, who will best fill it.

If you have read the Preface to "Atherton," it will perhaps give you some idea of my state to say that I have been growing gradually and steadily worse ever since. About six weeks ago I was so much fatigued and excited by a two hours' visit from a friend, who had come from Germany a year before his time in order to see me once again, that from mere exhaustion such a struggle for breath followed my being lifted into bed as made every one believe it the last. So now I am not moved from my chair, but sit night and day on a water cushion, propped by air cushions, my feet sometimes put up on another cushion, and sometimes wheeled to the open window. I grow weaker and weaker, and the digestive powers are failing; but God is very merciful. I believe that his visitation has been graciously sent to draw me to Himself, and He has been pleased to spare my understanding and my affections. I have all material comforts, — servants who nurse me as if I were their mother, a most skillful surgeon, who is also a most dear friend, and neighbors who are so attentive that the difficulty is to exclude visitors who exhaust my strength. Amongst these, dear Lady Russell is the most constant. I see her nearly every day; and once I have seen your acquaintance Mr. George, a clever, idle lad, who will I hope exert his abilities and become a distinguished man. But it is one

of the dangers of English life to be the younger son of a man of large landed property, and so connected that, without being rich himself, he is thrown into all the temptations of luxury and dissipation. His elder brother is in the Guards, and now, I suppose, before or at Sebastopol. God bless you, dear Mr. Taylor. Remember me to my dear American friends, not forgetting Mr. Stoddard. Ever faithfully yours,

M. R. MITFORD.

Write to me, if you have time. This state is uncertain as to duration, although to all appearance the end draws near.

BAYARD TAYLOR TO MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

NEW YORK, *September* 15, 1854.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I can scarcely say how much I thank you for your letter which reached me yesterday. I know how much it must have cost you to write at all, and, if this should not find your health improved, I hope you will not feel bound to exhaust your strength by replying to it. I will still hope that you may be spared to your friends for summers to come; but, if this should not be, the cheerfulness with which you anticipate the great change will sweeten its approach.

I wish I could say something that could cheer the weariness of your illness; but what can I write, except what you must already know, that you have many true friends on this side of the ocean; that many whom you have never seen think of you with esteem and affection, and that their warmest sympathy is with you in your afflictions. If I should never see you again, it will be a happiness to remember that I have seen and known you in your house at Swallowfield. Shall I ever forget that stormy afternoon I passed in your little library? I then hoped that our meeting was but the commencement of an intercourse which I knew I should value the more the longer it existed; for I looked forward then, as now, to visiting England frequently. Your kindness to a rough stranger like myself made me at once your friend, and I shall never think of you otherwise, my dear Miss Mitford, than with the sincerest friendship and esteem. Stoddard and I speak of you often and involuntarily as an old and tried friend, so near and familiar the thought of you has become. You will still live thus in our memories when you shall have left the world, in which we must struggle a little while longer.

My work on Africa will be published in a few days, and I will send you a copy by the first opportunity. It may serve to divert the tedium of your imprisonment. I have tried to fix the sunshine of the East on its pages, and perhaps a little may be reflected into the glooms of your English October. It promises to be very successful here, six or seven thousand copies having been ordered before publication. I am busily engaged upon another, to be called "The Lands of the Saracen," embracing my travels in Syria, Asia Minor, Sicily, and Spain. Three volumes in one season. You see I am not idle, although I work somewhat against my will, for the old Oriental indolence returns now and then.

I am glad you like the idea of the Oriental poems. It remains to be seen whether they will be recognized as successful. A poetical fame is usually of slow growth, and circumstances have obliged me to throw my prose in the way of my poetry. I know perfectly well, however, that literary fame must be *waited for*, not sought; that if I deserve it I shall surely get it, and if I don't deserve it I ought not to wish it.

I have seen nearly all our authors this summer, — Irving, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Willis, and Bryant, — but they are idling at present. Stoddard and I are working side by side, and trying to keep our early vows. There is happiness in the labor, and we are cheerful and hopeful. Heaven grant, my dear friend, that we may be as fortunate as you when the time comes for us to cease working, that we may look back on our successful achievements, and be surrounded by as many and as faithful friends!

But I fear lest it may tire you to read as well as to write, and that I may be making my letter too long. I will write again soon if I can say anything to interest you. God bless you!

Ever faithfully your friend, BAYARD TAYLOR.

TO GEORGE H. BOKER.

NEW YORK, *September* 1, 1854.

What are you doing? This is fine working weather and I am already deep into my second book of travels. I call it "The Lands of the Saracen," as it embraces Syria, Asia Minor, Sicily, and Spain. The poems are all in type, making a volume of two hundred and three pages. They will be published in about a month. My African book is all printed and bound (about four

thousand copies ordered), and will be published in about four days. I shall send you a copy as soon as possible. Stoddard has read the most of it, and prefers it to my other prose works, although he still thinks that it is liable to the same objection, a want of poetic and imaginative description. My plan, however, is to keep poetry in one dish and prose in another, and let those mix them who choose. Dick and I have, for our own amusement, written a poem in imitation of Shelley. Mine is called "A Vision of Sleep," and really reads quite like Shelley. In other respects Dick is lazy, and I am so engrossed by my prose that poetry is dead and buried for the time.

I am receiving any quantity of invitations to lecture next winter, and expect to start on my tour about the 20th of October. I shall be thus employed until May, when I shall resume work on the "Tribune." I had made a pleasant arrangement with Bogue for the republication of my books in London, and now the recent copyright decision knocks it all in the head. How much longer are we to be treated in this beggarly manner by our legislators? I have no hope of the Copyright Treaty ever being ratified by the present Senate.

WASHINGTON IRVING TO BAYARD TAYLOR.

SUNNYSIDE, *September* 12, 1854.

MY DEAR BAYARD TAYLOR, — I am quite grieved that I was from home when you visited Sunnyside last Saturday, and that you did not make yourself at home notwithstanding my absence. Why did you not take command of my little library, such as it is, or while away the sultry day under the trees? My womenkind would have been happy to give you the best entertainment the house afforded. One of my nieces hastened down-stairs to welcome you and was extremely disappointed at finding you had gone. I trust you will act better on any future occasion, and will feel assured that whoever is in the house will be happy to receive you, and should nobody be at home, that the house itself is at your service.

I feel very much obliged to you for the volume you were so kind as to leave, and promise myself great pleasure in once more accompanying you in your African travels.

Yours very cordially and sincerely,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

The older men of letters, of whom Irving was then the recognized dean, always received from Bayard Taylor the respect which he paid to the men who had done honorable service in literature, and gave to him that hearty companionship which age in letters always knows so well how to share with youth. For the men of his own time of life, he had a very cordial sympathy. His letters have already shown how sensitive he was to the affection of his intimate literary friends, but they only rarely hint at the full pleasure which he took in their companionship. Mr. Stoddard, in his "Reminiscences," has given a glimpse of comradery which subsisted between himself, Bayard Taylor, and Fitz James O'Brien, the brilliant young Irish *littérateur*.

"I recall many nights which Bayard Taylor passed in our rooms. . . . Great was our merriment; for if we did not always sink the shop, we kept it for our own amusement solely. Fitz James O'Brien was a frequent guest, and an eager partaker of our merriment, which somehow resolved itself into the writing of burlesque poems. We sat around a table, and whenever the whim seized us, which was often enough, we each wrote down themes on little pieces of paper, and putting them into a hat or a box we drew out one at random, and then scribbled away for dear life. We put no restriction upon ourselves: we could be grave or gay, or idiotic even; but we must be rapid, for half the fun was in noting who first sang out, 'Finished!' It was a neck and neck race between Bayard Taylor and Fitz James O'Brien, who divided the honors pretty equally, and whose verses, I am compelled to admit, were generally better than my own. Bayard Taylor was very dexterous in seizing the salient points of the poets we girded at, and was as happy as a child when his bur-

lesques were successful. He reminded me, I once told him, of Kalterfelto

> 'With his hair on end
> At his own wonders.'

He blushed, laughed, and admitted that his cleverness pleased him, and he was glad that it pleased us also. 'It is good sport,' he remarked; 'but poetry, — that is very different.'" [1]

A writer in the "Tribune" refers to the same mock-duels in an article on Fitz James O'Brien, and instances a case where the theme was "The Helmet." He gives O'Brien's verses: —

> A warrior hung his plumed helm
> On the rugged bough of an aged elm;
> "Where is the knight so bold," he cried,
> "That dares my haughty crest deride?"
>
> The wind came by with a sullen howl
> And dashed the helm on the pathway foul,
> And shook in scorn each sturdy limb, —
> For where is the knight could fight with him?

And here is Mr. Stoddard's poem: —

> Where the standards waved the thickest,
> And the tide of battle rolled,
> Furiously he charged the foeman,
> On his snow-white steed so bold;
> But he wore no guarding helmet
> Only his long hair of gold.
>
> "Turn and fly, thou rash young warrior,
> Or this iron helmet wear."
> "Nay, but I am armed already
> In the brightness of my hair;
> For my mother kissed its tresses
> With the holy lips of prayer."

[1] *The Atlantic Monthly*, February, 1879.

"Mr. Taylor came in last," adds the writer, "though not far behind. He could not write upon the helmet, he explained; he had tried it on his head, and there was nothing in it!"[1] It chanced that Bayard was writing shortly after to Mr. Boker, and sent him his poem.

TO GEORGE H. BOKER.

NEW YORK, *September* 15, 1854.

Dick brought me a deserved reproof from you, but he did not tell you that *he* was the cause of my not sending you a copy of my book by him. The scamp promised to call at my rooms the evening before I left, and I had the book ready to send by him. I shall bring it to you myself in three weeks, or thereabouts. I am glad you like the commencement, for I think it grows better towards the close, and therefore you are certain to like the whole of it. My friends here think it a great advance on my other prose works, and the fact that between six and seven thousand copies have been sold in advance of publication tells well for its success. It will come out on Monday, having been delayed by the necessity of having ten thousand to start with. I have nearly finished my second book of travels, a volume of 450 pages, which will be published about the first of December. Three books in one publishing season! Don't I deserve a medal from the Society for the Promotion of Industry? and now I must have three lectures ready within a month, and then off for six months. How I yearn for next spring, and the prospect of sitting down with all my toil behind me, and a fair field and a clear brain for poetry! I am glad that you agree with me about poetic prose. Dick finds this book nearly free from the objections he had against "Eldorado;" O'Brien, however (a very clever young Irishman and a *littérateur*), stoutly maintains the same opinion. Curtis, who turns his poetry into prose, is vastly delighted with the "Africa," which is a weight in the opposite scale. These opinions are, of course, simply interesting to me, for I do not think I am in the least sensitive about my prose writings. I fully agree with one of your criticisms; "palpable" is wrong, but as for "journey," custom has made it right. Words are often diverted from their original meaning, and we

[1] *New York Daily Tribune*, March 6, 1881.

are not bound to stick to the old usage. "Prevent" is a case in point. Sterne, whose diction is very choice, has a "Sentimental Journey." Besides, we have the verb "to journey," which is never used except in the sense of "to travel." Now, the literal meaning of *travel* is *toil*, and my African travel was a delight and a recreation. "Expedition" will not do at all, and I detest "wanderings," "skippings," "meanderings," and the like. What word *could* I use but "journey?" Tell me that, my master! Nevertheless, don't lay aside your pencil as you read, for these things are useful to me.

Dick, O'Brien, and I were talking the other evening about German ballads, and it was suggested, on the spur of the moment, that we should try our hands on something in the German vein. We chose "The Helmet" as a subject, and had but fifteen minutes to conceive and carry out our ideas. Dick wrote a very pretty thing. As for mine, I copy it as a curiosity which may divert you: —

"If my daughter you would wed,
Bring me your helm," the old man said,
"Full of wealth as it can hold,
Heaped with jewels and heavy with gold;
For I will not give my daughter to share
With the penniless knight his beggar's fare."

Forth to the wars went the penniless knight,
For booty gleams in the wake of fight,
And he will gather. to fill his helm,
The richest spoils of the hostile realm,
Till the miser's heart shall softer grow
When he sees the gold and the rubies glow.

The fight has been fought and the wars are o'er,
And the old man laughed at his palace door
As he saw that the place of the penniless lord
Was filled by a stranger helm and sword;
But his daughter came and knelt where he stood,
And she held a helmet brimming with blood.

"O father, O father, his blood was worth
All the jewels and gold of earth.
It poured from his heart as his eyes grew dull,
And I bring you his helmet brimming full:
You have your will, and I am his bride."
At her father's feet the maiden died.

With these exceptions I have written no poetry of late, and don't expect to write much more before next spring. My vol-

ume of Orientals must buoy me up until then, unless it should prove a dead weight to my feet and drown me altogether. What have you been doing? . . .

I am trying to keep up a supply of animal vigor, by bathing, gymnastics, and the like. I have an excess of physical vitality, which must be ministered to in this way, or it will play the devil with me. I spend half an hour every day in the cold sea-water, and then have a man rub me with hair-gloves until the skin is worn nearly through. I have been practicing this for two or three weeks, and am now in good condition to enter the ring. Look out for my fists, young man, and beware how you provoke my anger! Next summer I am going to enter a gymnasium, and get the use of a horse. I find now, more than ever, that my body never was meant for a sedentary life, and that, if I want to stay at home and achieve something, I must humor it in these ways.

I have just had a letter from Miss Mitford. The dear old lady is near her end, and I am afraid my answer will not find her living.

NEW YORK, *September* 20, 1854.

In the first place, let me thank you for the very kind notice of my book in the "North American." It is everything that I could desire, and more than I deserve. The evident sincerity of the notice is its great merit to me and to my publisher, who has quoted the greater part of it in a circular announcing the fact that the *tenth* thousand of the book is now ready. So you see you are helping my pocket as well as my reputation. When will you give me a chance to do the same good office for you?

. . . I shall finish the "copy" of the second book of travels tomorrow, and shall then commence preparing my lectures. I have just a month left in which to write three and make my visit to Chester County with Dick and you, so it behooves me not to lose time. I have just returned from Tarrytown, where I spent the afternoon with Washington Irving, who is a charming old man and a good friend of mine. There is an autumnal wind on the Hudson, and I have come back with a cold in the head, the result of civilization. If I were in my natural barbaric state, I should have escaped it. This stupid cold must be my apology for this brief note. I write with a muddled head and a languid pen because I would not longer delay telling you how much I thank you.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD TO BAYARD TAYLOR.

September 28, 1854.

My very dear Friend, — Your most charming letter, so tender and so true, has gone straight to my heart, as it came straight from yours. I cannot think of it without tears. Nevertheless, I am well accustomed to touching letters just now, — to marks of goodness, which make me say, "How have I deserved all this kindness?" My own country-people have not failed me; friends and strangers, high and low, all crowd the little court with calls of inquiry, and load the postman with letters; and your great American nation is to the full as warm-hearted. Dear Mr. Fields sent me yesterday a bill for £50, on account of the author's profits of "Atherton;" and when I consider how cheap that *one* volume is, and how short is the time since it has been published, it shows that the number of readers, each of whom they say becomes a friend, is very considerable. Mr. Fields says that it is still "going famously," and, welcome as money is in so long and so expensive an illness, I love the sale which increases my unknown friends better for that cause than for the pecuniary benefit. You will understand this feeling. Many, indeed, of the very best are already my friends by personal acquaintance, as dear Mr. Fields, Mr. Ticknor, the other Mr. Ticknor, — him of the Spanish literature, — your own dear self, and very many more; and others by correspondence, as Drs. Holmes and Parsons, Mr. Hawthorne, Mr. Whittier, Mr. Stoddard, and again many more; and I have always found that the deeper we penetrated into the inner man the more there was to love and to esteem. Only yesterday I had a letter from Mrs. Trollope, my friend of fifty years, and she compliments me on having "pierced the crust of the American character" so much earlier than herself. She writes from Florence, and gives a bad account of Mr. Thompson's health. I had given him a letter for her. She does not say where he is now, giving me credit with being better acquainted with him than I am. She is herself quite recovered, and a wonderful woman. When I was a girl of fifteen she was a woman of two or three and twenty. Now she is a score of years younger, in all but mind and heart; for God has dealt mercifully with me, and spared my affections, and my sympathies, and my tastes; even the small things which interest those around me, the daily trifles, still interest me, — an unspeakable mercy. But the whole

visitation has been sweet. I feel that it was sent to draw me to Him. May He give me grace not to forfeit the occasion!

Since I wrote to you last I have revived to a certain point, so that my death is no longer expected from week to week, or from day to day, or from hour to hour, as was the case then. I owe this under Providence to the admirable kindness of my medical attendant, who, although giving me up, did not abandon the stranded ship, but in spite of his own great practice (he tires a pair of horses a day), and my distance from Reading (six miles), and his own bad opinion of the case, continued to watch every symptom and to exhaust every resource of his great art, as if his own home and fortune had depended on the result. It is, of course, only a short respite, since, humanly speaking, nothing seems so impossible as my surviving the winter, or even the change from autumn to the colder season. Still the amelioration is much, and it is one for which I am intensely thankful. My way of life is no ways changed. I am still incapable of moving from my chair, or even of being lifted into bed; but the weakness is less painful, the cheerfulness less like resignation. His will be done! You give me an added motive for clinging to life in the desire to see you over again. But it is something to look forward to the volume, — that Eastern volume from which I expect so much delight. It has always seemed to me that Saladin was the emblem of mind, and Richard of brute force. The Moorish architecture is one of the really great things of the world. Surely, it influenced that which is called the Gothic. John Ruskin sent me lately some photographs of architecture at Rouen, which at once made me think of the Moors, although he did not mention them. May God bless you! I am desired not to write, but I could not refrain.

Ever yours, MARY M.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW TO BAYARD TAYLOR.

CAMBRIDGE, *October* 4, 1854.

Many thanks for your kind remembrance and the "Journey to Central Africa," which we are reading with great interest and pleasure. I am not going to weary you with the commonplaces and platitudes usually dealt out to authors on such occasions. You know very well already how welcome you and your writings always are under this roof. So I need only thank you for your book as for a visit, and say that you are among friends here under the evening lamps.

I am charmed with your drawings. Can I have one of the original sketches, or a copy by your hand? The "Residence at Khartoum," for instance, or "Abdôm." Of course, I should prefer a sketch made on the spot, but fear you may want to keep all originals.

BAYARD TAYLOR TO HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

NEW YORK, *October* 11, 1854.

I shall be most happy to furnish you with one of my sketches. I presume an unpublished one will be just as acceptable to you as one of those given in the book. The "Residence at Khartoum" was worked up from a very rough sketch, and the "Abdôm" in the original is less satisfactory to me than some others which were not engraved. I have one representing my boat descending the White Nile just at the point where I heard the lions and hyenas and saw the river-horses, which suggested the stanza from your poem,[1] quoted at the head of chapter xxv. I not only wrote the chapter and the stanza while in my boat on the river, but I shouted out the latter to the forests and the lions and the river-horses. The sketches have no artistic merit, but they are faithful representations of the original scenes; and as they can be only interesting to you from the fact of their being made on the spot, I should prefer giving you one with which you are associated in my memories of that fascinating voyage. I shall send it to you by the first opportunity, — unless you should have a particular desire to possess either of the two you named.

I am very glad the book interests you. The writing of it was a great delight to me, and I rejoice at its success among my friends, apart from any literary considerations. Remember me kindly to Mrs. Longfellow, and to Lowell, when you see him.

[1] At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyena scream,
And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds
Beside some hidden stream;
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,
Through the triumph of his dream.
The Slave's Dream.

CHAPTER XIII.

CLEARING-AWAY WORK.

1854–1856.

I breathe a space, between two sundered lives,
And view what now is ended, what survives.
The Picture of St. John.

BAYARD TAYLOR entered the lecture-field in the fall of 1854 with no illusions. The work was distasteful to him, but he knew well that in no other way could he so quickly reach the independence of fortune which was his goal. He pleased himself with the fancy that by hard labor for a year or two more he should be able to dismiss all care for pecuniary return and devote himself with a free mind to poetry. He saw the great journal with which he was connected, and to which he had contributed his strength, prospering and returning dividends to its conductors beyond expectation; his books of travel ran at once into large editions, and his poems, from which he expected no returns, helped to swell his income. The fact that they should sell pleased him out of all proportion to the amount which he received from the sale. It was the evidence that people were not misled into thinking of him only as a traveler and lecturer which pleased him.

The business of lecturing broke up his literary work. It occupied the months when he would naturally accomplish the most, and it left him too tired,

when summer came, for any considerable ventures. This irregular and unfruitful life, and the consciousness that it was after all a passage from the wandering existence he had led to the larger and calmer devotion to art to which he looked forward, disposed him to use the opportunity for clearing away, so to speak, the odds and ends of his previous career. He listened to a proposition made to him by a Western house to prepare a "Cyclopædia of Travel," to be sold by subscription. He saw in the work an opportunity to turn to account his interest in travel and his own experience by putting into compact form a summary of geography. The promises held out to him by the publishers agreed with his own hopes, and he was ready to do a piece of task work which bore to his literary occupation much the same relation as lecturing.

He wrote a few new poems, but in poetry also the same spirit moved him. He busied himself with selecting from his previously published poems, and from these new ones, such as he was ready to place by the side of "Poems of the Orient," and arranged them under the general title of "Poems of Home and Travel," intending to allow this volume to supersede his "Rhymes of Travel," and "Book of Romances, Lyrics, and Songs." With this work, the final preparation of "India, China, and Japan," a revision of "Views Afoot," his lectures, and his "Cyclopædia," he was engaged until the summer of 1856.

TO MR. AND MRS. R. H. STODDARD.

AUBURN, N. Y., *Thursday, November* 9, 1854.

Imagine your friend seated alone in a dreary inn, on the rawest of all raw November afternoons, with a bost idferdal cold id his head, and his mind agitated by doubts as to whether he

will have voice enough to lecture by to-night, and you have a true picture of his situation, mood, and prospects. In this dilemma the wing of my friendship moults a feather, whereby to claim your wedded commiseration. Oh, if I were but back in Washington Square! If I could but step around to-night to 46, smoke my cigar without fear in the presence of the Inexorable, discuss the Theory with Richard, and drive away my cares and my cold together in potations of the Homeric draught! But alas! my friends, this cannot be: here am I in sweet Auburn, with a bad cigar in my mouth, a dinner of corned beef and cold boiled beets in my stomach, a cold which would have delighted Jeremiah, for it makes my head a mill-dam, whereof my nose is the sluice, and the ennui of a public lecture awaiting me. Better look after debentures (whatever they are) like Dick, than enjoy this dismal popularity.

Nevertheless, I had pleasant times in Montreal. I was there three days, had glorious weather, and was treated with great cordiality by the natives. I found that I was very well known there. My lectures were well attended, and I received much courtesy from the editors of the place. I then went to Ogdensburg, lectured once, and took a steamer up the St. Lawrence. It was so cold that the pitcher in my state-room had a lump of ice instead of water, and I could n't sleep for the keen, cutting chill of the air. Here I sowed and planted the grain which has now come *to head*. I commenced an address to the river, but my mind was so numb after the first couplet that I got no farther. I give the lines, as they constitute all the poetry I have written since leaving New York. They are: —

"O St. Lawrence!
Thou 'rt my abhorrence" —

It blew like all furies when we reached the Thousand Islands, and we could just get into Kingston Harbor, when the captain gave up the voyage. I waited half a day for the gale to go down, wandering meanwhile about Kingston, which is a dreadfully licentious place, as I was informed by a clergyman, who added, explanatorily: "I don't say this from my personal knowledge, but I was told so by others." On board the boat there was a curious female specimen, which I describe for Lizzy's edification. She was about thirty-nine years of age, very thin and waspish in form, and with scanty hair of a pale straw color and coarse texture, combed straight back over a narrow, small head, and

belayed around a remarkably high semi-circular comb, of black buffalo horn. Her eyes were small, of a weak whitish-gray, with pink edges and straw-colored lashes. Her face was of the hue of an ancient tablecloth, with a few dabs of butter here and there over its surface. Her teeth were inserted with a picturesque irregularity, and when she smiled I could only liken it to stretching a piece of buckskin over a steel-trap. I admired her at a distance, for I did not dare to approach her. At Ogdensburg, I sat next to a young lady at dinner, whose face was like a raw beefsteak, with two pickled onions upon it. I helped her to the various dishes, and she looked at me admiringly with the pickled onions, and ate so much that the beefsteak hue of her face changed to purple. Since then I have been haunted by a third female, whom, by a singular fatality, I meet wherever I go. Since Monday, we have traveled together on *five* different lines of railway. She is dressed in a black balzorine, with tulle flounces, brought over the shoulder in the basque form, and united on the back by *noeuds ;* the sleeves are half large, with a gore just above the wrist, set between two bias folds, which, you know, Lizzy, gives a very pretty effect to the arm. But my admiration of her dress leads me away from herself. She wears a bag of oiled silk over her head, bonnet and all, with an opening in front, which forms a circle extending from her eye-brows to her underlip. The greater part of this circle consists of *nose*, for the eyes, though large and gray-green, are thrown entirely into shadow by the promontory between them. Wherever I go I see that oiled silk bag and that projecting nose accompanying me. Heaven grant it is not another Coutts, to buy up the front seats at my lectures ! There was a girl yesterday who was traveling alone, and made many advances to me, in the way of smiles, speaking looks, etc., etc. She had a book with a pink cover, which, on looking over her shoulder, I found to be " Louisa, or the Lovely Orphan." She is not on hand to-day, which I regret, for she pleased me better than the oiled silk bag and the nose. I met a native of Iowa last night — a queer fellow, who wanted to know whether I was in the dry-goods business. I told him, No, I was in the hardware line ; and we had a long talk about hatchets, files, shovels, locks, pickaxes, etc., etc. I lectured last night in Oswego to a fair audience ; don't know how many I shall have here, and don't care. I am disgusted with this way of lecturing, and shall never adopt it again. My agent don't know how to arrange matters,

and I won't, and would n't for twice the profit, trouble myself with the details of the business. Hereafter I shall only lecture for societies, where everything is done for me, and I have nothing to do but talk and take the money.

By the bye, my Oriental poems seem to be dead already. They are not advertised, and I see no notices of them in the papers. The "Tribune" has not yet mentioned them, which, I suppose, is owing to election times. Do you know I feel quite indifferent about them now, and have n't the slightest idea that they will sell any better than my last book.

Write to me, both of you, and I 'll write again, with or without a cold in my head. If you write in two days after getting this, direct to Hamilton, C. W. — If you don't, you need not write at all, for the Lord knows where I shall be. Give my kide rebebradces to O'Bried, whed you see hib, ad believe be, ever,

Your sidcere Fred.

His Oriental poems were by no means dead, and the haste with which he pronounced the funeral words was really only one of those precautions which the mind takes to save itself too great disappointment. By saying very distinctly that they were dead he would be equally prepared for the confirmation or the disappointment of his fears. In his wanderings about the country he was cut off from very prompt or frequent knowledge of the fortune of his book, but the letters which found him came sometimes with rare power to kindle him, as when Mr. Lowell wrote: —

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL TO BAYARD TAYLOR.

ELMWOOD, *December* 4, 1854.

It gives me the greatest pleasure to thank you for your volume of poems. It is a great triumph in the opinion of everybody, and I cannot help twitching off my cap to fling it up with the rest. I like it all, but there are some poems whose pathos and deep sentiment I feel that I have a more than common right to be grateful for.

Allow me to say, my dear Taylor, that I have always particularly valued and respected in you that quiet and unconscious

strength of character which has kept you so loyal to your past Bayard Taylor, amid all the temptations of reputation and popularity. It is a constancy as rare as it is admirable. Do not suppose that I have any sad particular in my mind: I am thinking only of general characteristics.

But beware of becoming too deeply enamoured of the sensuous in poetry. It is natural that the pendulum of us Yankees should swing very far away from our Puritan and Quaker extreme — only we must remember that Bacchus was the god of severe tragedy also. What I mean is that you must not trust too far to your own purity, because few of your readers will be able to match it.

Forgive me for preaching, but I am a parson's son, and it runs in the blood, I suppose. I should not have said anything if I had not thought so highly as I do of your book. It gives proof of remarkable development in all directions.

Other evidence came of the success of the book when he could write to his mother: "Ticknors have sold 1,500 copies already, and the demand continues. This, for poetry, is doing wonderfully well. Longfellow and Willis in particular are delighted with the book."

TO GEORGE H. BOKER.

UTICA, N. Y., *December* 10, 1854.

Do not think me ungrateful or neglectful, because I have not before this thanked you for pouring your sunshine upon my Oriental children. I have been dogged to death by labor for the past month, and have been obliged, perforce, to write so many letters that I am thoroughly disgusted with pen and ink. I have no sensation but that of intense weariness. But I turn to you this afternoon as a refuge from my own individual self, which is a devil that I cannot drive away. This dreadful white world and gray sky and bleak air depress me terribly. Light and color, and the joy of breathing and movement, are all lost. I am shut up in a dreary hotel room (you know what that is), and cannot escape my own thoughts. What an awful significance there is in that line of Manfred: —

"Thy curse shall be — to think!"

Life, Death, Eternity, Existence, Destiny, and the humbugs of

the outer life of man, have taken me at a disadvantage, and pricked and goaded me until I can find no peace but in the shadow of your personality. You are the rock in the weary land, and thus I throw myself at your feet in all the selfishness of friendship.

I hear you were to be in New York about this time. Why will you always come when I am absent? By the sword of Haroun, if this happens again, I will call you to account! But I shall see you next week, when I shall spend three days in Philadelphia, and at least two of them with you, O faithless! I am sorry to hear of your trouble about your eyes, and trust you will have recovered sufficiently for cigars by the time we meet.

I met Griswold in Boston ten days ago. He tells me you are reading the proof of Read's new poem; you must have it ready to show to me. I had good news from Ticknor. The second thousand of my poems is rapidly melting away. The book is considered a decided success. Longfellow spoke to me about it in the warmest and kindest manner. Willis told Fields that it was the most astonishing stride I had ever made. He has copied the whole of "Hassan's Temptation" into the "Home Journal." I am very glad, by the way, that you liked Hassan. He is a good fellow, in spite of his sins. I am greatly encouraged by the success of the book, for it is my first general recognition as a poet.

TO HIS MOTHER.

CINCINNATI, *January* 23, 1855.

. . . The climate here (with the exception of the past three days) has been delightful, and I feel better than I have done for three months — partly because I take great care of myself, and am lazy whenever I can find time to be so. I have discovered an Irishman at the Burnet House here, where I am staying, who understands the Oriental style of bathing, and who gives me a thorough currying down whenever I arrive, dusty and wearied. This puts new life into me. Besides, I take great care to keep warm, and to protect my throat after speaking. Consequently, although I have lectured fifty-eight times, I look forward with encouragement to the sixty or seventy engagements still on hand. I spent two days at Antioch College, staying with Horace Mann. They made me preach in the chapel on Sunday afternoon, on the "Religions of the World." I spoke for more than an hour ex-

temporaneously, a new thing to me. I was a little scared, but got through with credit.

COLUMBUS, OHIO, *February* 10, 1855.

. . . I shall write again from New Albany. My engagements multiply, and I shall probably be occupied in lecturing until May 1st. Why can't father and you come out to New Albany about May 1st, go with us to the Mammoth Cave, and then home *via* Niagara. I will pay all your expenses if you will only do it. Pray think of it, for it can be done without the least difficulty. . . .

TO GEORGE H. BOKER.

CHICAGO, ILL., *February* 24, 1855.

Let me sit down and say a word to you this "bitter chill" evening. The cigar in my mouth is a guaranty that I shall not be very dismal, but the snow-drifts and the zero out of doors will prevent me from being very cheerful. I have been snow-bound here for the past two days, the railroads being blocked up. Will the spring ever come? I have endured all the rigors of the North Pole within the last six weeks, and there is no relaxation. The lengthening days only lengthen the gloom, for the nights only are tolerably cheery.

. . . I had a note from Read the other day. He seems in good spirits, and speaks confidently of the "New Pastoral," which, by the way, I see is out. Read says I am the original of "Arthur." What sort of a fellow is Arthur? I hope he has more consistency, more firmness of purpose, and fewer conflicting elements in his character than I. Read wants to get my poems sent out to him through Parry & McMillan, who are going to send him a box of books. Now, let me task your kindness to have two copies of my "Orientals" put into the box, for R. and Powers. P. & McM. can transfer them to Ticknors, as taken on my account. I have had two notes from England about my poems, — from Milnes, cold and stately, and Camilla Crossland (*née* Toulmin), warm and cordial. Ticknors are now selling the *third* thousand. The booksellers in the West tell me it goes off extremely well. I have had a handsome offer from a Cincinnati house to compile a "Cyclopædia of Modern Travel," — a piece of hack-work, to be sure, but one which I could do with some spirit, and I have a mind to undertake it; what say you? It would bring me in a very handsome sum. This is another of those devilish baits to entice me away from my beloved art, but what 's to be done?

This lecturing business is beginning to exhaust me. I have lectured already seventy-nine times, and have fifty-one more engagements on hand. I cannot write, hardly read, and my very thoughts are beginning to be sterile. Yet in all this desolation I feel the upheaving of the poetical element from time to time, showing that there is still fire under the cold craters. I have still a year's labor on hand — a year's incessant toil — and then, please God, I shall go out into the atmosphere of the world and draw a free breath. Be ready, George, for that winter on the Nile ; let us steal some real, tangible glory from life. Ah, there is so much that is possible, if we only determined that it should be real ! Do not think of the plan as a dream, or it will always remain one. I am bent on making my life rich, if not in results, at least in experiences, sensations, enjoyments ; and I know you would find also that action quickens the pulse of thought.

TO R. H. STODDARD.

DETROIT, *March* 4, 1855.

. . . In Louisville two weeks ago I saw the home of George Keats, and learned much about him and his family. They say his character was one of the noblest and purest. He has two sons, John and Clarence, neither of whom I saw. But fancy John Keats an American ! The house was Grecian, built with considerable taste, and though in the city, had a garden around it, with antique statues. I thought of his and our poor brother, John, and saw, by a sudden mirage, his daisied grave in the meadow under the wall of Rome.

. . . A curious instance of natural clairvoyance occurred to me the other morning. I awoke, and as it was light, wondered whether it was time to get out of bed. Immediately I seemed to see through the pillow (I was lying on my back) and through the case of my watch, which was under it, and read the time, — eleven minutes past six ! The impression was so curious that I arose, took out my watch and opened it, and found the time, — eleven minutes past six ! Was not that remarkable ?

TO HIS MOTHER.

OTTAWA, ILL., *March* 21, 1855.

. . . I had a letter from Putnam yesterday. My copyright on the first of January amounted to $2,650, so you see my trip has not turned out badly. Henceforth I shall get a good income

from my books alone. I want to purchase two more shares of the "Tribune" in July, if possible. I feel now perfectly relieved of all future anxiety about money matters, which is a great satisfaction. I am about making an engagement with a Cincinnati publishing house to compile a "Cyclopædia of Modern Travel," which will yield me at least five thousand dollars in the course of two years. . . .

His mother and father joined Bayard Taylor at New Albany as he proposed, and together they made an excursion to the Mammoth Cave, of which he wrote an account afterward, published in the first series of "At Home and Abroad." "Vathek's Hall of Eblis is nothing to it," he wrote to Mrs. Stoddard. After the lecture season closed he was again in New York hard at work upon his "India, China, and Japan," when a sudden proposition was made that he should have the position of Commissioner to Japan. As usual, he wrote freely of this new plan to his mother, on whose sympathy and counsel he eagerly depended.

TO HIS MOTHER.

NEW YORK, *July* 9, 1855.

. . . I received your letter yesterday. As you complain of having no news, let me give you some. I went to Washington on Thursday evening and returned on Saturday. My object was to see Commodore Perry and get permission to use my journals, in which I have a good prospect of success. The commodore proposed that I should apply for the appointment of United States Commissioner to Japan. He said I would be almost sure to get it, as the government has great difficulty in finding a proper person to fill it. The appointment will not be made on political grounds, and the recommendation of such men as Irving, Bancroft, Bryant, and Seward would be sufficient to secure it for me. The salary is $5,000 a year, and I would be taken out in a national vessel, besides having one at my disposal to visit the various Japanese ports. The commodore says I would be able to travel through the interior of Japan, and to make such a book about the country as has never been written. The

appointment would be a highly complimentary and honorable one, and as I feel confident of being able to discharge its duties, it would vastly increase my reputation. The prospect is very tempting, but I have not yet decided to apply. I should have to be absent about two years. The expenses of living in Japan would be from $1,000 to $2,000 a year. Besides, I could take along the material for my Cincinnati work and do it there. I am going to wait a few days before giving the commodore my decision; in the mean time write to me, and tell me what you think of it. My friends here to whom I have mentioned it urge me strongly to go. I shall consult Bryant to-day. Keep the matter secret.

In Washington I saw Yusef, Ross Browne's Syrian dragoman and a friend of Achmet. He brought over some Arab horses for a Kentucky friend of mine. This Kentuckian told me that he read some of my "Poems of the Orient" to Yusef, — among others, "Hassan to his Mare." Yusef was greatly excited, sprang up with tears in his eyes, and swore that the Arabs talked just in that way to their horses. He is going to write the poem in Arabic, take it back with him this summer, and give it to the Aneyzeh Arabs in the Syrian Desert. So, perhaps my songs will be sung by the Bedouins.

New York, *July* 17, 1855.

I have been waiting until I should hear from Commodore Perry before writing to you again, but no letter has arrived. I am sorry you consider the project an unwelcome one. My journeys abroad have hitherto done more for me than anything else could have done, and this plan promises to be even more advantageous. My time for retirement has not yet come; I am in the world at the most active and ambitious period of a man's life, with the opportunity of achieving things worthy to be remembered. What can I do? Look at the matter with my own eyes, not with yours. If you were a man of my age, I am certain you would do the very same thing. You are fearless for yourself — would you have me cowardly? I would rather not leave home for a year yet, but I must go again some time, and perhaps more than once. I was born for it, and it is the best thing for me. Now here is a chance which does not come once in a century, and it seems like slighting fortune to disregard it.

However, perhaps I won't get it, after all. The administra-

tion may be disinclined to appoint a colleague of Greeley, and I shan't ask until I hear that my asking would be favorably received. I wrote to Commodore Perry that I was no suppliant, but would take the office if it was tendered to me, because I felt able to discharge its duties. I shall probably hear from him in a day or two, and will then write again.

NEW YORK, *July* 25, 1855.

I am drudging along as usual, expecting to get through with my book in about ten days more. The weather is very favorable for work now, after the intense heat we had a week ago. I have given up all idea of applying for any situation whatever in the hands of the government.[1] . . .

I am going on with the Cincinnati work shortly, having just received a letter from the publishers. I want to get it completed by next May, so that I can make my contemplated visit to Sweden during the summer. The invitations to lecture come in fast, and I have already a number of appointments made. After another season, I shall be well satisfied to knock off for a while.

I shall go to Newport in about ten days, and spend a week there. Bancroft, Longfellow, Curtis, Boker, and other of my friends are already there, and more are going. I anticipate a pleasant visit, though it won't be quite a holiday, for I shall take my work along.

I had a letter from F. yesterday which I shall answer to-day or to-morrow.

TO HIS YOUNGEST BROTHER FREDERICK.

NEW YORK, *July* 27, 1855.

I have been so busy for the past two days that I have had no time to answer your letter, and I must even now reply rather briefly. I did not originally object to your going through a regular college course because I thought it would be no advantage to you, but because I believed that a better practical education could be had without it. The value of any particular system of education, however, depends on its adaptation to one's career in after life, and if you feel sure that you are best fitted for a teacher, you are probably right in your choice. If my objection is an obstacle in your way, I withdraw it, but I do not think you should decide hastily. It would be a great advantage to myself

[1] Mr. Townsend Harris was appointed commissioner.

at present if I could have gone through a regular course of college studies ; but as that was impossible, I did what I considered was the next best thing for me. Perhaps, as things have since turned out, it was the very best. You must remember that a professorship is not so easily obtained — rarely, at present, until middle life. There are numbers of applicants for every vacant place, and years of mere tutorship must intervene before you could aspire to such a station with any chance of success. In this country a man must be a *great* scholar to live by scholarship alone.

If you are determined to make the trial, you had best choose the place which offers the greatest advantages, and make the most thorough course which can be had. In my opinion, Harvard is decidedly the first institution in the country. I shall be able to assist you by the time you need assistance. I think it is too late to enter this season, but am not certain. If you should graduate in the usual period, there will still be time to apply yourself to some other profession, in case you should change your mind. For my part, I do not think that the life of a teacher would be agreeable to you. It is laborious, full of annoyances, and not very remunerative. But you should know your own inclinations best, and I do not wish to control them in any way. At your age we see the bright side of everything, and it is perhaps best that each one should learn wisdom for himself. I have seen so much of the world that I am a little more cautious than I used to be. What you say of my own early inclination is quite true, and if I thought that your convictions or impressions were as strong as mine at that time, I should be very sorry to be any hindrance to your plans. I should like to see you an accomplished scholar, and I believe you would use every exertion to make yourself one. The two strongest objections to it are, disordered health and an incapacity for the practical business of life. If you think you are strong enough, and are careful to take sufficient exercise, you may overcome the former tendency ; the latter will depend entirely on your individual character. But it is a danger which you should never lose sight of. If you should go through college without falling into either, I shall rejoice that you have carried out your plan. It depends on yourself entirely whether that plan shall be an advantage or a loss.

You must not imagine that because I write rather coldly and cautiously I am indifferent to your prospects. I am only anxious

that you should do what will really be best for you, what will enable you to overcome most successfully the difficulties which surround every young man at his entrance into life. I have no fears for you on account of the temptations to which you would be exposed, but I should not want to see you a mere bookworm, unfit for the active, energetic life of the present time. Decide according to your best convictions, and I will acquiesce in your decision, and help you to put it into practice.[1]

TO JAMES T. FIELDS.

NEW YORK, *July* 11, 1855.

Thanks for your prompt kindness in sending me more than I asked for. I have read traditions of poets receiving money for their works, but I never credited them before. I am still fearful lest the check may be an illusion, and have opened your note twice to see that it has not evaporated. I shall have the money paid me in hard gold, the most tangible of all substances, that I may hear it clink in my pockets as I go up and down Broadway, the eagles chiming heavy iambuses, and the quarter eagles tinkling in anapests, so that all the people shall point at me, and say: "There goes a poet with money in his pocket!" Great is Brahma, venerable is Vishnu, but most delectable is the benign Plutus of the Greeks!

It will be seen by one of the foregoing letters that Bayard Taylor had already begun to allow his plans for another journey to Europe to take the shape of a visit to the northern parts. Meanwhile he was suddenly invited to join a party bound for Newfoundland.

TO HIS MOTHER.

NEW YORK, *July* 30, 1855.

If I am disappointed in one chance of travel, another soon offers. I suppose it is fatality or destiny, or something of the sort. I am going to make a voyage to Newfoundland. A special steamer leaves here on Thursday with a party of forty, including Lieutenant Maury, of Washington, Professor Silliman, and various other lions, to put down the submarine telegraph between Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. I am invited, and will go on

[1] His brother decided to enter the University of Michigan.

behalf of the "Tribune." We shall visit Halifax, Prince Edward Island, Cape Breton, the French islands of Miquelon, St. Johns, and various other interesting places which are almost unknown to the world. We shall be absent from fourteen to eighteen days, and anticipate a glorious time. Of course it costs me nothing. I am working hard to finish my book before starting, and shall succeed. . . .

TO JAMES T. FIELDS.

NEW YORK, *August* 6, 1855.

The steamer did not get off on account of bad boilers. Another has been engaged, and we leave to-morrow *positively*. I have employed the interval in preparing my poems for you, and the thing is done. You will get the whole batch by Kingsley's Express to-morrow. I think it will make a decent book.

I have cut away without mercy among the old poems, touched up the others here and there, and added eleven bran new ones. The volume will be about two hundred and twenty-five pages, matching very well with the Orientals. The two will be my complete poetical works, for what is not included in them is damned. May it never be resurrected!

Many thanks for "Maud," which came safely, and will be reviewed at once, probably in to-morrow's paper.

The extracts are already scattered far and wide.

There are delicious things in the book, but it is not an advance on Tennyson's former books, neither a falling off, and perhaps we should not ask more. It will sell immensely, of course. Send on Longfellow in the same way, and he will be served likewise.

Of course you will consult your own interest in the time of bringing out my book. I shall be able to read the proof as soon as it is ready. I shall be in Boston on my return from Newfoundland, about three weeks from now.

TO GEORGE H. BOKER.

NEW YORK, *August* 6, 1855.

George Curtis has no doubt told you that I intend going off to Newfoundland for twenty days or so. . . . This will delay my visit to Newport, but I shall be along about the 25th, or a day or two later, and most earnestly desire that you may be still there. Don't leave as soon as you anticipated, for I want to stay ten

days and have a jolly good time. I look forward to the visit as to an experience of the third heaven. I have been working and sweating for the past six weeks like a Congo nigger, and have entirely completed my travels in Eastern Asia (five hundred and fifty pages) and my complete edition of poems for Ticknor (two hundred and twenty-five pages). Is not this work with a vengeance? I am pretty well worn out, and this voyage to the North is a godsend. I have been wanting to write to you, but waited, half expecting you would send me a line, if only a piece of your fishing-line. I wish I could have consulted you before sending off my poems. I have eleven new ones, and have used the cleaver most unmercifully among the old ones. . . .

TO HIS MOTHER.

NEW YORK, *September* 6, 1855.

I arrived yesterday at noon, after a voyage of twenty-nine days. We had a pleasant time on the whole, though we did not succeed in laying the cable. The trip has done me much good. I am brown and rugged and strong, and feel ready for any amount of work. We had a delightful company on board, and were received with great rejoicings at St. Johns, the capital of Newfoundland. I had a chance to see a good deal of the island, and to become acquainted with its people.

I have brought you a fine dog, which I got at Cape Ray, on the southwestern coast. He is about ten months old, and not fully grown. He is of the Newfoundland breed, not the ordinary black breed, but wolf-color and web-footed. He is a fine dog, and will make a capital watch-dog. His father was the best dog at Cape Ray. I call him Ray, and he already knows me and his name. The sailors took care of him on the voyage, and taught him some tricks. He is handsome and intelligent, and I think you will like him. . . . I find awaiting me fifty invitations to lecture, and could easily make five thousand dollars again this winter if I were willing to undertake it.

The Newfoundland trip was enjoyed with an *arrière pensée* for Norway. It is interesting to see how in his narrative, which was published in letters to the "Tribune" and afterward reprinted in the first series of "At Home and Abroad," he frequently draws com-

parisons between the country which he is visiting and that which he had planned to visit. The shadow of the Norseman seemed to accompany him, and point at one object and another as native to Scandinavia. Shortly after his return to New York, which he reached without passing through Boston, he received a letter from his faithful friend, Mr. Bufleb, who had been his traveling companion on the Nile. He had written to Mr. Bufleb of his intention to visit Europe the next year, and this was the response which came.

A. BUFLEB TO BAYARD TAYLOR.

GOTHA, *July* 27, 1855.

A short time ago I bought a piece of property adjoining my estate, a garden with a small, modest house. This house is to be Taylor's home, when he keeps his promise next year, and visits us, I said to myself. All arrangements are made with this in view. The upper part of the garden, a genuine French establishment of the last century, with its statues and fountains, its densely-shaded beech-alleys and smoothly shorn box trees, is in readiness and awaits my distant friend. A smaller house near the fountain, covered with bark, is to be the bath-house. The lower part of the garden, a little grove with beautiful large forest trees covering an acre or so, is to refresh you with its cool shade, and will I hope become for you a snug sanctuary of nature. The little salon in the house will serve for us when we gather around you at your pleasure. You see how I have written to you, my dear Taylor. In spite of our long separation and remoteness from each other, your heart I know could never tell you of any change in my feelings and thoughts. On the contrary, this *rapport* which we enjoy has for me a profound meaning; whilst you were dedicating your glorious work on Central Africa to me, I was setting in order for you the most cherished part of my possessions.

BAYARD TAYLOR TO HIS MOTHER.

NEW YORK, *September* 10, 1855.

. . . I leave for Newport and Boston to-morrow, and shall be gone the rest of the week. My Japanese book will be out in five or six days, and I shall send you an early copy. I must

finish "Views Afoot" and attend the Authors and Publishers' dinner on the 27th of this month before going home, but shall see you by the 1st of October. If F. goes to Ann Arbor, he must come this way. It is a pretty place, and the University is very good. I have been there.

NEW YORK, *October* 12, 1855.

I have not much to say except that I am working away as hard as ever, and expect to finish "Views Afoot" to-morrow. The Boston volume of poems is done, but will not be published for about a month. The book on Japan has sold eight thousand already and is still going off fast. There is a prospect that the States of Ohio and Indiana will order copies of my books for all the common schools, making two thousand copies of each. . . . We are all overjoyed at Dr. Kane's return. Everybody was surprised except myself. I always knew he would get back safely. He and I have the same lucky nature: we can go anywhere without the least danger. Another man in his place would have been finished a dozen times.

NEW YORK, *November* 16, 1855.

I found your letter here on Wednesday when I returned from New England. I went down to Taunton to lecture, having now fairly commenced my campaign, with seventy-four engagements ahead. . . . My new volume of poems is out, and I have sent you a copy by mail.[1] It is a very handsome book. There are a number of new poems at the end, among which are four, entitled "Studies for Pictures," which some of my saintly friends may find fault with, because they can't understand the design with which they were written. They are simply imaginary pictures representing the feelings of men under various circumstances, and were written from my observations of other men, not from any experience of my own. I should not think it necessary to make any explanation to *you*, but the world is full of fools, and you may meet with some of them.

I have met Thackeray and like him very much. He likes me, too, for he has said so to all my friends. We shall breakfast together with —— and Curtis on Sunday. I have just got a collection of rare and valuable books of travel. My library has now about seven hundred volumes. Hicks has nearly finished the Oriental portrait. It is one of the most charming things you ever

[1] *Poems of Home and Travel.* By Bayard Taylor. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1855.

saw. I found at Taunton, Mass., a daguerreotype of Achmet in the hands of a gentleman who traveled with him a year ago, and borrowed it to get a copy made. I shall get Hicks to put Achmet into my picture. The sailor, Patterson,[1] wants very much to go with me to Norway. He says he would go to the end of the world with me. I should like to take him if I could. He is greatly attached to me, and I believe would be a most faithful attendant. I intend having a servant, but I am afraid he is not just the person I want for such a journey.

AUGUSTA, MAINE, *December* 8, 1855.

Here I am on the banks of the Kennebec River, away down east, where the mercury goes to five hundred degrees below zero in the winter. I expected to be frozen up and sent back to New York in a box, with some venison and Kennebec salmon; but the weather is really miraculous. Days without a cloud, sweet, cold air, — just cold enough to be refreshing, — and the starriest nights. Such weather has not been known here for many years. I lecture to-night for the twentieth time already, and don't feel the least tired — quite the contrary. . . .

Last Sunday, before leaving New York, I gave a breakfast party. I had Thackeray, Curtis, Boker, Stoddard, Hicks, Judge Daly, Lieutenant Bent of the Navy, and Glass, an English artist. We had a glorious time: the breakfast lasted five hours. I gave it at Delmonico's. Thackeray says he will try and come with me to Kennett for a day or two next April. When I go to London next summer, he promises to introduce me into the literary society of England.

Hicks has finished my portrait, which is one of the finest paintings you ever saw. Everybody is delighted with it, and I would not take any amount of money for it. He says it is the best thing he has ever done. Did I write to you that the first edition of my last book of poems sold in less than a week? I was very agreably surprised, as I did not suppose it would be exhausted in less than six months. The public seems to have found at last that I am a poet as well as traveler. . . . As I shall see you in twelve days I will not write again. I have written to A—— and E——, and hope my letters were acceptable.

The last sentence in this letter is perhaps an inti-

[1] Patterson was one of the crew of the Susquehanna.

mation of a proposal which he had made and which resulted in his taking to Europe his two sisters and a brother as his guests. He was confident that he had now reached the financial independence for which he had been working, and that from his copyrights, his Tribune stock, and such lectures as he might choose to give he could count upon a liberal income. The first use which he made of this fortune was a characteristic one — he shared it with others.

The winter of 1855–56 was one of great severity, and Bayard Taylor was exposed to extreme hardship in fulfilling his lecture engagements. He wrote to his mother from Ann Arbor, detailing some of his exposure, and adding: "This is the third winter, and I am not afraid of Norway after my recent experiences." But he was evidently very desirous of coming to the end of his season, for after reporting unusual dividends from his Tribune stock, of which he had just had accounts, he closes: "That being the case, I think I shall give up my five or six engagements in New Brunswick and not lecture after March 1st. I believe it is the anticipation of my coming holiday in Europe which enables me to bear this winter's fatigues so well." The termination of his lecture season came more suddenly than he had intended, for he broke down early in February and canceled all the engagements which remained.

TO HIS MOTHER.

BOSTON, *February* 17, 1856.

I should have written to you sooner, but waited a day or two, hoping I might be able to announce the end of an attack of illness which has come upon me; but the affair is so tedious that I may wait a week longer for that matter. I left New York last Monday week (the 4th), came here next day intending to go to Lowell, but the roads were snowed up. I was engaged at Green-

field on the 6th, but the trains did n't run on account of drifts ; at Worcester 7th, and reached there ; at Nantucket 8th, but the Sound is full of ice, and communication cut off, so stayed here comfortably, visiting my friends. The thawy weather of Friday, I think, affected me. On Saturday night I had a chill. I bathed my feet in hot water, but did n't sweat, and passed a restless night. The next day, feeling no better, I sent for Dr. Stedman, who said the attack was brought on by my irregular habit of life, and gave me a strong emetic. I was much better on Monday, and, having an engagement to lecture in New Bedford, consulted him about going. He told me I was able to do it, but must be very careful of myself. So I went, became the guest of Hon. Joseph Grinnell (Mrs. Willis's father), felt weak and hoarse, but got through my lecture well, and expected to go to Fall River next day. But when I woke I had almost entirely lost my voice, and there was a light return of fever. So I stayed three days with Mr. and Mrs. Grinnell, who treated me with the greatest possible kindness. I was not confined to bed, but to the house ; and when the physician had pronounced me entirely without fever, and in a fit condition to come here, I left. I reached here Thursday night, and have not been out of doors since. Dr. Stedman tends me every day. He says I am recovering, and, in fact, I feel almost well, though rather weak after living a week upon gruel. The attack is of a typhoid character, and the change from day to day is so slow as to try my patience. I am not confined to my room, but mostly keep in it, as he says I need complete quiet. I dress myself and sit in the rocking-chair all day, reading or seeing my friends, many of whom call. Dr. Elder was here yesterday, Dr. Walter Channing to-day, Fields often, and others. I don't get much sleep at night, and have tried Dover's powders and morphine in vain. If I could get a good night's rest I think it would cure me. If the fever was typhoid, it was wonderfully light, and I may thank my stars for getting over it so easily. I am very carefully waited upon here (at the Tremont House), and have refused two invitations of friends to go to their houses. I hope I shall get out of the doctor's hands in about two days more. My lectures are all given up as far as Wednesday next, and I am seriously thinking of giving up all the remainder to March 1st. I shall let the doctor decide, as I intend running no reckless risks. . . .

BOSTON, *February* 20, 1856.

. . . I have not been out of doors yet, to-day was so dark and damp. The cough has quite left me. . . . It is the worst winter ever known here. I am quite anxious to get back to New York, which is a much better climate. The doctor advises me to give up my engagements for next week, which I shall do, as they lie far apart, and would require hard traveling. I shall miss seventeen engagements in all, with a loss of between $700 and $800; but I would much rather lose the money than my health, and shall not complain about it.

My friends here have been very kind in sending me fruit, books, flowers, etc., and I have had many visitors. Longfellow has been in, R. H. Dana, Mr. Grinnell, and many others, so that the time has not been dull. Now, since my tongue is clear and my pulse correct, I feel all right again, except a little weakness and fatigue. I shall not start for New York unless the weather is good and the track entirely clear. Every road is blocked up at present.

TO JAMES T. FIELDS.

NEW YORK, *February* 25, 1856.

On Friday last I went to Springfield; did n't feel very tired, so re-shipped to New Haven. There the train was not much behind time, the day delightful, and I was only a little tired, so the devil instigated me to go on to New York. There were delays, and the train was late, and I was excessively hungry and abominably tired when I arrived, but no harm came of it, except soreness and rheumatism the next day.

I am recovering slowly and surely; my tongue is now clear as a new pewter platter, my body recovering strength, and my brain, reason. I drink porter, eat beefsteaks, smoke occasionally, and lie in my easy chair in a glorious state of inaction. I tried my hand at poetry last night: consequence, vertigo, or, as they say in the West, a virago. I have read the "Simple Story," which is very touching and funny. I hesitated so long whether to laugh or cry that I did neither. . . .

TO GEORGE H. BOKER.

NEW YORK, *February* 25, 1856.

I have come back disabled, to recruit from my labors. I have been absent three weeks, two of which were spent in Boston, under the doctor's hand. I have had a mild attack of typhoid

fever, brought on by the exposures and irregularities of my lecture life. In consequence thereof I have given up all remaining engagements, — a considerable loss, — and come home to stay. I was not seriously ill, but the fever was stubborn, and has left me weak. I am now nursing myself, and improve from day to day. I hope to be as well as ever by the end of the week. . . .

I have a little plan to communicate to you. Would it not be a handsome thing if some dozen of us American authors should unite and send a testimonial to old Savage Landor? He is now past eighty, can't live much longer, is a great man, has never been rightly appreciated, is a noble old republican, — in fact, the only one of the old generation who sympathizes with the march of the age and the later literature, — and I think his old heart would be cheered by such a tribute. I proposed it to Fields, Longfellow, and Curtis. All are delighted with the idea. L. suggested that we should have a copy of Ariosto's inkstand made in massive silver, which strikes me as best. It would cost about $150, and fifteen of us at $10 each would be enough. It is the *act* that makes the thing valuable. Tell me what you think of it, and ask Leland to join also.

TO MRS. JAMES T. FIELDS.

NEW YORK, *March* 15, 1856.

Thanks for your kind letter, which found me hard at work. I have mounted the treadmill again, and am now going round, day after day, in the old, monotonous routine. I have just finished the last of three or four lectures, which conclude my doings in that line for years to come, perhaps forever. I hope so at least, for I am utterly disgusted with the business, and heartily ashamed of myself for being tempted (by the love of lucre) to keep it up so long. But perhaps we should not abuse the bridge that carries us safely over. My health is completely reëstablished. My head was weak for a fortnight or so, but having stood the manufacture of a poem of three or four hundred lines, I think I may trust it with the drudgery of compilation, my present employment.

I am very much obliged to Mrs. T. for her kind desires, and to all the friends in Boston who helped to make my illness endurable. It is not a bad place to be sick in, where one is so kindly cared for.

I hope Boker's poems will be out soon. He was here yester-

day in good spirits, but a little anxious, as was natural, about their reception. I know they will be admired by all authors, scholars, and men of taste, and I hope the public will not ignore them. Browning's experience, I think, should be an encouragement to all poets. The success of my own poems does not exalt me, because three fourths of it is due to my books of travel. I hope to see old Barry when I go to England, and Kingsley, too. I think I could fraternize easily with both of them.

Will not J. T. F. come on to attend the trade sale? I hope he will take his time to it, and spare us some, instead of dodging around, as usual, as if he were tied to the tail of a whirlwind. But I am a pretty fellow to talk of leisure, or of taking things mildly, who have so many irons in the fire! By way of recreation I have just commenced taking lessons in water-color under Wanderford's tuition. I expect to come back from Europe as the Turner of Norway, the Claude of Lapland (if I get scratched by polar bears), or the Salvator Rosa of Iceland. Don't you want to order a $500 picture in advance? Now is your chance, before my prices go up.

I must stop, lest you should doubt whether my head be not still a little weak.

TO HIS MOTHER.

New York, *March* 15, 1856.

. . . I have given three or four lectures this week, and now have no more. I shall devote my time entirely to the book,[1] which is getting on tolerably well. My head is quite strong again. I have also commenced taking lessons in water-color painting from an English artist, so as to be able to paint Norwegian scenery. If I can get time I shall also take some lessons in drawing figures. This is a recreation, not a labor. I intend practicing all next winter. Dr. Kane has sent me a charming little sketch, made at the North Pole, which I have had framed. My portrait by Hicks is in the exhibition. I wish you could see it.

I have just had my semi-annual copyright report from Putnam. My profit on the books amounts to $2,724; not bad, — is it? This assures me the $5,000 which I shall need to start with in July. My income from my books and the "Tribune" for the last six months amounts to $5,400, quite a little fortune.

[1] The *Cyclopædia*.

The girls and Fred have thus no particular reason to thank me for taking them abroad, since the funds come so easily. For my part I feel that I am justified in taking a good holiday. . . .

TO JAMES T. FIELDS.[1]

NEW YORK, *April* 7, 1856.

The Kingsley came safely to hand. I admire the "Saint's Tragedy" exceedingly. The book ought to have a great sale among the Know-Nothings, on account of such a furious showing-up of Catholicism. Your announcements delight me. We want "Sordello," and Arnold richly deserves republication. I don't admire —— much, but the name will probably sell an edition. The success of the "Angel in the House" is a most encouraging sign; so is the sale of Browning. I begin to think that better times are dawning for poetry. These things improve Boker's chances. . . . Thackeray came here on Saturday. I breakfasted with him yesterday. He looks jolly and rosy, although he had a few chills on the Mississippi. He is staying with Robinson, 604 Houston Street. It is refreshing to see his good face and big body among us once more. He says he will stay until June 1st, but I expect he will disappear suddenly some Wednesday morning.

The weather for five days has been heavenly. I have just killed Mungo Park, and must take his remains to be electrotyped; so, good-by!

TO HIS MOTHER.

NEW YORK, *April* 28, 1856.

I gave Braisted[2] a line or two for A——, but as he went to Washington he may not yet have returned. He came here on Wednesday morning before I was dressed. We had a long talk which ended in my taking him. I think he will prove to be the right man for me, and am glad that I have engaged him. He seems quite willing to do everything I shall need done, and I am

[1] This and some other of the letters written to Mr. Fields were printed in a series contributed by Mr. Fields to the *Congregationalist* of Boston. In a prefatory note to this letter he says: "In the following we have a glimpse of the great English author who fell in love with Taylor at first sight. Thackeray's hearty delight in a warm companionship with the spirited American author was unbounded."

[2] The sailor whom Bayard Taylor had engaged to accompany him to Europe.

quite sure of his honesty and fidelity. I told him to go up after he returned to Kennett, as there would be no objection whatever to his staying at home and doing some work for his board. I should like A—— to give him some lessons in writing, as his hand needs improvement.

I am getting on with the book ; 250 pages are in type, and I hope to have 600 finished by the 1st of June. Thackeray went off in the Baltic on Saturday, running away from his friends, for fear of having to say good-by. I saw him off ; he seemed sorry to leave. He asked Lawrence, the English artist, to take a head of me for him, and I believe Lawrence is going to do it. I have done my first picture in water colors with good success.

May 13, 1856.

. . . I had a letter the other day from the Cincinnati publishers, in which they say I may make 900 pages if I choose. This is 100 more than I had counted upon. I have about 450 done, and the last half is always the shortest, but I am getting very tired of it and very impatient. I feel the need of relaxation more than ever, and the anticipation of relief in six weeks is very delightful. The publishers say that agents are applying every day to distribute and sell the book, and they anticipate a large sale. If I make 900 pages they will increase the price to four dollars. I am pretty sure of making at least $10,000 on it in two years. It will be a very interesting book and very useful, but there is a great deal of drudgery in the making of it. I received to-day a copy of the German translation of my "Central Africa," published in Leipzig. It is very well done. The translator gives a biography of me, in which he says I was born at Kennett Square, near the Brandywine, in that charming region renowned for its associations with the war of Independence. He then says that I went to New York to live in 1843, and there married the daughter of Bryant ! Also that I won the prize for the best poem in praise of Jenny Lind.

On Friday I had a letter from Bufleb and his wife. They received my letter on Easter day and read it in *my* garden, where a lot of children were busy hunting colored eggs, which they had hid among my box-bushes. They send their love to all of you. I am delighted to find that the children still remember me. The old forester, with whom we passed the night in the Duke's woods, has read my "Africa" with great satisfaction.

One of B.'s nieces has married a Russian astronomer and gone to St. Petersburg ; so if I go to Russia I shall have friends there.

Up to almost the last moment before leaving, he was at work upon his Cyclopædia, and had the satisfaction of leaving behind him all his literary engagements well fulfilled. He had swept his desk clean, and was ready with a cheerful mind for what was to come next. It was as well that he should go off with no concern about his business, but he was to meet with a sorry disappointment. The expectations which he had reasonably formed regarding the Cyclopædia were not to be met. It was published after he had sailed under the title: "Cyclopædia of Modern Travel: A Record of Adventure, Exploration, and Discovery for the past Fifty Years; comprising Narratives of the most distinguished Travelers since the beginning of the Century. Prepared and arranged by Bayard Taylor. Illustrated with Maps and Engravings. Cincinnati: Moore, Wilstach, Keys & Co. 1856." The book was sold by subscription, and the great popularity which the editor enjoyed, especially in the West, justified him in anticipating a solid return for his work. The publishers excused the comparative failure of the enterprise by the fact that it was issued during an exciting Presidential canvass, and when there were apprehensions of a financial crisis. An attempt was made three years later to revive interest in it by the addition of a supplement, but without success.

TO GEORGE H. BOKER.

NEW YORK, *June* 17, 1856.

I have been working, it is most true. I have never before done so much in the same space of time. Since the 1st of April, I have finished nine hundred royal 8vo pages, besides prepar-

ing thirteen maps, and a variety of cuts, and looking after the printing, engraving, etc. ; but I shall finish to-day ! Io, Io ! Bacche ! Nothing remains but title-page and preface. I have compressed *ninety* volumes into one, and made, I think, a most interesting and salable work, for which I hope to receive thousands of dollars. It has been a terribly fatiguing time, especially for the past fortnight, when I have been in addition tortured every day by a dentist. But now for one consolation. I shall dine with you, O George ! on Thursday, as I pass through on my way homewards. Expect me positively at three o'clock. And now I must stop, in order that I may

Eighteenth, noon — called off yesterday — no time to say more. Will dine with you to-morrow, D. V., and tell the rest. God bless you forever !

TO JAMES T. FIELDS.

New York, *July* 5, 1856.

As I must leave without seeing you, I wish to say a final word on business and other matters. I should like to get a set of the proofs of Boker's poems, if they can be had at once, as I wish to write an article on them and send it back from Europe. If a set can be had, please send it by express at once, so that it will get here by Tuesday evening at farthest. Kensett is going out with me, and Curtis gives us a parting dinner at Delmonico's on Tuesday. We expect to have a glorious time. I am wild with the thoughts of my coming holiday. My sisters and brother come on Tuesday. My man Friday is with me now. He is all I expected.

Give my kindest parting regards to Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Lunt, and all Boston friends, whom I would gladly have seen once more before setting out. . . .

I shall dine with Thackeray on the 1st of August. What shall I say for you ? Write to me at once, if only for good luck.

The House in the Garden at Gotha

CHAPTER XIV.

NORTHERN TRAVEL.

1856–1857.

For not to any race or any clime
  Is the completed sphere of life revealed;
He who would make his own that round sublime,
  Must pitch his tent on many a distant field.
L'Envoi (to "Poems of the Orient").

Speed swifter, Night! wild Northern Night,
  Whose feet the Arctic islands know,
When stiffening breakers, sharp and white,
  Gird the complaining shores of snow!
A Requiem in the North.

THE party, consisting of Bayard Taylor, his two sisters, his youngest brother, and John Braisted, left New York in July, 1856, and landed at Liverpool. His purpose was to give his sisters and brother a taste of European travel, to make his promised visit to Mr.

Bufleb, and then to enlarge his own personal experience by an extended journey in the north, both in the winter and summer seasons. He was more exhausted by his recent work than he had supposed, and it was some time before he recovered his wonted exuberance. Meantime there was a relaxation in travel which gradually restored his spirits. He visited England now as one who held a recognized position in literature, and the friendships which he had formed opened the way to further agreeable society. He missed, alas! the friendly Miss Mitford, who had died eighteen months before. Then it was a pleasure to refresh his familiar knowledge of the beaten paths of Europe through the new experience of his ingenuous companions. Thus he spent four months in leisurely travel before he set about his special errand in Scandinavia. He lingered a few days in London, passed on to Paris, thence to his old haunts at Frankfurt, and so to Gotha, where with his party he was the guest of Mr. Bufleb, and where he took possession of the charming house which Mr. Bufleb had provided for his special delectation. The circumstances under which he traveled lessened his opportunities for letter-writing; there was little occasion to write to the "Tribune" until he should go to the north, and his letters home were chiefly hurried notes, detailing the plans of the party, and leaving to the others to write more at length. Many of the special incidents of the journey, however, he used as the basis of separate articles which he afterward collected into the two series of "At Home and Abroad."

TO MR. AND MRS. R. H. STODDARD.

PARIS, *August* 4, 1856.

My time, as you may suppose, is mostly taken up in playing the cicerone to my brethren; but I have not forgotten, nor

do I intend to neglect, my duty towards you. Everything has gone well thus far. Our voyage across the ocean was even more favorable than I anticipated, — not a rough sea the whole way. We landed at Liverpool in the midst of a pouring rain, whereby I got wet feet, resulting in a swollen head. One side of my face was twice the size of the other, and the pain I endured prevented me from sleeping for three nights. Finally, at Stratford-on-Avon, my jaw was lanced and I recovered. I never saw England so beautiful. The weather was clear and warm, and the country greener (if possible) than the fields of Kennett. I saw the loveliest ivy-grown cottages, — Anne Hathaway's among the rest, — the fairest meadows, the most dazzling poppy-fields, the picturesquest elms and oaks, but no trees, I swear, — not even the venerable oaks of Charlecote, where Shakespeare poached, — equal to my own. Kensett went with us through Warwickshire, a journey of four days, — it was 'eavenly. At London, I went with the children to Sydenham, to the Crimean review at Aldershott, into the hall of St. Paul's, and to the Poet's Corner. The girls were in raptures with everything they saw, and their enjoyment repaid me handsomely for the trouble and expense of bringing them. Thackeray was in London, and I found him as jovial and as tender-hearted as ever. His daughters came to see the girls, took them out driving a whole afternoon, and we all dined together in the evening. The dinner came off on the 1st, according to promise ; present, Thackeray, Mark Lemon, Tom Taylor, Shirley Brooks, Horace Mayhew, Leech, Bradbury and Evans, Hurlbut, Story, Olmsted, and myself. It was a capital dinner, in Thackeray's own house. The Americans, with Tom Taylor, S. Brooks, and Thackeray, did all the talking ; the other people were rather slow.[1]

I breakfasted with Barry Cornwall and Browning. Dear old Barry ! I loved him from the first minute. He is reputed silent, but he opened his heart to me like an uncle. He showed me all his MSS., lots of unpublished poems, etc., and talked out of the abundance of his golden nature. Browning was most cordial. He wanted me to call on his wife, and I did so, and a jolly hour's talk I had with the two. She is about publishing

[1] See an account of this dinner in "The Writers for Punch." *At Home and Abroad*, ii. 416-420. Of Barry Cornwall and the Brownings he wrote a brief sketch under the general title, "Some English Celebrities." *At Home and Abroad*, i. 413-445.

a poem of eleven thousand lines,[1] — something entirely new in design, — and she feels a little nervous about it. I told her she should not, for if it was good it would surely be appreciated some time or other, and if not, the sooner it was damned the better; to which polite remark she agreed. Browning is much pleased with the American success of his last volume. He assaulted me with "From the desert I come to thee," etc., which he knows by heart, and says is the finest thing of the kind he ever read. (Hold me !)

. . . We reached here yesterday morning, *via* Dieppe. Paris is glorious, — wonderfully changed since '46 ! I am happy enough just to walk the streets again, and see the dazzling world pass by me. My whole nervous system was more shaken than I knew, by my labors, and I am now going through the convulsive pangs of a return to health, — "dying into life," as Keats says. It makes me restless, irritable, and ill at ease ; but the result will be health and firm nerves again, thank God !

TO HIS MOTHER.

FRANKFURT, *August* 13, 1856.

Here we are at last in the old familiar town, and I feel perfectly at home in its streets. The weather is intensely warm, but clear, and, with the exception of the heat, we see everything under the most favorable circumstances. I suppose the others will tell you of our journey from Paris to Cologne and our voyage up the Rhine. We took two days to it, and had fine views all the way. We were all sorry enough to leave Paris, where we were so comfortable. The little French hotel where I stayed was a very home-like place (for France), and the people were kind and honest. The bill was very moderate, and they all seemed quite loath to see us go. We had quite a lively journey from Paris here. Our baggage was examined only at Aix-la-Chapelle, where the girls were charmed with the politeness of the Prussian officers. I have great difficulty in getting them to practice French. . . . My own relapse into health goes on bravely. I have not felt so vigorous for a year, and shall be still better and stronger when I get among the Alps. We reached here only last night. I have found Schenck's address, but have not yet seen him. We thought it best to finish the letters home first, as the mail goes this afternoon. To-morrow I shall be in

[1] *Aurora Leigh.*

Gotha, where Bufleb expects me. We shall stay there five or six days. . . .

GOTHA, *August* 20, 1856.

I write to you from my house, sitting in my room, with my fountain playing before the window. I reached here last Thursday, and was received with open arms. My house adjoins Bufleb's residence, and the gardens are thrown into one. It is one of the most charming little places I ever saw. The house is a story and a half high, with a large room and two side boudoirs on the first floor, a little cellar, a study and bed-room above, and no end to the closets and queer little nooks. It is furnished in antique style with high-backed red velvet chairs, Brussels rugs, sofas, mirrors, flower-stands, matches and cigars on the table, tea, sugar, etc., in the cupboard, and beer in the cellar. Nothing was forgotten ; the smallest things were all in their places, and here I live like a prince. The house stands on a raised terrace covered with flowers. A flight of stone steps, with statues at the foot, leads to a broader terrace, in the middle of which is a fountain, always playing. The basin is deep, and I have three big fish which come to be fed. From this terrace commences an arched avenue of the dwarf beech, making a comfortable shade. It opens into a large circular arbor, and then continues a hundred feet farther, to a garden walk bordered with flowers. Then you come to a pool surrounded with water-lilies, then more flower-beds, and finally a sort of triumphal arch ushers you into the grove, — two acres of wood, with winding paths, statues, fountains, a hermitage of bark, and numerous stone seats and tables. At the end of the wood is the Duke's tree, a large walnut planted by Ernest II. in 1760. The house was built in the same year by his prime minister. Fred and I sleep in the house, which will hold only two, and the girls in Bufleb's house. We spend the day here, and take our meals (except supper) with them. . . . We have made two excursions, — to Eisenach and the Wartburg, and to the Thüringian Forest. Although it rained a little both days, we had delightful trips, and the Buflebs enjoyed them as much as the rest of us. They have taken quite a fancy to Fred and the girls, and this relieves me from all feeling of uneasiness at taxing them with so many guests. Everybody knew me on my return, and they all seemed truly glad to see me. . . . I could not find the Schencks in Frankfurt after devoting half a day to the search, and inquiring at forty or fifty

places. They must have moved away, but I could discover no one who knew them at all. . . .

After the visit to the Buflebs, Bayard Taylor took his party to Switzerland and Italy, and returning to Switzerland, left his sisters and brother in Lausanne for the winter. He then went to Gotha, where he made a month's stay before going to the north.

TO HIS MOTHER.

GOTHA, *October* 20, 1856.

Braisted and I reached here on Saturday evening, and we are now quietly settled in my house. We left Lausanne on Tuesday morning and went by way of the Neufchâtel and Bienne Lakes to Basel, where we arrived the next morning in time to take the first train for Heidelberg. In the cars I made the acquaintance of Dr. Sprengler, the author of an admirable "Life of Mahomet," who was on his way home after thirteen years in India. We stayed all night in Heidelberg, and went on Thursday to Frankfurt, where we remained until Saturday morning. I made another attempt to find Schenck, and was successful. . . . We had splendid weather all the way, except at Heidelberg, where it rained. Bufleb met me at the cars, and there was great rejoicing over my return. The season is not so far advanced as I expected. My garden is still green, and only the beeches and horse-chestnuts have changed color. Bufleb has gathered some nuts of the latter to send home and plant in the spring. My fountain is playing away while I write. I wish you could see the place once, and know how charmingly I am situated. I find that my fame has increased while I have been absent. The daughter of the poet Rückert has written to Bufleb to borrow my books, and says that her father admires them very much. Ziegler, a German author, also writes to Bufleb that he wants to visit me, and that he has written to Ritter, the great geographer in Berlin, saying that I am going thither. The common people about Gotha have an idea that I am a very extraordinary man, and they treat me with the greatest respect. I should be almost sorry to have them undeceived — it is so pleasant to feel that one is known in a strange land. The Frau Professor Jacobi has translated some of my poems, and they are circulating in manu-

script. Bufleb is more than ever attached to me, and he and his wife seem so glad to have me back, and so resolute to keep me, that I shall not get off under four weeks, at least. We are going to visit the old forester in a few days, and spend a night in the woods. I must also go to Coburg and visit Rückert. In fact, I shall have so much visiting to do that it will interfere with my work.

He had, however, begun to take up again his wonted work, and the surroundings which had now grown so familiar gave him suggestion for several interesting sketches. The reader will find in "Holidays in Switzerland and Italy" a narrative of the six weeks which he spent when traveling with his sisters and brother, after leaving Gotha and before he returned to his home there; while "A German Home and Life in the Thüringian Forest" give in more detail the circumstances of his residence in Gotha. The three papers have been reprinted in the first series of "At Home and Abroad," and in the same volume he has collected incidents of his interviews with German authors, and more especially his conversations with Alexander von Humboldt. In the frankness of his letters to his mother, he speaks of these interviews as they affected his own consciousness of the position which he occupied in literature. He knew that his mother would take pleasure in these intimations of the recognition which her son received, and he had a manly and simple delight himself in meeting upon an equal footing men whose literary work he honored.

TO HIS MOTHER.

BERLIN, *November* 22, 1856.

I have not fulfilled my promise of writing to you again before leaving Gotha, because I was obliged to devote so much time to my friends, and to employ my leisure in commencing my corre-

spondence with the "Tribune." The four weeks passed away before I knew it, and the season is now so far advanced that I am hurrying on toward Lapland as fast as I can. I left Gotha on the 14th, went to Coburg, where I spent a day with Rückert, the poet, and Gerstäcker, the celebrated German traveler. Both had read my travels in German, and were most friendly and cordial towards me. We then went to Dresden, where Ziegler, another traveler and author, whom I had previously known, received me with open arms. Dresden is the literary city of Germany, and I met with all the authors living there. I was delighted to find that they all knew me. When I called on the poet Julius Hammer, he was at his desk, translating my poem of "Steyermark." Gutzkow the dramatist, Auerbach the novelist, Dr. Andrée the geographer, and others whose names are known all over Europe, welcomed me as a friend and brother-author. We had a grand dinner together the day before I left. The Dresden papers spoke of me as a distinguished guest, and published translations of my poems. In fact, I think I am almost as well known in Germany as in the United States. I left Dresden with regret and the promise to go back again. We came here on Wednesday and will stay two days more. I have visited Ritter, the great geographer, and expect to see Humboldt shortly. . . . Every one who knows anything about the north of Europe tells me I am quite right in making a winter journey to Lapland. Ritter says my plan is a capital one, and I shall have the most interesting experiences. They all say that traveling is easier in the north in winter than in summer, and that one soon becomes accustomed to the cold. I bought a fur robe in Gotha, which reaches from the crown of my head to the sole of my feet. . . . I am in high spirits at the thought of this winter journey.

The journey to the north was the fulfillment of an old desire. It was also in some degree the first-fruits of a new resolve. The passion for exploration, for adventure, which was part of an exuberant physical nature, was subsiding, although still energetic; but there had been forming in Bayard Taylor's mind a maturer conception of travel. The task which he had accepted of compiling an encyclopædia of travel had brought

him more directly into contact with the minds of great travelers, and he had been struck by the wide and varied equipment which was essential to eminent success in this field. He had had his dreams of reputation through travel, but his waking reflections showed him clearly that there was an incompatibility between the higher, finer literary production which was his dearest object, and the career of one who should add deliberately to the stock of human knowledge. There is little doubt that his acquaintance with Humboldt at this time deepened the reflections which had been occupying his mind. Here was the greatest of modern explorers, who carried the wealth of the Indies with him to every remote Indies which he visited. The very wealth of his endowment caused his visitor to be conscious of his own lack of severe and specific training. It also stimulated him to a profounder conception of the use to which he might put the material he was gathering. Might there not be such a work as a human Cosmos?

Meanwhile he was still impelled by the desire to feel, as well as to see, the cold north. He would not attempt what he could not do, but he knew well that he could so travel as to receive impressions and record them as pictures for the mind of the reader, and he set out with hearty interest upon his new adventure. The stream of travel had not then set in toward Scandinavia, and he had nearly virgin soil for literary cultivation.

TO GEORGE H. BOKER.

STOCKHOLM, *December* 7, 1856.

I reached here yesterday after a journey of thirty miles in an open sled, with the mercury below zero. My first walk was to the post-office, in the midst of a blinding snow-storm, and the first letter I received was yours. I came back to my lodgings in

the early darkness of the north, sat down and read your words with a mixture of joy and pain which I know not how to express to you. I passed a restless night, and if my clairvoyant faculty were always certain, I am sure you must have thought of me. Now I cannot delay a moment until I have written, and know that my letter is on its way to you. . . .

I hardly know how to explain this silence myself. The fact is, I wrote so much and labored so hard during my two years and a half at home that for three months after I sailed I never touched a pen without a violent effort. I wrote as little as possible, even to my mother. . . . I only began to write for the "Tribune" about six weeks ago, while in Gotha. I determined then that I would make atonement for my neglect of you. I thought of you day after day, sat down to my table with the resolution to write; but I swear I don't know how it happened that I never did. I was absorbed, and have been since then, by a personal matter which I will explain to you when we meet, and which may have been partly to blame. . . .

George, I have been undergoing a mental and moral fermentation for the last four months. Until it has subsided I can't say what the result will be. It is one of those transition periods which are inevitable in our nature, which we can foresee, but not prevent or retard. I believe it will bring wine instead of vinegar, new vitality, fresh force, and a sparkling effervescence of cheerfulness and courage. You know what these periods are, how restless they make one, yet not unhappy, how full of the desire without the proper calm capacity for labor. So it has been, and still partly is, with me. Yet I have rarely been happier in my life, and the future never seemed brighter or more secure.

You ask, when will my wanderings end? God only knows. For me they are an absolute necessity; I owe my life and my success to them. In another week I start for Tornea, and by New Year's day shall be on the shores of the Arctic Ocean. Think of me when you get this as driving my reindeer over the solid snow, in the sunless days of the Polar Circle. . . .

It will not interest you much to hear what I have been doing since leaving home. I devoted three months to my sisters and Fred, visiting in that time London, Paris, Germany, all Switzerland, Italy as far as Rome, and Savoy. I secured winter quarters for them at Lausanne, and then went on to Gotha, where I

spent a month *at home*, in my own house. It was a home I assure you. I knew everybody, and everybody knew me. I dined with prime ministers and danced with peasant girls; talked philosophy with scholars, and camped out with foresters. I went to Dresden, where I fell in with the principal living authors of Germany, and was delighted to find that they all knew my name. Thence to Berlin, where I had interviews with Humboldt, Ritter, and Mügge, the author of "Afraja." Thence to Hamburg and Lübeck, whence I sailed for Stockholm on the 1st. It was the last trip of the season, for the Baltic Sea is nearly closed. We had a polar voyage — storm, ice, snow, and cold — for five days, but succeeded in reaching a little port thirty miles from here, where we were stopped by the ice. We came on by land, through pine forests heavy with snow — superb winter scenery. The days are waxing short, barely six hours of daylight, but in three weeks more, in Lapland, we shall have no sunrise at all. I stand the cold admirably, and am waxing ruddy and strong.

After a week at Stockholm for the purpose of preparing for the northern journey, the two travelers set out December 15, 1856, and were precisely two months making the tour to Lapland and back. It must be said that the narrative of the excursion leaves upon the reader's mind the impression that it was a feat performed rather than a pleasure enjoyed, and the note-books containing the incidents from which the fuller letters were written out intensify the impression. For much of the way it was a desperate fight with the cold. On the 26th of January, when they had turned back and were making their way out of the cold and darkness, Bayard Taylor notes in his journal: —

"The weather seems to be moderating a little, which God grant, for the continuance of extreme cold is terrible. Mercury now — 34½°. My nose has still escaped, but I have much trouble with my hands and feet. Cannot now describe the little incidents of my journey — am almost used up by fighting with the

Arctic climate. But we are going southward, and the sun rises higher every day. . . . Jan. 27. . . Still, sparklingly clear, and intensely cold —47°. Had good horses and rattled merrily along, so that we were in fine spirits. Splendid snow-forests, illuminated by the sun, which rose about ten o'clock. Not a bit of warmth in his beams, but we were rejoiced to see his round, white face once more. . . . Did not suffer much from the cold to-day, except in hands and forehead. My eyebrows, eyes, and upper parts of my cheeks were like marble, rather than flesh. I know now how a statue feels. . . . Jan. 28. . . . We were in strong hopes that the power of the cold weather was broken, but this morning it had sunk to —49°, the mercury beginning to freeze, and even now when the sun has been shining nearly an hour, it is —46°. I have suffered considerably from this continuance of violent cold; the bridge of my nose is frozen, my bodily temperature is lowered to a chilly point, and I have had a terrible headache over the eyes to-day, from the freezing yesterday. There is a little wind from the west, and I can scarcely bear it on my face. Nothing can be more severe; flaying, branding with a hot iron, cutting with dull knives, etc., may be something like it, but no worse. Air hazy from the frozen moisture, smoke frozen in solid masses, snow hard and crisp, iron sticks like glue — in short, no signs of a proper Arctic temperature are wanting."

There were striking views of Arctic heavens and the ever-varying forest scenes; the very cold carried with it much of the time a sense of physical exhilaration, and Bayard Taylor was able to say after it was all over that the experience had confirmed his physical strength, and that he had been absolutely free from

colds. Still, the satisfaction of having accomplished the feat remained as the most positive result. He had known in his own person the extreme rigor of a northern clime, and thus had added to the range of his sensations.

He was able to bring into requisition the study he had made of water-color drawing, and brought back a number of sketches from the north. He settled himself in Stockholm with his companion, where he worked up the material of his notes and his reminiscences into letters to the "Tribune," made further studies in Swedish life, language, and literature, and went through a regular gymnastic training under the system which was then peculiar to Sweden. The general result of his leisurely stay in Stockholm is given in a letter which he wrote shortly before returning to Gotha.

TO HIS MOTHER.

STOCKHOLM, *April* 21, 1857.

We are getting along as usual, and I have very little to say, except that I am in good health and getting better. I don't know that I ever felt more cheerful in my life, at least not for six years past. The gymnasium has wonderfully strengthened my arms and breast. I can now climb a smooth pole thirty feet high, run up a rope with my hands, and perform various other feats which two months ago would have been utterly impossible. My breast has increased an inch and a half in circumference, and all this is solid muscle. I really believe I could become a strong man. My only derangement is of the digestive organs from my sedentary life in New York, brought on again by sitting so much in a sled during my Lapland journey. I have consulted a physician, who tells me only to sit as little as possible, and take exercise. I have a high desk where I can stand and write, and shall tramp through Norway in the summer, so the matter will soon be settled. I have determined, however, never again to work as I have worked. I felt the bad effects of it all last summer and fall, and am only just now beginning to be my old

self again. I am glad that I have laid out so much travel. This winter has been a great benefit to me, but I am anxious to make myself thoroughly robust and vigorous without a weak nerve about me, and cannot do it under another year at least. I shall continue the gymnasium practice whenever I get a chance. It is admirable. I never knew what it was to have strong arms before. The weather has much improved. We have some glorious days now, and I go out in the country to sketch. I have made two very good views of Stockholm, and shall make two or three more before I leave. I have also improved in figures, and can take a tolerable portrait without much trouble.

By the middle of May he was again in Gotha, where he found his sisters and brother, who had preceded him from Switzerland, and were now enjoying the hospitalities of Mr. Bufleb before they should return to America.

TO HIS MOTHER.

GOTHA, *May* 26, 1857.

. . . Our past week has been a continual round of dinners and excursions into the forests and mountains, with the loveliest weather imaginable, and the whole country blooming like a vast garden. Gotha is in every sense of the word a home to all our family, and there will be lamentation on all sides when the day of departure comes. . . . The whole family look upon us as relatives and treat us as such. The people here claim me as a fellow-citizen. The newspapers regularly publish translations of my letters, and everybody is familiar with my doings. If you and father were here I could forget that I am an American. I must say again that Fred and the girls have remarkably improved, both mentally and physically. I am proud to be their brother, and grateful that I have been able to give them this year in Europe. When I took them from home I did not know that I was doing anything for myself, but so it is. Their presence here has, as it were, turned all my friends into relatives, so intimate and familiar have they become with all of us.

When this letter was written, Bayard Taylor was not at liberty to disclose the fact which lay beneath it and gave special meaning to his words. A few days

later he announced to his mother his engagement to "Marie Hansen, daughter of Hansen, the distinguished astronomer, and niece of Mrs. Bufleb." He had waited until the consent could be had of his future wife's mother, who was at the time in St. Petersburg. "I hope you will be satisfied," he concludes, "with a step which makes us all so happy and my future so bright." The betrothal took place on the eve of the return of Bayard Taylor's sisters and brother to America. He saw them on their way from Bremen, and then went to England for a few days before completing his northern travel by a summer trip through Norway. He saw again his English friends, and made new acquaintances. Thackeray introduced him to Tennyson, whom he visited. "I have written a letter to Tennyson," Thackeray writes, "containing comments upon your character which I could n't safely trust to your own hand." The two days which Bayard Taylor spent with Tennyson at his home were full of pleasure. "He was most kind and friendly," he writes to his mother, "and says I must visit him every time I come to England. To-night I am going with Read (who has just arrived from Rome) to visit Leigh Hunt. I expect to see Dickens before I leave. I met last Sunday with Layard, the discoverer of Nineveh, and Kinglake, the author of 'Eothen.'"

Some of the impressions of this society he recorded in a paper which is included in the second series of "At Home and Abroad," "Summer Gossip from England," and also in a slight sketch of Leigh Hunt, printed in the first series. But he was unwilling to give more than the lightest sketches of persons whose privacy he respected, however public they might be through their literary fame. This was especially true

as regards Tennyson, of whom he wrote more familiarly to his friend Mr. Boker: —

"I spent two days with him in June, and you take my word for it he is a noble fellow, every inch of him. He is as tall as I am, with a head which Read capitally calls that of a dilapidated Jove, long black hair, splendid dark eyes, and a full mustache and beard. The portraits don't look a bit like him; they are handsomer, perhaps, but have n't half the splendid character of his face. We smoked many a pipe together, and talked of poetry, religion, politics, and geology. I thought he seemed gratified with his American fame; he certainly did not say an unkind word about us. He had read my Oriental poems and liked them. He spoke particularly of their richness of imagery and conscientious finish. I need not tell you that his verdict is a valuable one to me. Our intercourse was most cordial and unrestrained, and he asked me, at parting, to be sure and visit him every time I came to England. His wife is one of the best women I ever met with, and his two little boys, Hallam and Lionel, are real cherubs of children."

Mr. Bufleb joined Bayard Taylor in Norway, and they spent the summer in travel, going as far as the North Cape in one of the steamers which make the coasting voyage. It was rather a supplement to his winter in Sweden and Lapland. It enabled him to complete the round of his observation, and quite effectually satisfied the desire which he had so long had, to experience in his own person the quality of northern life. "We had quite enough of the north," he writes to his mother. "It is interesting to see it once, but now that I have been inside of the Arctic zone both in winter and summer I am satisfied, and never wish to

go back again." He parted with Mr. Bufleb in Christiania, and made a journey through Dalecarlia to Stockholm, and thence to Gotha again by way of Copenhagen, where he saw Andersen.

It is to be noticed that since he had left America he had apparently not written a line of poetry. His prose, indeed, was more marked by poetic form, for he gave many picturesque descriptions of northern scenery, and seemed to relieve the hardness of the outer world by warm imaginative touches, and the life which he witnessed remained in his mind as material for poetic use afterward. This appears especially in the singularly truthful reproduction of Norwegian landscape, manners, and sentiment in the pastoral poem of "Lars." The strong contrasts, both of nature and of character, which make Norway dear to the artist and poet, appealed to him and found partial expression in his prose narrative, as when he described his visit to the region which he afterward adopted as the *locale* for the earlier scenes in "Lars."

"We had a terribly tough pull up the mountain, through fine woods, to the summit level of the fjeld. The view backward, over the lake, was enchanting, and we lingered long on the steep, loath to lose it. Turning again, a desolate lake lay before us, heathery swells of the bleak table-land, and distant peaks touched with snow. Once upon the broad level summit of a Norwegian fjeld one would never guess what lovely valleys lie under the misty breaks which separate its immense lobes, what gushes of life and beauty penetrate its stony heart. There are, in fact, two Norways: one above — a series of detached, irregular masses, bleak, snowy, wind-swept, and heather-grown, inhabited by herdsmen and hunters: and

one below — a ramification of narrow veins of land and water, with fields and forests, highways and villages." [1]

The letters which he wrote to the "Tribune" formed the basis of the volume of "Northern Travel" which he published in the fall of 1857 in New York with Mr. Putnam, and in London with Sampson Low & Co. A German edition was also brought out at the same time. He was busily engaged in preparing the book for the press at the time of his marriage, which took place October 27, 1857. His friends in New York celebrated the event on the same day in a pleasant fashion by a dinner to which he invited them.

Immediately after his marriage, Bayard Taylor went with his wife to London, where he remained long enough to see his "Northern Travel" through the press and to secure an English copyright. He had intended making a journey of exploration into Russian Tartary for the purpose of procuring fresh material for a volume of travels. His plan was to spend a winter in Moscow, preparing himself by study and familiarity with Russian life for the adventure in the following summer, but the letters which he received from America forced him to reconsider his resolve. The financial disasters of this year, 1857, had temporarily affected his sources of income, and he did not deem it prudent to incur so heavy an expense as the Russian winter and the summer in Tartary would demand. It was of little use, however, to return to America, where literature and lecturing were both at a stand-still. He could maintain himself better by correspondence than in any other way, and he decided to pass the winter in Greece, which he had not yet

[1] *Northern Travel*, p. 351.

visited, and which offered a good field for work. After a short stay, therefore, in Gotha, upon returning from London, he went with his wife to Athens, which he reached on the evening of Christmas Day. By good fortune he found that the dragoman, François, who had been with him in Palestine and Asia Minor, was settled in Athens and kept a furnished house for strangers.

"We have engaged a parlor and two bedrooms," he writes to his mother on the last day of the year, "and shall move there day after to-morrow. . . . François has a warm house, and I think we shall be very comfortable with him. His wife is a German woman, who will be some company for M. while we are off on our trips into the interior. Of course François will accompany us always, and I know him well enough to depend on him. . . . We shall not go anywhere for a month at least, and then to Candia first, afterwards Rhodes, and then back to Athens. I cannot take M. on this trip as there are no inns on either of the islands, and the houses are dirty, without beds, and full of fleas."

With his customary promptness and facility he applied himself at once to acquiring a colloquial knowledge of modern Greek, and a month after they had settled themselves in Athens he was able to write to his mother: "I commit three to four pages to memory every morning, and then talk them over with my teacher. In this way, without grammar or dictionary, I have learned so much that I can ask for everything I want and talk about ordinary topics. It is a beautiful language, and I only wish I had time to study it thoroughly. I have also taken a few sketches whenever the weather permitted, and am, besides, reading

Grecian history. So you see my time is pretty well taken up."

The society at Athens was full of interest to him, and he was especially indebted to Dr. and Mrs. Hill, the American missionaries. Through them he was able to enlarge and modify the impressions which he received of Greece, and to get a quicker introduction into the mingled Bavarian and Hellenic life of the capital. The experiment, then still new, of reorganizing Greece under the supervision of the Western Powers interested him extremely, and his diary contains many observations which he did not think it expedient to enlarge upon in his printed narrative. He came to Greece with a poet's apprehension of the classic life, not a scholar's; yet he was too actual in all his habits of observation to lose himself in a merely romantic or regretful vision of modern Greece. The burst of passionate admiration with which he viewed the Acropolis was the accumulated expression of enthusiasm for Greek art which had always possessed him even when he had but remote or fragmentary objects to call it forth. Now, in the heart of ancient Greece, the full tide of feeling rushed forth. He brought to the scene no careful culture through the study of Grecian literature, art, and history, but a mind apt at receiving those great impressions of great art which overflow the soul and sweep away for the time being all other thoughts and emotions.

The whole winter in Greece and the Grecian Islands was a most delightful verification to him of old dreams and present aspirations, and as such found an immediate expression in a book of travel, which has, perhaps, greater unity and finish than any of his previous prose works. The reader will recall the wist-

ful look which Bayard Taylor cast toward Greece when he was first in Europe. In the plans for his earliest journey, none excited his enthusiasm as did that for visiting Greece, and his greatest disappointment was when in Italy he turned his back upon that near East and set his face toward France. Now, when he had visited the shores of so large a part of the globe, had seen many cities and many men, fortune brought him, under happy auspices, to this navel of the poetic world. He brought with him the poetic fervor of his youth and the maturer judgment of his experience. He was ready to yield at once to the fascination of the antique, and to watch with curious eye a people and land which offered to the modern traveler aspects a world away from the Greece of Pericles.

After he was sufficiently equipped with a knowledge of the language and a familiarity with Grecian ways he made several excursions: to Crete in February, to the Morea in the latter part of March, and to Thessaly in April. He had learned the art of travel thoroughly now, and one is aware in reading his record how lightly he disposed of difficulties, and how easily he adjusted himself to the circumstances of his life. He had learned also more perfectly the art of rendering his sketches of travel so that the narrative should have something more than sequence; the nice proportion, the composition, indeed, of his work on Greece indicate that even though he wrote necessarily in fragments, his work assumed a unity and true perspective as he went on with it. He wrote no poem during his stay in Greece, but he was clearly under the influence of the artistic mood and used his faculty in the completer, more picturesque form of his prose narrative.

His stay in Greece closed when spring had fairly come, and the party returned to Gotha by way of Constantinople and the Danube. As soon as Bayard Taylor had established his wife in her former home, he set out for a hurried excursion to Moscow and St. Petersburg. Although he had been obliged to give up the more elaborate plan which he had formed, he was unwilling to go home without a glimpse of a country which interested him, and which now seemed to require his notice, if he would complete in his mind some of the reflections which had arisen from the acquaintance with modern Greece. He returned by a rapid movement through the Baltic provinces, and reached Gotha sooner than he had been expected.

He wrote to Mr. Stoddard, July 21st, "The poetic faculty is beginning to give signs of life at last. Two years of silence was quite enough, but the time is not lost. I may bring you half a dozen poems with me, but no more. I need American air, when I write poetry." A few days later he wrote a poem, "A Watch of the Night," which found its place in the first edition of "The Poet's Journal." The expected cry of a child, when the wind was howling without, was the theme which invited him to take up his song again. This poem was omitted from the later editions of "The Poet's Journal." It had, perhaps, for him both an intimacy which he shrank afterwards from sharing with others, and a slight uncertainty of handling, as if his fingers were not yet newly used to the once familiar instrument.

This poem and two which followed shortly after, "The Father" and "The Mother," have an autobiographic interest to the reader for their frank expression of that unhesitating affection which he gave to those

whom he loved. In a fragment of a confession which he wrote four years before, he said: "I have been reading 'Rousseau's Confessions,' and am struck with certain similarities which my nature bears to his. He was a man, evidently, whose very life consisted in loving. Love was the breath of his being; and the older I grow the more I find that the same thing is true with regard to myself. I have felt all the transports and the tendernesses of passion which he describes — the same feminine devotion to the beloved object, the same enthrallment of the imagination and the affections. But as I have much less genius than he, so I have more worldly wisdom, and my affections, though they tyrannize over me completely, rarely betray themselves to the observation of others." This reserve is very manifest in his poetry; the personal feeling is hidden for the most part; even when the subject which his art chooses lies parallel with his own personal history, one is aware of a still depth which does not disclose to the ordinary observer more than the reflection of sentiment. The three poems written at this time were written, one might almost say, when he was off his guard. In the glow of his new possession he wrote to his old friend, Mr. Stoddard: —

Now you and I are quits, I shall no longer contrast your household happiness with mine, and sigh for what I find wanting. I, too, am a father. Do you hear — a *father*. Pshaw, as I wrote the word the dumb letters don't seem to mean anything, and yet they should mean the unspeakably blessed fact that I have a child. . . . I look at the little thing with a sort of childish delight and wonder, and continually ask myself: Is this helpless being really sprung from my loins? I see my own brown eyes in its face, my hair on its head, my "three-cent-piece of a mouth," and wonder how much of my soul goes with these features. It is ugly, as all newly-born babies are,

yet to me it is as divinely beautiful as the Child-Christ of Raphael. I never cared for such fresh existences before; but now all its blind motions, shrill cries, and semi-stupid signs of wonderment at finding itself in the world, inspire me with the profoundest interest. I now know what the tenderness of a parent is. . . .

The family remained at Gotha until it was prudent to travel to America. During the interval occurred the three hundredth anniversary of the University of Jena, which Bayard Taylor attended and where he had the pleasure of meeting Fritz Reuter. He wrote an account of the University and of the celebration, which is reprinted in the first series of "At Home and Abroad." On the 1st of October he sailed with his family from Hamburg, arrived at New York on the 20th, and four days later they were at the old homestead in Kennett Square.

CHAPTER XV.

1858–1860.

THE BUILDING OF CEDARCROFT.

> Careless of fate, yet with a central strength
> I knew would hold his life in equipoise,
> And bent his wandering energies, at length,
> To the smooth orbit of serener joys.
>
> *The Poet's Journal.*

> High is the house and sunny the lawn: the capes of the woodlands,
> Bluff, and buttressed with many boughs, are gates to the distance
> Blue with hill over hill, that sink as the pausing of music.
>
> *Proem* (to "Home Pastorals.")

The journey to Greece was the last of a series of travels which had occupied Bayard Taylor's mind for fourteen years. He was conscious that he had satisfied the impulse which sent him out, for it was not so much a craving for knowledge of the world as it was a desire to place himself *en rapport* with a wide range of humanity and nature, which had given him a restlessness of life. With the decrease of interest in the mere externals of travel came of necessity a diminution of zeal for that form of literature which consists mainly in description and the quick record of impressions. If he could not travel to write, he had little care to travel at all, for expression of his life was a necessity to his nature.

He had, moreover, now given hostages to fortune, and the realization of his dreams of domestic life lent a new force to his old passion for the place of his

childhood. He had already, when in Germany, made plans for the house which he meant to build upon his estate, and he now threw himself with ardor into the work of building. For two years and more all his energy was devoted to earning the necessary money and carrying out the plans which he had formed, plans which grew and grew with that fatal facility which every one who models his house after his prototype in Spain knows so well.

The great resource always open to him was lecturing. It was not his chosen form of expression. He never deceived himself into believing that he had the art of a born lecturer; but having accepted the one available method for turning his experience into gold, he spared no pains to make the most of such gifts as he had. Thus his delivery and the style of his discourse steadily improved, and in spite of the many annoyances and discomforts of the life, he even learned to find pleasure in addressing an audience. In this, however, he was very dependent upon the audience, for its response was a prime necessity to his ease and enjoyment.

He effected also, after his return to America, a change in his business relations with Mr. Putnam. He bought the stereotype plates of his works and leased them to Mr. Putnam, who assumed toward him and Washington Irving the relation of agent. This purchase and the outlays immediately called for in the construction of his house impelled him to the earliest possible increase of his resources, and as soon as ground had been broken, and he had established his family for the winter in a joint occupation with Mr. Stoddard and his family of a house in Brooklyn, he hurried off on a lecture tour which kept him busily

engaged until late in the spring. While away he amused himself one night with sketching his experiences as a lecturer in a rhymed letter to Mr. Stoddard.

RECREATIONS OF A RAINY DAY.

Did you ever hear of Niles, my boy?
  Did you ever hear of Niles?
Not the Congress Register,
  Bound in bulky files —
Not where Egypt's river
  Spawns the crocodiles —
Not by dykes of Holland,
  Or Venetian piles —
Not where Knox and Genin
  Sell their shiny tiles —
Not where black papooses
  Bask in tropic isles —
But away in Michigan,
  Many hundred miles
From your Brooklyn domicile,
  Here I am in Niles!

Rain is falling, pouring
  As in Noah's time;
Hardly can the omnibus
  Stagger thro' the slime;
Driver wrapped in oilcloth
  Takes the proffered dime,
As we reach the tavern door
  Songs begin to chime:
"Will you have your dinner, Sir?"
  "Yes, I will, for I 'm
Hungry as a catamount."
  "Walk in — just in time!"

Now I light the exquisite
  Roll of Cuban weed,
Purchased in Chicago —
  Dear enough, indeed!

Rollick in the rocking chair
While the smoke ascends,
Think on wife and baby,
And on you, my friends!
Comes a rapping, tapping
At my chamber door,
But, unlike Poe's raven
Crying "Evermore!"
'T is the new Committee
Any one can tell,
Come to see the lecturer:
"Hope you 're very well!"
"How d' you like our city?"
"It 's growing mighty fast."
"Where d' you go to-morrow?"
"Where 'd you lecture last?"

Finally they leave me,
I 'm alone, again,
Watch the roaring, pouring
Equinoctial rain,
Swashing down the gutters,
Splashing on the pane,
Lounge in pleasant indolence
Resting bones and brain:
When again a rapping —
(Hope you will not laugh) —
School-boy with an album
Wants an autograph!
Next a solemn gentleman,
Unctuous of face:
"What 's your real opinion
Of the human race?"
Then a man salacious,
Libidinous to view:
"Is the marriage custom
A false one or a true?"
Then a grim one, smelling
Of the sepulchre:
"Sprinkling or immersion,
Which do you prefer?"

"You have given the body
Development enough:
Don't you think the spirit
Should have *quantum suff.?*"

Thicker than the deluge
Pouring out-of-doors,
Comes a rain of questions
From the crowd of bores;
"Where 's your lady staying?"
"What 's your baby's name?"
"Do you find Society
Everywhere the same?"
"Where are you going to travel?"
"What 's your future plan?"
"Do you think you 'll ever
Be a settled man?"
"Ain't you now the greatest
Traveler alive?"
"What 's the land where turnips
Seem the best to thrive?"
"Don't you suffer awful
From the heat and cold?"
"So, you 're now a German
Citizen, I 'm told!"
"What might be your birth-place?"
"Where d' you call your home?"
"Can you stay in any place —
You 're so used to roam?"

Would I were in Douglas Street
With a glass of beer —
Tears upon the paper
Leave an inky smear,
Oh, I want to see you
Oh, I want to be
Where, for information,
No one comes to me.
I 'd be a bloody whaler
Among the Kurile Isles,

A tearing, swearing sailor
Whom the Captain riles,
Anything but Taylor
Lecturing in Niles!

On his return he moved with the Stoddards to New York, and went again to the distant West on a four weeks' tour of lecturing.

He was full of vigor. The great burden which he had assumed only stimulated him to harder work, and he entered with a certain athletic joy upon the task of making literature, not a stick or a crutch, but a horse on which he proposed to ride hard into prosperity. He felt again his pulse beat quicker at the thought of poetry, and while he looked forward to the goal toward which he was speeding as one when honest leisure should wait upon his poetic mood, he could not altogether delay for that consummation. He had not been gone long on his tour, before he wrote the half-sad, half-eager poem, "The Return of the Goddess," which stands as the preface to "The Poet's Journal," and is quite as significantly the preface to this period of his life.

When the summer came and he was released from the labor of lecturing, he found as absorbing an occupation in superintending the work upon his house. He removed with his family to the old homestead, where he could watch every brick and stone and timber. Nor did he wholly intermit his literary work. He had accepted a liberal offer from the "New York Mercury" to furnish a number of sketches of travel for that paper, for he could not afford to disregard any opportunity of adding to his income, since the outgo was unceasing. He was also at work on his "Travels in Greece and Russia" for Mr. Putnam and upon a

revision of his "Cyclopædia" for Moore, Wilstach & Keys of Cincinnati. Since he was at his mother's, and had his family with him, he wrote but few letters. One to Mr. Stoddard gives a hint of his bustling life and of his eager interest in his new house.

TO R. H. STODDARD.

KENNETT, *June* 9, 1859.

. . . We are all well, but awfully busy and perplexed. The house and the Lord knows how many other things give me no peace by day or night. I am worried by a hydraulic ram which won't work properly, with carpenters, brick-makers, bricklayers, stone-setters, haulers, *et id omne genus diabolorum.* If I had no "Mercury," no Putnam, no Moore and Company, to molest me or make me afraid, I should rather enjoy this other worriment — but there 's a little too much of a good thing. It is really a Napoleonic business to build a house. Meanwhile, the walls are slowly going up. Some of the door and window frames are in position, and the corners have reached the height of three stone blocks. To-day we placed the great corner-stone of the tower, with all due ceremony. Under it is a box of zinc, containing a copy of "Views Afoot," an original poem by me, to be read five hundred years hence by somebody who never heard of me, a "Tribune," some coins, a poem by R. H. S. in his own MS., and various small things. All of us — even Lily — contributed a trowel-full of mortar. I broke the neck of a bottle on the stone, poured a libation to all good Lares and Penates, and then gave the workmen cake and ale. The great arched window in the south front is raised to its place, and you never saw a lovelier summer picture than it inframes. God willing, I shall have the walls done by September 1st, but, O Lord! what a job!

Write soon — I can't say more, for I must work for the "Mercury" this afternoon, besides attending to my hydraulic ram, which fleeces me of my gold — so it may be called the ram with the golden fleece. . . .

Before the summer was over, Bayard Taylor received an invitation from a literary society in San Francisco to lecture. He took the opportunity to make a three months' lecturing tour through Califor-

nia, and it was one of the most interesting experiences of his life, he used to say, to find beautiful cities where ten years before he had slept on the bare ground in a wilderness. He took his wife with him and traveled through the whole extent of the gold regions. He had been persuaded that he should clear five thousand dollars by the tour, and that made it worth his while to go, but he was obliged to content himself with a less complete success.

TO GEORGE H. BOKER.

KENNETT SQUARE, PA., *July* 29, 1859.

. . . I have been immensely busy this week, have written six one hundred dollar articles for the "Mercury," besides superintending the building of my house since Monday morning. My head is beginning to whirl with this accumulation of labor, but in another week I shall enjoy the repose of the sea. If you hear a new tone in that corner of the Gulf Stream which laps the beach of Newport, ten days hence, you will know where it comes from. I wish I could have a week on the rocks there with you, and the MSS. to read and discuss.

Have you seen Tennyson's book? The extracts in the papers promise unusually well. . . .

TO HIS FATHER.

SAN FRANCISCO, *September* 4, 1859.

. . . I have at last got fairly started with my lectures. They are fully as successful as I could expect, and will be still more so after the 7th, which is election day. I had a thousand persons at my first lecture here, and received two hundred dollars at San José, although there was not time to give general notice. The people seem well satisfied, the papers speak well of me, and so the commencement promises a successful campaign. I go to Sacramento to-morrow, and lecture here again on Friday. I have four lectures this week and six next. All my time is now taken up until the 26th of this month. . . .

It is astonishing how the country has improved. Everywhere there are splendid roads, villages, lines of stages, and fenced and cultivated farms. The fruit and vegetables are the finest in

the world. Apples are raised weighing three pounds apiece, pears four pounds, beets fifty pounds, and pumpkins two hundred and sixty pounds. We have seen bunches of grapes two feet and a half long and eighteen inches wide. I have never lived so well before. Everything is the best of its kind. We are both as stout and hearty as we can be. . . .

TO HIS MOTHER.

SACRAMENTO, *September* 18, 1859.

We have been three weeks in California to-day, and the time has passed on the whole rapidly and pleasantly. I have finished my engagements in San Francisco, and shall this week be occupied with Sacramento and Maryvsille. I have given twelve lectures in all, but six or seven of them were in small places around San Francisco, merely to fill up the time, and did not average over eighty or ninety dollars apiece. I am now free to make my own arrangements for this place and the mining towns, and expect to do as well as I anticipated, if not better. There are so many more towns, however, than I supposed, and I have so many more chances of lecturing, that I have decided to remain two weeks longer than I had intended. . . .

We have received much politeness and hospitality from the people, and our stay is as pleasant as it can well be, so far from home, but we are very anxious for the absence to be over. I wish I could see how my house is coming on. I hope it is under roof by this time. . . .

TO R. H. STODDARD.

SACRAMENTO, CAL., *October* 3, 1859.

. . . I am not so well remunerated in the interior towns as I anticipated, but am working hard to make up for the deficiency. On the whole, the trip will pay tolerably, not splendidly. I travel fifty miles a day in torrid heat and infernal dust, and lecture in the evening to a lot of miners who go out every fifteen minutes to take drinks, and then come back again. *Sich* is fame!

Lord! how I want to get home again! More now than ever; seventeen days more, and then we embark. We have been over the awfullest mountains you ever heard of, down into gold mines, and everywhere else. I have traveled seventy-five miles to-day in killing dust, and must to bed, as I go sixty to-morrow and lec-

ture afterwards. Talk of my getting rich! I earn every cent twice over. . . .

PLACERVILLE, CAL., *October 4, evening.*

. . . I came hither from Sacramento to-day — another day of fierce heat and awful, blinding, choking dust. I have ten days more of such work in the mountains, and then to San Francisco and home. I shan't make as much as I expected, but don't repent coming. I may clear four thousand dollars by the trip, but that is yet uncertain. I have only made twenty-seven hundred dollars over expenses as yet, and worked devilish hard. I am disgusted with the process of getting up lectures myself in the mining towns. It 's a terribly shabby, nasty business, and humiliates me immensely. Nevertheless, I don't wear away in flesh any, but am burnt brown and whole, though bruised with many jolts. M. is very well, quite robust, and can stand much fatigue. The other day she rode twenty miles on horseback, at a stretch, in the heat and dust. We are going to the big trees on Sunday next.

My lectures in San Francisco were a splendid success, and I am going to give two more there; but in Sacramento and Marysville, where I had counted high, they turned out very indifferently. We have had many funny adventures. The other day we two, with driver and guide, were taken for a quartette club, and invited to stop and give a concert!

The California experience had its rough side, and the letters written *en route* naturally reflected this, but Bayard Taylor was greatly impressed by the vitality and promise of the State, and his enthusiasm found voice in the poem "On Leaving California," annexed to "The Poet's Journal," beginning: —

O fair young land, the youngest, fairest far
Of which our world can boast, —
Whose guardian planet, Evening's silver star,
Illumes thy golden coast, —

How art thou conquered, tamed in all the pride
Of savage beauty still!
How brought, O panther of the splendid hide,
To know thy master's will!

During his absence he wrote also a series of letters which were afterward collected in the second series of "At Home and Abroad," under the title "New Pictures from California," and beneath all the glowing description of material prosperity runs a current of thought reflecting the real power of the country, which finds clear expression in the closing words: "For myself, in breathing an air sweeter than that which first caught the honeyed words of Plato — in looking upon lovelier vales than those of Tempe and the Eurotas — in wandering through a land whose sentinel peak of Shasta far overtops the Olympian throne of Jupiter — I could not but feel that nature must be false to her promise, or man is not the splendid creature he once was, if the Art and Literature and Philosophy of Ancient Greece are not one day rivaled on this last of inhabited shores!"

It was the middle of November when Bayard Taylor and his wife returned to the east. The volume of "Travels in Greece and Russia, with an Excursion to Crete," had already appeared, and seven thousand copies had at once been sold. The first series of "At Home and Abroad, a Sketch-Book of Life, Scenery, and Men," also appeared this season, containing a collection of the various sketches and letters which he had been contributing to journals, and which could not be included in the continuous narratives already published. After removing his family and household gods to Thirteenth Street in New York, where the Stoddards were again associated in occupation, he resumed his lecture engagements. He has said, in summing up his California experience: "On the whole, the business of lecturing left the impression of ennui and uselessness to myself, if I subtracted the mere gain in

money. In America the lecturer is more or less of a teacher, and his work is therefore important, but I never considered it my particular calling." This impression was no doubt the result largely of the continuous strain which an unceasing campaign laid upon him, especially since he was compelled to take charge of the business of his course. At the east, when his lecturing fell into an established routine, and he was able to make his circuit pass occasionally through his home in New York, he was less oppressed by the work. Of the life in New York Mr. Stoddard has written pleasantly in his "Atlantic" paper: —

"Our home was frequented by artists, by men of letters, and by poets. We were a nest of singing birds, as Dr. Johnson told Mistress Hannah More, when he showed her his old rooms in Pembroke College. We made much of Christmas, which we kept as the poet's wife had been accustomed to see it kept in her German fatherland. . . . We invited a young poet [Mr. Aldrich] to spend a Christmas Eve with us, and showered upon him all sorts of musical instruments: drums, trumpets, fiddles, fifes, penny-whistles, jews'-harps, — everything, in short, that would indicate his devotion to the Muse. We made more of our Christmas Eves than of all other nights in the year."

The winter of 1860, full as it was of travel and work, was also one of anticipation, for the house at Cedarcroft was approaching completion, and with the house finished, and his dream realized of a substantial footing, the poet looked forward eagerly to his cherished vocation.

TO GEORGE H. BOKER.

SCRANTON, PA., *February* 27, 1860.

Do you remember promising to inquire for me in regard to oak and black-walnut mantelpieces? I had quite forgotten about it until a note from my carpenter reminds me that it must be attended to. I therefore inclose a very rough draft, merely to give an idea of dimensions: I want the mantels massive rather than ornamental, though a little ornament is desirable. Please ascertain the probable cost, as well as the time when they could be ready, and let me know.

I am sorry I was unable to be home ten days ago when you were there. I hope you had a pleasant visit. I want our New York society to be as attractive to you as possible, that you may not give up your idea of becoming one of us. I was at home last Saturday; there were about fifty, but not all of them to my taste, and I longed for the more choice company of the previous week. . . .

I am drawing near the end of my lectures, God be praised! When the end comes, I shall have given two hundred and seventy in the space of eighteen months! My house, however, is paid for, though it costs $15,000, and all the stereotype plates of my works are paid for ($5,000 more), and so I feel rather proud of my labors. All my "Mercury" and other engagements are finished (that is, the work is done) and I have now six months for poetry. Congratulate me! . . .

GREENE, N. Y., *Saturday, March* 17, 1860.

After various consultations and calculations, I have decided to take the mantel, and therefore send back the design. Will you please order it for me — of best seasoned oak. I wish but a single panel as keystone, and on it, instead of a "T", the old coat of arms of the Taylor family, which I will send when I reach New York. It is simple — a lion rampant, holding a scallop-shell in his paws, and three of the same shells on the shield. This, I think, will look better than an initial letter. I presume the whole thing can be done in three or four weeks: I want it in about a month from now. I have not yet decided about the others. There are two more up-stairs, but I will wait a while, as they can be put up any time.

I am gradually getting through with my work, having only seven-

teen lectures more. I promise you I shall do no labor of any kind from the 1st of May to the 1st of October, except to clear my brain of the confused mass of poems which are swimming there.

You ask me how I keep my youth. I scarcely know, except by preserving my sympathies for others. For the last three or four years I have been gradually growing younger, and intend to be no older when my hair is white. My married life is very happy; my friends are faithful; my struggle with the world is pretty much over (and even while it lasted, I was always careful not to become soured by it). In fact, I have adopted a cheerful philosophy, which bears me lightly over all unpleasant experiences.

. . . Ah, what other hearts were ours, when we first met! Do you remember those days, those dreams? In spite of my will, I am older than then — but, thank God! not colder.

I look upon your visit to Kennett as certain. But meantime I shall see you in New York. Sinner that I am, I don't know when Easter week comes, but I 'll find out. I inclose you one brick[1] from my clay-bed.

New York, *April* 6, 1860.

I have just returned, and find your letter. I inclose the coat of arms, which, I presume, can be readily cut. The ermine marks may be omitted, if need be. I simply want the thing waxed and oiled, not polished. I believe nothing further is requisite. I shall be home a part of next week, and shall therefore see you.

I have written two short poems lately — the first waves of the coming freshet.

TO R. H. STODDARD.

Kennett Square, Pa., *May* 10, 1860.

. . . We reached home a week ago, all right, and just in time to avoid the heavenly hot weather. The growth of vegetation since we came is magical. The woods are all in leaf already. The house goes on slowly; the carpenter work lags, but we have done something at clearing away rubbish, sodding, and making the surroundings fair to look upon. I have shoveled dirt until I am as stiff as a rail. . . .

I have accomplished nothing in the way of writing, except to begin a new poem, "The Quaker Widow," which popped into my head the other day. I 'll send it to you when it 's done. . . .

[1] The poem, "The Return of the Goddess."

KENNETT, *May* 14, 1860.

I send you my "Quaker Widow," which you may offer to "Harper's Monthly," — fifty dollars. I want the money, and I think it 's a subject which will suit them. Dramatically, the poem is as true as it can be, — full of Quaker expressions from beginning to end, and that is about all I aimed at. The thing has n't been done before, not even by Whittier or B. Barton.

I am beginning a prose article, and shall try to write another "pome" this week. We shall be in New York about a week from to-morrow. All are well here. The awful rains hinder my out-door work very much, but inside it goes on. All upstairs will be finished and furnished this week. M. and I are going to Philadelphia to-morrow to buy furniture. We have just one hundred dollars left. Write to me soon. Best remembrances to Stedman from both of us. The country is seraphical.

Thus poetry, prose, and house-building went on together, and the poet, quick with new themes and glad at the freshet of song which was rising, strained every nerve to meet the demands made upon him by his venture, and by the many nameless complications of his home affairs. "The Quaker Widow" was an essay in a new direction and the forerunner of the ballads which he afterward wrote in the same vein and which are among the most popular of his poems. His house at last was finished, and at the end of May he established himself in it, and in the spirit with which he had conceived the whole enterprise, transferred his father and mother and two sisters to his hospitable and roomy home, making of it the family hall.

In a series of papers, from which we have already quoted, "A Country Home in America," [1] Bayard Taylor sketched the history of Cedarcroft from the first reminiscence of the old estate to the day when he had been the comfortable occupant for eighteen months. He wove into the narrative his experience

[1] *At Home and Abroad*, Second Series.

in building, the plans he formed, the mistakes he made; but it is with the completed house that we are now concerned, and from the sketch a few paragraphs may be taken which afford a modest view from the owner's sight.

"When I came to think, seriously, upon the plan of a house, which was to be built up with no imaginary mortar, but *bonâ fide* lime and sand, I found that the true plan was already there, perhaps unconsciously suggested by the expectant trees. It must be large and stately, simple in its forms, without much ornament — in fact, expressive of strength and permanence. The old halls and manor houses of England are the best models for such a structure, but a lighter and more cheerful aspect is required by our southern summer and brighter sky. There must be large windows, and spacious verandas for shade and air in summer, steep roofs to shed the rain and winter snow, and thick walls to keep out our two extremes of heat and cold. Furthermore, there must be a tower, large enough for use as well as ornament, yet not so tall as to belittle the main building.

"Thus much being settled, the next step was to plan the interior arrangements that they should correspond to the external forms. The true way to build a house is to determine even the minutest details before commencing the work. In any case, the interior is of paramount importance, and it is better to get the rooms, staircases, closets, doors, and windows rightly arranged at first, and then inclose them with the external wall, than the reverse. . . . The *soul* of a house, after all, which is its character as a home, is of more importance than the body. . . .

"After much deliberation I decided upon brick,

with stone quoins. The clay (from one of the fields on the place), to my great satisfaction, had a pale, purplish tinge when burned, instead of the usual glaring red, and harmonized admirably with the bluish-gray granite of the corners. There was such an abundance of it that I felt entirely free to carry out my ideas with regard to strength and durability. I therefore fixed the thickness of the walls at two feet, including a hollow chamber of an inch and a half, and the thickness of the inner partition walls (which were also of brick) at one foot. The latter, besides being fire-proof and almost impervious to sound, proved to be as cheap in the end as studs and laths. The result has satisfied me that no house can be truly comfortable unless the walls are thick, with a hollow chamber, or at least furred on the inside. The latter plan, however, does not always insure complete dryness. On the other hand, I have heard of one brick wall of thirteen inches which proved to be quite dry; but in this case the mortar was of the best quality. The additional thickness of the wall would be paid for in a few years by the saving in fuel, in many parts of the country.

"For the finishing of the rooms there is nothing equal to the native wood, simply oiled to develop the beauty of the grain. Even the commonest pine, treated in this way, has a warmth and lustre beside which the dreary white paint, so common even in the best houses, looks dull and dead. Nothing gives a house such a cold, uncomfortable air as white paint and white plaster. This color is fit only for the tropics. . . . Two verandas of yellow pine, treated to two coats of boiled oil, have a richness and beauty of color beyond the reach of pigments; and my only regret

connected with the house is, that I was persuaded by the representations of mechanics to use any paint at all.

"There is another external feature which the brilliancy of our sunshine not only suggests but demands. Relief is an absolute requirement. Most houses should have not only a cornice proportioned to their dimensions and in keeping with their character, but string-pieces between the stories, and window-caps and sills projecting sufficiently to cast a shade. I found also that an excellent effect could be obtained, without additional expense, by setting the windows and doors in raised panels of brickwork projecting two or three inches from the face of the wall. For the string-pieces, a simple row of dentils, formed by setting out alternate bricks, can be made by the most ordinary workman. Design, not cost, is the only difference between a fine house and a poor one. . . .

"Let me give one more hint, derived from my experience, to those who may be contemplating a little private architecture. Get all the estimates from the various mechanics, add them together, and increase the sum total by fifty per cent., as the probable cost of your undertaking; but do not say what the real cost is until everything is finished. *Then* you will know. Even the estimates of the most experienced workmen, I have found, are not to be depended upon. It is the little ills of life that wear us out, and it is likewise the little expenses that empty our purses.

"However, let me content myself that another requisition of the Italian proverb is fulfilled, — that the house is built, and likely to stand for two or three centuries, when, in all probability, the inscribed stone

over its portal [1] will be the only memorial of the name of its builder. That, however, does not concern me. While I live, I trust I shall have my trees, my peaceful, idyllic landscape, my free country life at least half the year; and while I possess so much, with the ties out of which all this has grown, I shall own one hundred thousand shares in the Bank of Contentment, and consider that I hold a second Mortgage Bond on the Railroad to the Celestial City."

From these passages, one may form some notion of the house into which Bayard Taylor had built his dreams. But the house, after all, was only a part of his castle. He always thought of the building only as a necessary portion of a larger whole. To own broad acres, to set his house in the midst of them, and to make it blend with chestnuts and oaks, — this was his more generous desire. That liberal love of nature which drew him back to Kennett made it necessary for him that his fields should be as varied as his house was capacious; it was not the arrogance of ownership, but the delight of an expansive home which moved him, and thus he took an unending delight in seeing the boundaries of the place extend, and in watching the growth of all the forms that surrounded him. He wished to have the whole place expressive of his nature.

In another series of papers written in 1869 for "Hearth and Home," a weekly journal edited by his friend, Donald G. Mitchell, he rehearsed his experiences in house-building, and added a paper which gave him an opportunity at once to set forth his views of landscape-gardening and to use for illustration a sketch of his own grounds at Cedarcroft.

[1] The stone over the portal of Cedarcroft bore the inscription, "Bayard Marie Taylor, 1859," in accordance with an old style prevailing in that neighborhood.

"I have always looked," he says, "upon the art of landscape-gardening, in its best sense, as being to nature what a refined civilization is to man. It should aim to develop and make attractive, not to conceal or change the individuality of scenery. Nature, indeed, seems to second all efforts in the former direction even as she resists arbitrary intermeddling with her habits. In the way of cultivation, contrast, and careful finish, not a great deal can be done in this country without ample means; but there are two things which cost very little, and upon which the first effect of home scenery depends — to *spare* and to *relieve*.

"The first I claim to have done, and the second I hope gradually to accomplish. This is about the extent of my landscape-gardening. In the present rough condition of my grounds, I feel, and like to feel, that whatever of beauty they may possess was already there when they first became my property, betraying itself through the disguises of long neglect. The wood of old oaks had hardly been touched by the axe; where once a hedge had inclosed a lane leading to where the fallen house had stood, a row of locust, sassafras, and tulip trees had sprung up and grown undisturbed for fifty years, while the natural lawn between had been appropriated by hundreds of cedars. Although mulleins, briers, and sedge-grass had taken possession of the exhausted soil, and the aspect of the place was waste and desolate, much resembling that of a worn-out Virginia plantation, its fine and stately features could not be concealed.

"My first step was to cut away the awkward and stunted cedars from the future lawn, leaving all the best specimens, singly or in groups, as they grew. The soil was cleared of bushes and briers, and ploughed

and cultivated for a year or two before being sown with grass-seed. The cultivation, however, is not yet deep enough for a good, persistent turf, and some under-drainage is required; so that the work must be done over again, and more thoroughly, before I can hope for a smooth, even green.

"The lines of the garden-terraces [in the plan] show the direction of the ridge upon which the house is built. It strikes the public road (which runs due north and south) at an angle of about thirty degrees, giving the lawn a southeastern slope, falling eight hundred and fifty feet in the distance of a furlong. Looking down it from the house, there is the old forest on the left, the line of trees, overgrown and tangled together with wild grape and ivy, on the right, the point of the wood at the bottom of the lawn in front, and over its edge and between it and the grove of yellow pine, a look-out into the country, bounded by some hills five or six miles away. Other glimpses to the west and southward open between the trees. The ground falls to the north, but a wood of several acres keeps off the wind, and beyond it there is a parallel ridge fifty feet higher than that on which the house is built.

"The place seems well adapted for the cultivation of fruit, being elevated enough to escape the first and last frosts, yet tolerably protected; and, accordingly, all the best ground (except the lawn) has been given up to vines and fruit trees. Even in the orchards, however, I have allowed a number of fine large cedars to stand, for a triple reason — they are beautiful; they protect the tender varieties of trees; they help to feed birds through the winter. You will see that the cedars, the pines, and the grand old deciduous trees

already furnish very delightful contrasts of form and color. To increase these contrasts was not difficult. A purple beech or two, to show against the oaks; a birch in front of a darker mass of cedar; the great arms and needles of the Austrian pine beside the light, delicate plumage of the latter; the large-leaved magnolia (macrophylla) to add richness; a larch or Southern cypress for its tender vernal green — and fine effects were already produced with slight means. They are only semi-effects as yet, but they improve from year to year.

"Near the northwestern corner of the house, and not far from the garden, there is a small group of black-walnut and locust trees, which gives us the nearest shade in summer. No large trees are planted nearer than the lowest terrace in front. Westward, a hundred yards distant, there are two enormous chestnut-trees, which surpass in dimensions any I have seen in this country. One of the trunks is twenty-seven feet in circumference, the other twenty-four feet! I presume they are not less than three or four hundred years old. Although some of the main boughs are dead, and they suffered severely by our New Year's sleet, I hope, by putting fresh earth about the trunks, to secure to them what life they still have.

"I know of nothing else that seems to me worthy of report. My place still shows, in various ways, the marks of old neglect, and I do not commend it to the reader as notable for anything but the beauty of certain natural features. During the eight years which have passed since the house was built, I have only been able to spend four summers at home; and, moreover, I have only devoted to the grounds what little labor or means could be spared from farm, orchard, and gar-

den. There is still a great deal to be done; but this is one of the charms of a country home — that it never is, or can be, finished — that it continually changes with seasons and the years."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE POET'S JOURNAL.

1860–1862.

As a man that walks in the mist,
As one that gropes for the morning
Through lengthening chambers of twilight,
The souls of the poems wander
Restless, and dumb, and lost,
Till the Word, like a beam of morning,
Shivers the pregnant silence,
And the light of speech descends
Like a tongue of the Pentecost!

The Sunshine of the Gods.

THE time had come when, to all external appearance, the poet had accomplished his preliminary purpose. He had built himself a stately pleasure-house, he was in the midst of his own broad acres, and now he might realize the other part of his dream and write the poems which had been postponed for this circumstance. It must be confessed that most who have put off the Muse to a more convenient season have found themselves unvisited when the hour named had fairly struck; for there is something paralyzing in such preparations and anticipations, and the willing poet even has been forced to admit that poetry cannot safely be made to wait.

But Bayard Taylor's devotion was too genuine to be the sport of an inconstant Muse, and scarcely had the sound of hammer ceased, before he was in his library or under his trees, writing eagerly at poems which

shaped themselves into a series of lyrical suggestions of a narrative whole. "I am in a fury of writing," he wrote to a friend when in the midst of his scheme, "and cannot stop, — cannot do or think of anything else." All through the month of June the songs flew from his mind like birds set free from a cage, and in that month he wrote almost the entire lyrical portion of "The Poet's Journal."

The freedom of mind which he enjoyed, the power thus to determine his own production, was not the mere rebound from a long tension of less enjoyable work, although something was due to his sense of escape. It had in it an element of resolution and the subjection of crowding care, for the release upon the completion of Cedarcroft was more apparent than real. Work as hard as he would, the house had come out ahead in the race, and he was in debt, involved, in spite of his stringent economy, and from causes which did honor to his generous nature, in liabilities which tugged at his mind and called upon him to give, give.

For all that, he had so buoyant a nature and was so heartily glad of the opportunity to show hospitality that he threw open his doors and eagerly welcomed friends far and near to share his pleasure. He entered upon a real possession of his domain, for he drew from the soil an abundant harvest, not only of material things, but of whatever fed the eye and ear and heart of man. He planted fruit trees, he made gardens, and seized upon every vista in his woods and every view from his hill-tops as a part of his unfailing domain. One of his greatest pleasures was in entertaining through the summer his friends, the Buflebs, who came from Germany to visit him and his wife. In August there was a merry house-warming, and we

recur to Mr. Stoddard's reminiscences for a sketch of one of the incidents: —

"Bayard Taylor finished his country house, Cedarcroft, in the summer of 1860, and gave his friends and neighbors a house-warming such as was never before known in Pennsylvania. Our families were together as in New York, and we, their lords and masters, resolved to surprise them, and ourselves, by writing a play. We went into a quiet room, and sketched out a trifle with which we hoped to amuse the expected visitors. There was but one room in which it could be acted, and as scenery was not practicable, we managed to have the action take place in the parlor of a hotel which we named the 'Effervescing House,' and located at Saratoga. We studied our company, and settled upon the number we thought we could depend upon, and upon the parts which would be likely to suffer least at their hands; then we set to work, and wrote as rapidly as our pens would travel over the paper, and when our company was letter perfect in the text and in their stage directions, we went to an old disused printing-office in Kennett, and set up the bill of the performance, with flaming head-lines: —

CEDARCROFT THEATRE!

GREAT ATTRACTION!

SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1860,

WILL BE PRESENTED FOR THE FIRST TIME A

NEW COMEDY

In One Act, entitled

LOVE AT A HOTEL!

By the World-Renowned Dramatic Authors,

MR. B. T. CEDARCROFT AND MR. R. H. S. CUSTOMHOUSE.

This was followed by the *dramatis personæ:* Mr. Charles Augustus Montmorency, a fast young gentleman without any visible means of support; Captain Morton Price, U. S. A.; Mr. A. Binks, proprietor of the Effervescing House; Barney O'Brien, porter; Miss Araminta Delaporte, a sentimental old maid of French descent, with a nervous dread of bugs, mice, etc.; Miss Julia Grindle, her niece; and Mehitable Jones, of Squam Neck, chambermaid. The 'comedy' was a great success, and deserved to be (before a country audience), for there was not an original scene, situation, thought, or word in it. It had been played so many times before in one form or another, that it could not well have failed now; and it did not fail. We amused our audience in the acting, as we had amused ourselves in the writing, and we parted on the best of terms."[1]

It was a delight to Bayard Taylor to write "The Poet's Journal;" he was satisfying the demands of his nature by such work; but he knew very well that it was not poetry which built Cedarcroft or could meet the incessant demands on his purse, and he wrote diligently for the periodicals, as well as prepared a new lecture for the coming season. The great Presidential election of 1860 was drawing near and casting its shadow before, on all occupations, making publishers cautious and disturbing all serenity of thought. Bayard Taylor took a strong interest in the event, and presided at a great mass meeting of Republicans held upon the historic field of the Brandywine. He said with earnestness: "It is a national, not a party struggle in which we are engaged; for the question whether

[1] "Reminiscences of Bayard Taylor," *The Atlantic Monthly*, February, 1879.

our national policy shall or shall not be based upon the recognition of the natural rights of man — upon the rights of labor, the untrammeled freedom of thought and speech — upon those principles, in fact, on which the progress of the race depends — concerns not merely a party, but all mankind."

His plans included the publication of "The Poet's Journal" in the fall, the preparation of articles for "The Independent" and the monthly magazines, and the translation of a new work by Gustav Freytag which had greatly interested him.

TO JAMES T. FIELDS.

CEDARCROFT, NEAR KENNETT SQUARE, CHESTER CO., PA.,
August 22, 1860.

I have been thinking of what you said with regard to the publication of my poems. It would certainly be advisable to delay them till the election is over; but after that event, as you know, there is always a complete lull in politics — a reaction, in fact, and the close of November, therefore, strikes me as a favorable time. I am going to Germany in April next, and have decided to publish the poems before I leave, so I must choose between November and March. Rudd and Carleton are anxious to publish the book, but of course I shall have no negotiations with them, unless it is impossible for you to bring it out. Pray let me know what you think of it. I am fully resolved to publish the book before my departure for Europe, as it closes an epoch in my literary life which I wish to leave behind me.

I have been reading Freytag's "Pictures of Life in Germany during the last Four Hundred Years" with great interest. Freytag is, you may know, the author of "Debit and Credit." These pictures are taken from authentic manuscripts, mostly autobiographical, and have an interest beyond any historical work. The "Thirty Years' War," related by the actors therein; the Emperor Charles V., Martin Luther, Melancthon, and other distinguished men described by those who saw them; life at the watering-places, at the feudal castles; courtship and marriage, etc., are some of the themes illustrated. They extend over a period of four hundred years. I should like nothing better than

to translate this work, if there were a likelihood that it would prove as interesting in English as it is in German. It is a thing I could do in two months, with hard work. It will make the two volumes of four hundred pages each. I propose it to you first ; think of it and let me know your decision. Harpers published "Debit and Credit," which is the most successful German novel of this century. I know the author personally.

We are living here quietly in our country home. Mrs. Stoddard is with us. We had a comedy last week, in which she and Mrs. T. performed with success. It was an original production, written by Stoddard and myself. We have the loveliest country neighborhood in the United States, though I say it that should n't. When you come on to attend the September trade sales, be sure and give us a day or two. Please let me have your decision on both points soon.

September 22, 1860.

I have purposely delayed writing until I could fix a time when the MSS. will be ready. I have been immensely busy, at work which must be first done because it will pay first. (This overrunning one's estimates $5,000 in building a house is not quite the thing, and hence I am laboring under temporary poverty.) I shall go on to New York on the 2d of October, taking the MSS. with me, and will thence dispatch them to you by express. Can they not be all in type by election day, so that I can read the proofs before starting on my winter tour ? I really think the times are not altogether unpropitious. My name is still well before the public, and my other books sell encouragingly. I shall call the volume "The Poet's Journal," — "only that and nothing more," — and you may announce it whenever you think best, saying that its contents are almost entirely new.

"Icarus," in the October "Atlantic," is mine, and I am just sending a prose story of very curious complexion to the same journal. Pray read my "Quaker Widow" in "Harper" for October. It will come in the volume also.

Between preparing my poems, my new lecture, short articles for "The Independent," political speeches, etc., I am over head and ears in work. But my stature does not diminish. I still weigh two hundred pounds. My wife sends kindest regards to you and yours, in which I join. Our German friends sailed on the 15th, unhappy at being obliged to return.

Cedarcroft is lovelier than ever. The sunset lights on my lawn are the most beautiful in the world.

KENNETT SQUARE, PA., *October* 15, 1860.

I have ready thirty-eight pages of proof; the work goes bravely on. It reads better in print than in MS., which encourages me. The type is delicious.

I have just received a letter from Lowell, accepting the prose article. Pray don't mention the author's name. I want it to be thought a *bonâ fide* confession, and was very careful to give it that character. I think it will attract attention. Now comes the brunt of my letter. Button up your pockets and listen! I should like to be paid for turning state's evidence before said evidence is published. It is contrary to your custom, I know, but I presume this deviation will not affect you seriously, while to me it would be a real favor, seeing that certain notes of mine have to be paid in a fortnight. I am paying the penalty of my ambition for building, you see. Fortunately the house is done, and I see the end of expense at last.

I have a few lectures between now and election day, but will forward the proof with as little delay as possible. I write this before my own hickory fire, with my wife (who greets you) as *vis-à-vis*. My Lar salutes your Lar.

The prose article referred to in the last letter was "The Confessions of a Medium," which was afterward reprinted in the second series of "At Home and Abroad." Mr. Lowell, in accepting the sketch, says, "You have dotted out with great nicety the waving boundary-line that divides self-deception from humbug —*me*-cheating from *thee*-cheating." The publishers advised against bringing out "The Poet's Journal" until the spring, or at any rate until the Southern excitement consequent upon the election of Mr. Lincoln should be allayed. Lecturing was resumed, but though the season was quite as favorable as usual, the lecturer, moving about the country, was able to form an impression of the undercurrent of political thought which was stirring the people. Bayard Taylor's unconcealed

views and his connection with the "Tribune" rendered him an object of suspicion to many. Mr. Curtis had been mobbed when speaking in Philadelphia, and Bayard Taylor, lecturing immediately afterward in Brooklyn, took up the cudgels for his friend and brought hisses down upon himself — a novel experience to him. He himself lectured the next week in Philadelphia, with a posse of policemen on the platform. He gave vent to his patriotic indignation over the proclamation for a fast by the President, who was throwing down the reins, in a spirited ballad, "Prayer-Meeting in a Storm," which he published in the "Tribune." The good ship Constitution had been caught in a storm, and the captain, who doubts if he can weather Hatteras, makes the temporizing proposal: —

> The wind on the one side blows me off,
> The current sets me shoreward:
> I'll just lay to between them both
> And *seem* to be going forward.

When everything is ready to go by the board, and tars and mates and passengers are all growling, the captain cries: —

> "Pipe all hands to the quarter-deck,
> And we 'll save her by Devotion!"
> The first mate hurled his trumpet down;
> The old tars cursed together
> To see the good ship helpless roll
> At the sport of wave and weather.
>
> The tattered sails are all a-back,
> Yards crack and masts are started;
> And the captain weeps and says his prayers,
> Till the hull be midships parted;

But God is on the steersman's side —
The crew are in revolution :
The wave that washes the captain off
Will save the Constitution !

One of the incidents of this exciting time which furnished fuel for the flames that were burning North and South was a correspondence between the chairman of a lecture committee in a Southern city and Bayard Taylor. The chairman wrote to revoke an invitation to lecture, and succeeded in supplying a series of reasons which were admirable targets for return shots. The letters were printed and commented on widely, and formed a part of that furious discharge of literary musketry which was kept up throughout the winter before the attack on Sumter.

Perhaps the intensity of feeling with regard to America had something to do with the carrying into execution a plan which he had long in his mind of writing a novel of American life, material for which he had had abundant opportunities for gathering in his varied travels in his own country. He had already tried his hand at some short stories and sketches, but his mental habit required a good long steady flight. It was a pleasure to him when he could weave his lyrics even into a larger plan. His travels, the lightest kind of his writing, had involved continuity, and thus when he came to the composition of fiction, he was dissatisfied with anything less than a fully constructed and elaborated novel. Besides, he was full of intellectual vigor, and since he was cut off from the subjects which his long travels had heretofore afforded him, he needed a new field. None offered better promise to him than the novel, and he sketched in his mind "Hannah Thurston," which he began in mid-

winter, 1861. He enjoyed greatly the new sensation in literature, and he had the incentive which was still goading him into relentless activity. He saw the daylight of freedom from debt just ahead of him. To his buoyant, hopeful nature, the edge of the forest through which he was making his way was that streak of light which struck through the trees and quickened his footsteps. Moreover, he had laid his plans to take his wife to her German home for the summer, and he wished to leave everything clear behind him.

In the spring of 1861 Bayard Taylor decided to give up the attempt to keep house in New York as well as in the country. Accordingly he moved all his possessions to Cedarcroft, intending to make that his permanent home, and to spend a short winter only in the city. He hoisted the American flag from the tower of his house and professed to enjoy all the dignity of a landed proprietor. "The house looks already quite baronial, with its new splendor," he writes to a friend. "We have fowls, a pig, two peacocks, and one rabbit. But I long for spring. If the weather were but warmer or brighter I should pluck up a little courage." He owned to an aversion to writing and a general disquiet. He was writing in the lull before the storm. Ten days later all was changed.

TO R. H. STODDARD.

CEDARCROFT, *Sunday, April* 21, 1861.

Everything here is upside down. We live almost in a state of siege, with the rumors of war flying about us. At present we don't know what is going on. We have reckless secessionists within twelve miles of us. Everybody is arming. The women are at work night and day, making clothes for the volunteers. Fred has raised sixty riflemen, and goes off in two days. The people of Kennett have contributed four thousand dollars to equip them. All the young Quakers have enlisted. The ex-

citement and anxiety is really terrible. We are so near the frontier that if the damnable Maryland traitors are not checked within three days we may have to meet them here. I never knew anything like the feeling — earnest, desperate, sublime — which the people exhibit. There are no parties any more. All are brothers, drawn together by the common danger. Chester County will furnish one thousand men, and dangerous men to meet. Of course we can't think of going to Europe now, nor until this immediate crisis is over. The danger is too near and too great. Our departure is postponed until some decisive action occurs. I cannot leave home now, though I want to go to New York to raise money. I shall have to sell one share of Tribune stock immediately, to pay Fred's pressing debts and let him go. C—— L—— has enlisted, W—— C——, G——'s boys; everybody that can be spared, in fact. The old men are forming a home guard for the defense of their households.

I never had such a day as last Thursday in Washington. I had a private interview with Lincoln, which was very satisfactory. I passed through Baltimore just before the attack on the Massachusetts men, — four hours only. Wilmington is loyal, I think; the news to-day is favorable, but we live from hour to hour in a state of terrible excitement. Show this letter to Putnam immediately (I have no time to write to him), and let me ask him in this way immediately to send me a check for one hundred dollars, or fifty dollars, or twenty-five dollars, any sum he can spare, to buy arms. We are unarmed; that is our great danger. Just let him read this, as if written to him. Go to his house; if you don't find him at home, tell Fiske my situation. I will send him a letter as soon as I can. Seward was not to be seen when I was in Washington, and Sumner had just left. We are courageous here, and full of hope for the final result, but the next few days will decide our fate. I will write again soon. God and Liberty!

Tuesday, April 23.

We are fast getting armed and organized here. An armed band of traitors has been within thirty-seven miles of us. We have night patrols (mine armed with my African swords and spears, in default of better weapons), and are preparing to defend our homes. Cedarcroft will make a good castle. I was out scouting yesterday, and I make patriotic addresses (extemporaneous) every night. To-day I am going into Delaware to

stir them up. The people here have acted splendidly, — the women are heroes. Old Quaker women see their sons go, without a tear. One of my aunts yesterday was lamenting that her only boy was not old enough to fight. Money is poured out like water. All the old arms are hauled out and put in order, and ploughshares are beaten into swords. Yesterday we heard heavy cannon, probably at Baltimore. My brother W. is still there, and we can't hear a word from him. Mother is a model of courage and patriotism. She is as cheerful as ever. We feel more safe now than on Sunday, but we are still not beyond danger.

I still hope that I shall be able to go to New York on Thursday. I shall come back as soon as possible, however, for an important reverse of the national arms would very soon bring the enemy here. God bless New York! The country will be saved at last, but these days in which we live are very momentous.

Write to me as often as you can. Don't be alarmed, for in two or three days more we shall be so armed and organized as to be safe against surprise, at least. Love to L. and W. from all of us. The country is lovely.

To appreciate the excitement under which Bayard Taylor labored, one must remember that in those days, when there seemed to be scarcely any orderly action on the part of the government, and the people were rising in a very grand but also in a helter-skelter fashion, Chester County was sufficiently near the debatable ground and so strongly marked by its anti-slavery character as to give its inhabitants a very vivid sense of the reality of war. Bayard Taylor threw himself into the movement, and when his brother Frederick volunteered, sold a share in the "Tribune" and devoted a thousand dollars of the proceeds as his contribution to the needs of the country. He had postponed the journey to Germany, but finally decided to carry out his original plan.

TO JAMES T. FIELDS.

CEDARCROFT, KENNETT SQUARE, PA., *May* 13, 1861.

Being in New York three or four days ago, I found the package at the Tribune office, where it had doubtless been lying for some time. . . . I have carefully read the proofs [of "The Poet's Journal"], and find five easily corrected errors, a note of which I inclose.

I am delighted with the appearance of the book, and will "possess my soul in patience" till the fitting time comes for its appearance.

Our visit to Germany, which was postponed, has been again determined upon, and we shall sail on Saturday, the 18th, in the City of Baltimore. We shall make but a short stay, however. I should not go at all, were it not for the fact that our passage was secured some time ago, and preparations made for us at Gotha. I can now go with an assured heart, feeling that all is safe for the present, and that the principal operations will not take place till fall. We expect to be home again early in August. . . .

In addition to his wife and child, Bayard Taylor took his mother with him, and after a two days' stay in London went to Gotha.

TO JAMES T. FIELDS.

GOTHA, *June* 15, 1861.

Even at this distance you are not safe from me. My wife wishes very much to get a copy of the "Confessions of a Medium" and the "Haunted Shanty," for translation and insertion in a German periodical.

If you could take the two articles, and split the numbers of the "Atlantic" so as to make but one, the postage would not be enormous. If the third article, "Experiences of the A. C.," should be in type, perhaps you could include it also. M. thinks the articles will be very striking and curious to German readers. Thackeray, the other day, told me that he was completely taken in by my "Confessions."

We had a rapid and delightful voyage across the Atlantic. I spent two days in London, but saw no man of note except Thackeray, who was very kind and very jolly. We found our

German relatives in good condition, and are pleasantly domiciled here for two months. To-morrow I shall leave for a pedestrian trip of ten days in the Franconian Mountains, taking Coburg on the way, where the old poet Rückert lives.

Every post from America brings more and more cheering news. The deepest interest is felt here; in fact, I find more genuine sympathy and a more intelligent understanding of our troubles here than in England. I hold up my head more proudly than ever. But it is hard to be away at such a time.

After his return from his trip among the Franconian Mountains, Bayard Taylor established himself and family, on the first day of July, at Friedrichroda, in the Thüringian Forest, where they remained a month. He filled the time with active literary work, writing at once his letters to the "Tribune," a paper for "Harper's Magazine," "A Walk through the Franconian Switzerland," and for "The Independent" a series of ten papers on "A Home in the Thüringian Forest," both of which were reprinted in the second series of "At Home and Abroad." He included in the sketches of their life at Friedrichroda an account of an interesting interview which he had with the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who took a gracious interest in him and his writings. The whole experience of German country life both confirmed his former familiarity with the people and gave him new insight into a nationality in which he became almost a son by adoption.

Another visit at Gotha, and the four sailed from Hamburg for New York August 24th. They went immediately to Cedarcroft, where Bayard Taylor busied himself with writing, among other things, war songs to German melodies, and in preparing a paper on Hebel, the German Burns. He visited Washington also, but found his greatest pleasure in the life at

Cedarcroft, which took on a rich glow as the autumn changed the colors of earth and sky.

TO MRS. R. H. STODDARD.

CEDARCROFT, *October* 14, 1861.

There 's a deluge of pure golden light streaming through the western window of my library, not a cloud in the sky nor a breath o' wind among the trees (four P. M.), and I wish you were here to enjoy the exquisite autumnal quiet. M. and I have just picked three barrels of apples from our trees, and expect to have cider in a few days. Mother has made about five gallons of good Catawba wine. We have also gathered half a bushel of chestnuts, a cart-load of black walnuts, some filberts and hickory-nuts besides, and have twelve water-melons in the cellar. The tomatoes and Lima beans are inexhaustible. A salt mackerel costs six cents, herrings still less, potatoes abound, coffee is bad, and the last ice of the season has just been consumed. But on the whole we live comfortably, and with astonishing cheapness. We can get up a meal for six persons for about twenty-five cents. As for the house, it is our great consolation. We have superb rooms, books and pictures, nice beds (M.'s linen, you know, is of the best), Ben and the buggy, Jack as watch-dog, a bottle of wine (Bufleb's present) for birthdays, and three daily papers. You are quite mistaken about possibilities being aggravating. No such thing. Simply as we live, we have no rivalry to endure anywhere in the neighborhood. Everybody else lives still more simply. Our plain life, therefore, carries no air of reduction with it, but is splendidly luxurious in our neighbors' eyes. This would not be the case if we were near a large city, but as it is we have the seclusion (which I like), the lovely climate, the beauty of the scenery, tolerable society, and the comforts of the house in addition. There is no house in the country more truly comfortable. Never hot in summer, never cold in winter, never damp, — it is really all that we could desire. We had a little fire on the hearth last night for the first time, — not because it was really necessary, but for the sight of it. Our roasted chestnuts were delicious. The trees here have just begun to turn; we have had no frost yet, and the country is fresh and beautiful. I wish I could begin my novel, but I must write some pot-boilers first. I am just finishing a long article on Hebel, the German

Burns, for the "Atlantic," with copious translations from the Alemannic dialect. I think it will be very readable. There is an article of mine in the "Cornhill" for October, — a "German Shooting-Match." I must write something for money, — no matter what; for the invitations to lecture don't come in, and without them I am lost. I hope Putnam will do something with the new edition of my books; it will be very handsome, but I must wait until next summer for the first results. These war times are hard on authors; the sword of Mars chops in two the strings of Apollo's lyre! . . .

The sun is down and my room is beginning to darken. What a mellow beauty in the broad flush of the western sky! What perfect silence and sweetness in the motionless woods! A leaf falls from the orange-tree in the box, and it sounds almost like a crash. Now a chicken flaps its wings, and now again there is only the scratch of this pen to be heard in all the world around me. Good-by! I have been watching the quiet while I wrote, and the dusk now holds my hand. Good-night, dear friend!

The reference in this letter to a new edition of his writings is to the Caxton edition, which Mr. Putnam had projected with the hope of reviving the public interest in the entire series. He proposed to lead off with the first series of "At Home and Abroad," and to follow that with a second and new series; continuing with new impressions of the older volumes on better paper, and with such enticements of illustration, binding, and style as a publisher depends upon for persuading people into a new acceptance of familiar works. As it turned out, the two series of "At Home and Abroad" were separated by "Views Afoot." Mr. Putnam held out only moderate promises of what the series would do, and Bayard Taylor still placed his reliance on lecturing, but was puzzled over the general indifference of the public. He wrote of this to Mr. George W. Curtis, who shared the popularity which he enjoyed as lecturer: —

TO GEORGE W. CURTIS.

CEDARCROFT, KENNETT SQUARE, PA., *October* 31, 1861.

I hoped to have fallen in with you when I was in New York t'other day, but my stay was so short that I could not go down to the Island.

How are you, and how are wife and children? I am living here in comparative seclusion, and know the world only by the newspapers. But I see that you are to lecture in Philadelphia, which is a great satisfaction to *me*, and I presume it is a greater to you. Who could have foreseen the changes of this year? I do not despair of lecturing in Richmond before I die.

Now, my object in writing is twofold: first, and most important, to ask you to come out here for a day or two, if you possibly can, when you lecture in Philadelphia; you shall have pen, ink, and silence, if you need 'em. Secondly, what is to be the state of our business this winter? I get precious few invitations, and from widely scattered places. What is your experience? Am I, the individual, passed over, or has the institution "suspended"? As I have no other dependence for this winter, I am curious to know what calculations to make. (Tribune dividends and copyrights silent *inter arma*.)

I am writing a lecture on the "American People, in their Social and Political Aspects," being sufficiently cosmopolitan in my experience to judge objectively, — at least, I so flatter myself. What is your subject? I wish you could give us a lecture here, but the place is rather too small in these times. Our young men are all away fighting. My wife sends love to you. . . .

Mr. Curtis made reply: "As for the 'business,' it is certainly depressed. I have had, I think, not more than half of the usual invitations. Chapin told me some time since that he had fallen off in the same way." With news from the front, and rallies, and the drum-beat in every town, it was not surprising that the public should be careless about the attractions of a lyceum lecture. Throughout the winter, however, Bayard Taylor was back and forth, lecturing as he had opportunity, and resorting to his family at Cedar-

croft, or in New York, where they spent a few weeks. In the interim he wrote a few poems, and continued his work on "Hannah Thurston."

TO R. H. STODDARD.

DUBUQUE, IOWA, *January* 24, 1862.

. . . I have had a lonely and dismal journey through the Western snows for the last three weeks, and have no adventures to relate, except that I gave my new lecture in St. Louis to an audience one third secession, who ground their teeth with rage and swore under their breath, but did not dare to utter a single hiss. The faces were a study. Half the society were traitors, but they did n't know what the lecture was going to be. I was all blandness and suavity to the wretches after it was over, thus compelling them to treat me with courtesy, which was utter misery and disgust to them. . . .

He visited Washington and the camps in the capacity of head war correspondent of the "Tribune," and later, when his family was again established at Cedarcroft, went to the front, hoping, as others, to go with the army to Richmond, — that little march which was four years in making. Suddenly he returned to Cedarcroft to advise with his wife on a proposition made to him by Mr. Simon Cameron to accompany him to Russia, to which place he had just been accredited as minister. Bayard Taylor was to go as secretary, but assurances were given that Mr. Cameron's stay would be short, and he would then remain as *chargé d'affaires*. He returned to Washington the next day, and telegraphed to his wife that he had accepted the offer.

TO MR. AND MRS. R. H. STODDARD.

WASHINGTON, *Sunday, March* 30, 1862.

You will have seen in yesterday's "Tribune" some intimation of the new turn in my destiny. The ice is therefore broken, which I am glad of, because my most unwelcome necessity will be the

separation from you two. The facts of the case are simply these: Cameron came to me and offered the post. So urgent was he that he employed several persons to persuade me to accept, and spoke to the President in advance. I was surprised, undecided, and inclined not to accept. I consulted with Forney, with Sumner, with Vice-President Hamlin, and others, all of whom said, "Go! this is only the first step. Cameron will not stay long, and you will be his successor." Cameron himself said to me, "I shall return in the fall, leaving you in charge of the legation (acting *chargé d'affaires*, with $6,000 a year), and if I should not return I can manage to give you my place." The Vice-President came afterwards, saying, "I earnestly request you to go, and will almost insure you the succession." Thus urged, with the chargéship certain and the ministership very probable, I decided to accept. The President was evidently pleased when Cameron announced it to him in my presence. I said to him (Lincoln), "My only reason for accepting is the chargéship, after Mr. Cameron's departure." He smiled, nodded his head, and said, "All right." I have seen numbers of senators, congressmen, members of the cabinet, and others, who all say, "Go, by all means, and consider this only the first step." The minister gets $12,000, which would enable me to live conformably to the position. Besides, it would give me unbounded facilities for exploring Central Asia, under Russian protection, — the great ambition of my life. All things considered, I have decided to make the venture. The stake is not so high but that I may win it. This is a fortunate chance, which I do not *dare* to reject. It chimes so wonderfully with my own secret desires and plans that I trust myself to the promise. I may be disappointed; if so, it is a loss of one Tribune share, but so much more in my life. If I have not good friends here to assist me, we are a race of hypocrites. Do write to me — to Kennett. I must see Seward to-morrow and a few senators, and then will return to make ready. I ran home and consulted M. first before I decided. She agrees cordially.

TO MRS. R. H. STODDARD.

CEDARCROFT, *Sunday, April* 6, 1862.

. . . Since I determined to go, things smooth themselves before my feet. Some difficulties which I apprehended have disappeared. I go with a great deal of resolution and measured expectations.

Cedarcroft is getting to be lovely now, and it goes hard with me to give up the summer's rest. My novel I shall finish, somehow or other. I wrote two chapters to-day and yesterday. I shall have one third written before starting, and as summer is a leisure time in St. Petersburg am pretty sure I can get it through by August.

I sent my "Euphorion"[1] to Fields the other day. Have two other poems in my head, which I shall try to write. . . .

I planted fifty pear-trees on Friday, and shall put out fifty peach-trees to-morrow. Three summers hence we shall be overwhelmed with fruit. Cedarcroft improves with age, from the growth of things, although so much remains to be done. When my debts are paid, and I have one thousand dollars over, I shall transform the grounds. . . .

1 "Euphorion" was written upon the death of the oldest boy of the Stoddards.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE RUSSIAN MISSION.

1862–1863.

My door
Looks on the rushing Neva, cold and clear:
The swelling domes in hovering splendor lie
Like golden bubbles, eager to be gone;
But the chill crystal of the atmosphere
Withholds them, and along the northern sky
The amber midnight smiles in dreams of dawn.

From the North.

Two motives were uppermost in Bayard Taylor's mind when he accepted the appointment as secretary of legation under Mr. Cameron. He saw an opportunity to release himself from the distasteful drudgery of lecturing, and he was fired with a new zeal to use his position in Russia for making a study of the almost unknown interior of the country and writing a book which should crown his works of travel. He was confident also that his duties would not preclude him from finishing his novel of "Hannah Thurston," in which he had become deeply interested. He sailed, therefore, with his wife and child, in company with Mr. Cameron and his family, on the 7th of May for Liverpool. Mr. Cameron's party remained in England for a short excursion, and Bayard Taylor took his family to Gotha, stopping on the way at Paris, where they were guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Lorimer Graham, Jr. Leaving his family at Gotha, he went

on to St. Petersburg with the Camerons, with whom he made his home until he was rejoined by his wife and child, five or six weeks later. The intimate relations which he thus formed with his chief laid the foundation for a strong and lasting friendship, in which each recognized the other's sterling qualities and fidelity of affection.

TO HIS MOTHER.

ST. PETERSBURG, *June* 19, 1862.

We reached here at midnight on Sunday, the 15th, after thirty-two hours' railroad travel from Königsberg in Prussia, — six hundred and sixty miles. This is my first chance to write a line, there has been so much to look after. Clay [1] is still here, having waited for our arrival, but will leave in a few days, and I have been posting myself up with regard to the affairs of the legation, besides assisting Cameron in various ways. It is now nearly eleven o'clock, and I will at least commence this, adding to it as I get leisure. After we get fairly installed in the legation, there will really be next to nothing to do except to make and return visits. We had an interview with Prince Gortchakoff, Minister of Foreign Affairs, on Tuesday, and are to be presented to the Emperor at the Winter Palace on Tuesday next. The Prince was very cordial and friendly, and expressed himself towards our country as kindly as we could have desired. Cameron has taken the house occupied by Clay, and the family moved into it this evening. They have invited me to live with them until M. comes, and I shall probably go to-morrow. This will save me something, and give me time to make the best arrangements for her. Americans who have lived here some years tell me I can get along very comfortably on thirty-five hundred dollars per annum. I think, with management, three thousand dollars will answer. . . .

I like St. Petersburg even better than on my first visit. What little Russian I knew has come back, and I already know enough to make bargains! I think I could speak it fluently in three months, if I had time to study hard, but I must first attend to

[1] Hon. Cassius M. Clay, whom Mr. Cameron succeeded as Minister to Russia.

"Hannah Thurston." My "Travels in Russia" have been approved by the censor, and are permitted to be sold here, which is a lucky thing for me. I shall not be able to go to Pulkowa[1] before Saturday night, and shall spend Sunday there. Wagners are overjoyed at our coming. The country is entirely green and beautiful, but the lilacs and horse-chestnuts are just in bloom. The weather is delightful, — neither too warm nor too cold; sunshine all day, and no darkness at night. . . .

Our last news is the destruction of the rebel fleet and the taking of Memphis. Good and bad are so mixed, however, that we hardly know how to feel; only this, — that since I am again in Europe I don't want the war to end *too soon*. The longer it lasts, the more certain is the doom of slavery. And if the war is over without slavery being utterly crushed, we shall have a second war in ten years. Being farther off, I can see all sides more clearly, and I say that slavery must fall, or all this struggle has been thrown away.

TO R. H. STODDARD.

St. Petersburg, *July* 1, 1862.

I was going to write to you from Paris, but Graham had so much company (and I, as guest, was bound to help entertain) that the quiet moment never came. Since then, I have had pretty much everything to do; but at last am settled in my place, with a tolerably clear understanding of my duties, and my mind has come back to its usual equilibrium. Graham was unaffectedly kind and cordial, and our stay of ten days with him, his wife, and Fiske was marked with white. We had good weather, and so M. got a fair outside idea of Paris. Besides, we saw *Him* and *Her*. They passed our carriage so close that we could have shaken hands. *He* turned towards us and bowed. I assure you *She* is very beautiful, — more so than her portraits. Unfortunately, we did not see their Napkin, which was to be regretted. . . .

For myself, everything goes well so far. I like St. Petersburg and the Russians better than ever. I am on the best of terms with the Cameron family, whom, indeed, I heartily like, and my prospects for the future do not look any the worse. We were received by the Emperor a week ago, and with unusual cor-

[1] Mrs. Taylor's sister is the wife of Mr. von Wagner, one of the astronomers connected with the Imperial Observatory at Pulkowa.

diality. The general was delighted with him, and I — satisfied. To be sure, my interview was very brief, but it gave me a complete impression of the man. He has more energy and determination than I expected. Since then, we have been twice to the Summer Palace of Tzarsko-Selo to see the Hereditary Prince and the Empress, both of whom won our affections. The prince is about nineteen, — thoroughly good, amiable, sincere, and unspoiled, and, withal, very handsome. The Empress is neither beautiful nor plain, but wonderfully graceful, self-possessed, and refined. She spoke for some time with me in German. They treated us well, — gave us carriages and footmen, breakfasts, wine, cigars, and all other accompaniments. I have made the acquaintance of various counts and princes of the court, none of whom are intellectually formidable, and consequently don't embarrass me. One of the most marked men I have seen is Prince Italinski, grandson of the old fighter Suwarrow. I live with Camerons at the legation until M. comes. We have a stylish open carriage, with a footman in livery, — cocked hat, with half a bushel of red, white, and blue chicken-feathers on it, — and ride out every day to make state calls. The government has furnished us with a list of one hundred and eighty-three names, all of which we must acknowledge in this official style. The business of the legation, otherwise, is very slight, and I am already fully up to it. Besides, the consul, who left here three weeks ago on account of ill health, has appointed me his vice, giving me half his salary. As the fees amount to four dollars in three months, the business, you may suppose, is not onerous, while the additional thousand dollars a year will be a great help to me.

As soon as he was fairly at home in his work and social life, Bayard Taylor resumed his writing. "Hannah Thurston" was always at his side; he began the papers which he contributed to the "Atlantic," descriptive of Russian life and scenery; he wrote two or three poems, among them "The Test," and he worked from time to time upon a longer poem, "The Picture of St. John." "The Poet's Journal" was published by Ticknor & Fields in the fall of the year. His mind, however, was not at leisure, for he was har-

assed by the uncertainty of his position. Mr. Cameron spent the summer only in St. Petersburg, when he returned, after travel in Europe, to the United States, leaving Bayard Taylor as *chargé d'affaires*. This was in accordance with the understanding by which the latter accepted the post of secretary. The *chargé d'affaires* was minister in everything but rank and salary, and after a trial of the place Bayard Taylor could have no question as to his ability to occupy the higher position. He was thoroughly equipped by his education, which had given him command of several languages; he had won the respect and confidence of the court and the diplomatic circle; he was familiar with the ways of court life; and above all he had a profound faith in his country and was alive to the exigencies of the situation. He was eager to serve the nation. Above and beyond his own private fortunes, he was sure that he could so represent the United States at this important court as to secure essential advantage to his country.

He had the qualifications for the post, and he was conscious of his fitness. His services were recognized by those who were best able to judge of them, and upon the face there was every reason why he should receive the appointment. But Bayard Taylor was not a person of political influence. He was connected, indeed, with a journal of marked political power, but this fact rather hindered than helped him. The editor of the "Tribune" had severed the famous partnership of Seward, Weed, and Greeley, and in his criticism of the war was not singularly subservient to the administration. Bayard Taylor's position on the journal, to be sure, was not on its political side, and his name in the public mind was associated only with literature

and travel. He had friends who gave him their hearty support, and a few of these, notably Mr. Cameron, were men of weight with the administration. But Bayard Taylor knew very well how many considerations came in to affect the administration in making appointments, aside from the peculiar fitness of a man for his post. There were accounts to settle, ulterior ends to accomplish, and nice adjustments of the machinery of government to regulate. Accordingly he set in motion all the proper and natural means which he could, at that distance, employ. The most natural, and one would think the most effective, was a faithful fulfillment of the duties of his place and a vigilant watch for opportunities to serve his country. Long before the winter was over, however, he made up his mind that he should fail of receiving the appointment, and after he had recovered from the first annoyance of failure he dismissed the whole matter. He was no place-hunter for the sake of place, and when fairly plunged into literature he forgot his disappointment and took delight in his native work.

TO JAMES T. FIELDS.

UNITED STATES LEGATION,
ST. PETERSBURG, *August* 18, 1862.

I have delayed writing to you for four weeks past, only that I might finish and send the accompanying article,[1] which I think you may find suitable for the "Atlantic." At least, it may do to thrust in between the heavier articles; the ground it goes over is wholly untrodden. If the article pleases, pray send the compensation to the Tribune office for me; if not, send the article itself to Greeley, who may be able to dispose of it otherwise for me. I am very glad that you like my Quaker story,[2] which I find in the July number. I have ordered Trübner to send me the numbers regularly, and have the August also. I have the

1 "A Cruise on Lake Ladoga."
2 "Friend Eli's Daughter."

subject of a curious Russian story, to be called "Beauty and the Beast," if you think the banks of the Volga are not too far off for a reality which is more astonishing than romance. . . .

TO HIS MOTHER.

UNITED STATES LEGATION,
ST. PETERSBURG, *September* 24, 1862.

. . . I have been really sick for the last four or five days over the horrid news [1] we receive ; and yet I have, under all, a half-confidence that it may be for the best. Our people must have their eyes opened ; the government must appreciate the immensity of its task ; the half-and-half system must be dropped at once, or we are lost. I would rather be at home and share the humiliation which all loyal men must feel than be here and be obliged to put a good face on it, and make all sorts of excuses and explanations. But I can do more good here, perhaps, than I could at home.

Camerons have now been gone nearly a week, and I have everything in my own hands. We are rather lonely in these big rooms, but must accustom ourselves to it. It will be another month before St. Petersburg becomes gay and social. The weather is already quite cold, but a great many families are still in the country. . . . I recently wrote a poem on the one thousandth anniversary of the Russian Empire, a copy of which Cameron gave to Prince Gortchakoff, who showed it to the Emperor. The latter sent word to me that he was very much touched and delighted. I have sent a copy to Greeley, and you will see it in the "Tribune." I thus commence my chargéship under good auspices.

October 22, 1862.

. . . We are in better spirits about our cause. The last news is very cheering, and the English are furious. I avoid them as much as possible, except the embassy, where they are very polite, and avoid the subject. We are all very well and cheerful. The weather is now delightful. We have had what is called "the little winter," snow and cold weather for a week, and now the days are sunny and mild, and the trees not yet bare. The leaves mostly are green until they drop off, — there are scarcely any autumnal colors,— so that the parks and gardens look more like spring than fall. The court is still at the country palace,

[1] Of the second battle of Manassas.

and will not come to the city for nearly a month yet. I have now no important business on hand, and have renewed my acquaintance with "Hannah Thurston."

TO MRS. R. H. STODDARD.

ST. PETERSBURG, *November* 5, 1862.

Your letter and Dick's came to-day, just after M. had started for Pulkowa (about twelve miles from here) with L. and Minna to spend the night. I was making out a report of a shipwreck (consular business) to send to the State Department, and the mail-hour was near at hand, but I stopped and read your tardy, welcome pages before I went farther. Now, after four hours more of work; after receiving visits and turning two vile secessionists out of the house by the freezing dignity of my manners and the indignant eloquence of my speech; after a walk in the cold air, among the trees of the Admiralty Place, so crusted with rime that they resemble avenues of ivory and pearl, I come back to sit down by candle-light at four P. M. in this northern darkness, and put you to shame by my punctuality in replying. The fact is, I cannot do anything else until I have written to you both. I have no longer the spur of my own interests, because my fate will have been decided before this reaches you, but I have the inspiration of our old friendship.

. . . The only literature I get is the "Atlantic Monthly." Thoreau's articles are very fine, but Winthrop's "Life in the Open Air" is in the most wretched manner. I cannot read it. The stories are full of "cool brows" and "purple hair" and convulsed conversation. I turn from them to continue the even tenor of Hannah Thurston's way with refreshment. I am making a book which shall be entertaining from beginning to end, without violent passion, though with an occasional approach to it. I get on slowly with it, because it is my recreation, and I do not want to exhaust it too soon. I often think of Dick and you as I write. Besides my Russian poem I have written another, called "The Test," which M. likes, and I shall send to the "Atlantic." . . . My literary yearnings increase and improve under the weight of this diplomatic business. I often say to M. that I shall be glad when my stay here is over, and I can return to our old Olympian life, only with fewer distracting cares than before.

I am sorry that neither Dick nor you yet seem to understand the true reason of my desire for the higher post. It can give me

no new honor. I have now been for nearly two months the sole American representative at this court ; have had important official interviews, and know just what it is. If I succeed, however, I can carry out the only remaining bit of ambitious travel I care to make ; I can complete my studies of the human cosmos ; I can discard lecturing when I come home, and devote a few quiet years to the production of something which may extort praise even from you. I inherit a late development, both from father and mother, and my mind is not yet at its ripest. I would rather represent the interests of the United States even here, on the sixtieth degree of latitude, than wear out my life in winter lecturing tours. How much rest have I had at home ? How much freedom from anxiety in the last four years ? I am tired of it, worn out, and don't want to come home just now to resume it. I like this city and my position because I have determined to do so. If I were free to do what I please, I should leave next week. . . . You ought to know that I have no political ambition and don't value political distinction one fig. I sigh for my felt hat, and swear at my uniform every time I put it on. But I have a pride in doing a thing well, when I once undertake it.

TO HIS MOTHER.

ST. PETERSBURG, *November* 26, 1862.

. . . Since I last wrote I have had to take care of American interests all through the recent crisis. I have represented our country, alone, for more than two months, and there has been no more important period for us for the past fifty years than during the past three weeks. We have gotten safely through, and I am glad that I had a share in it. I think the government will be satisfied with my energy and activity. I have already written ten dispatches, eight of them very important ones, since being *chargé*. I shall therefore always be glad that I came.

The crisis referred to in this letter was the proposed intervention in American affairs by France and England in connection with Russia. In an interview which Bayard Taylor had with Prince Gortchakoff October 29th, the Russian minister had intimated that proposals for intervention were in the air, and not long after an announcement appeared in the " Lon-

don Morning Post" and "La Patrie" of Paris to the effect that France had submitted a proposition to England and Russia. It will be remembered that the Union cause had met with reverses, and that there was a general feeling of despondency as to the issue of the conflict. Bayard Taylor saw the great importance of preventing Russia from accepting the proposition, and he immediately sought another interview with Prince Gortchakoff, the account of which is contained in a dispatch to the government.

TO HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, SECRETARY OF STATE.

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
ST. PETERSBURG, *November* 12, 1862.

SIR, — I hasten to communicate to you the information promised in my dispatch of yesterday. I have just returned from an interview with Prince Gortchakoff, who, with the generous frankness which has hitherto characterized his intercourse with me, has placed me in possession of all the facts of which it is necessary that the government of the United States should be informed.

I first asked him whether the proposition of France, announced in the journals of Paris and London, had actually been made to the imperial government. He replied in the affirmative. I then asked whether he was willing to communicate to me its exact terms. He answered in French, apparently quoting the words of the official communication: "A conjunctive proposition on the part of France, Russia, and England, to the belligerent parties in America, to agree to an armistice of six months." He further informed me that the proposal was to be considered by the English cabinet on the 11th (yesterday).

I stated to the Prince that the declarations of Russia had heretofore been sufficiently frank and explicit; that we could rely upon her action in the matter as that of a friend, and whatever it might be the government of the United States was assured in advance of the friendly consideration which would inspire it. I judged it necessary to add, however, that the moment was ill chosen for the presentation of such a proposal. After a campaign the unsatisfactory character of which I could not

deny, and the non-fulfillment of promises which ought never to have been made, the prospect of the suppression of the rebellion was now decidedly encouraging. The government was aware of the necessity of the most speedy and vigorous action; three hundred thousand men had been added to our army within the last two months, and the new iron-clad vessels, probably afloat by this time, would, I hoped, soon enable us to dispense with the blockade by putting us in possession of all the Southern ports.

The Prince assured me, in reply, that the action of Russia would be governed entirely, as heretofore, by the most friendly feelings toward the United States. He would take no step which could not receive that interpretation. He then offered to read to me his instructions to M. de Stoeckl in regard to the proposed action of the three powers. After stating the proposition, the dispatch refers to the position which Russia has occupied since the commencement of the struggle, repeats her desire for a settlement by conciliatory measures, and expresses her willingness to tender her good offices in a way that shall be acceptable, and that shall seem to promise a good result. . . .

The dispatch having been rapidly read, and in a foreign language, I do not pretend to give you the precise words, but I am sure of having reproduced the material substance of it. Its prevailing tone was a delicate and friendly consideration of the views of the government of the United States.

"There," said Prince Gortchakoff, when the reading was finished, "now you know the worst so far as Russia is concerned." I considered myself justified in assuring him that there was nothing in his instructions to M. de Stoeckl to which the government of the United States could take exception, for it would interpret every act of Russia in the light of her motives. An assurance of this kind seemed to me necessary in return for his frankness. I then retired.

I should do the government ill service by disguising from it the truth that the European powers most friendly to it are at last becoming impatient. The failure of two campaigns is the prominent fact in their eyes; the important advantages which have been gained are overlooked. Nearly all the news which is received comes distorted through English and French channels. The correspondents of the London journals, in particular, continually give currency to malicious falsehoods, the absence of which in American newspapers they pretend to account for by a

tyrannical censorship. These statements, copied throughout the continent, and persistently repeated, are beginning to produce their natural effect ; to which is added the prestige of apparent success, to a certain extent, on the part of the rebel government. There is a universal sympathy, independent of the principles at stake, with success against odds, and this sympathy is beginning to tell, not only against the government of the United States, but against the wisdom of its friends.

What Russia evidently fears at present is the ultimate exhaustion of the two sections of the Union, which will leave them either divided or reunited, helpless to resist the encroachments of hostile powers. The political equilibrium which she sees in the maintenance of the Union in its original strength would thus be destroyed. No news could be more welcome to her than that which should indicate the speedy overthrow of the rebellion, but a struggle protracted much longer seems to her not less unfortunate than immediate separation.

I believe this to be a strictly correct statement of the predominating feeling of the imperial government. My duty terminates in communicating it, for the possibility of its existence and the course which it suggests have undoubtedly been foreseen by the President and by yourself.

I have the honor to be, with the highest respect, your obedient servant,

BAYARD TAYLOR,
Chargé d'Affaires.

So anxious was the *chargé* to impress upon the Russian government the resolution of the United States and the resources which enabled that country to put down the rebellion, that he went beyond the strict demands of his place, and prepared an elaborate paper, which he submitted to Prince Gortchakoff, reporting his proceeding at once to Mr. Seward.

TO HON. W. H. SEWARD, SECRETARY OF STATE.

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
ST. PETERSBURG, *November* 28, 1862.

SIR, — Judging that you may desire to have regular reports from this legation at the present time, I have the honor to transmit to you an account of all that has occurred in relation to American interests since my dispatch of the 15th instant.

With regard to the project of intervention made by France, the impression here is that since the replies of Russia and England it has been temporarily suspended, but not relinquished, by that power. If a renewal of it at any time shall be made to this court, I am convinced that Prince Gortchakoff, with the entire absence of reserve which has characterized all his intercourse with me, will inform me promptly of the fact. I have received a confidential communication from Mr. Dayton, giving me an account of his interview with M. Drouyn de l'Huys, and have in return transmitted to him a report of my own conversations with Prince Gortchakoff. I have also forwarded a similar confidential dispatch to Mr. Adams, as I judged it important that both he and Mr. Dayton should be officially informed of the sentiments of the imperial government. I trust that this proceeding will meet your approval.

Since my last dispatch I have had no further personal intercourse with Prince Gortchakoff, but I have prepared and sent to him a statement, drawn up with great care, of the present national debt of the United States ; the estimated annual revenue under the new laws ; the additions made to the active force of our armies during the last three months ; the number of iron-clad vessels in process of construction ; and the important movements already commenced in the West and on the sea-coast. This statement was forwarded with a private (unofficial) note, informing him that it was not intended as an indirect prediction of results, but as a simple exposition of facts, which would clearly show that an armistice at this time could only be of advantage to the rebellious States, and that no proposition of the kind could be entertained by the Federal government. I am aware that in this act I have exceeded the strict line of my duty, but I felt that some such presentation of the brighter aspects of our cause was necessary to strengthen the hopes and refresh the sympathies of the government most friendly to us.

I had a conversation yesterday with the ambassador of France, the Duke de Montebello, in which I expressed to him the same views concerning the proposed intervention of his government. He informed me that immediately after receiving the dispatch of M. Drouyn de l'Huys he had called upon me, in order to communicate its contents to me, but had not found me at home. I infer from his expressions, both on this and other occasions, that his personal sympathies are in favor of the preservation of

the Union. The only defense of the proposition which he offered was that it was very carefully worded, did not betray a hostile spirit, and that an armistice need not necessarily include the raising of the blockade.

The British ambassador, Lord Napier, has been especially kind and cordial in his personal intercourse, but seems disposed to avoid any discussion of our national struggle, or the European proposition concerning it.

There are in Russia about 237,000 stand of arms, which have been condemned, and offered for sale by the government. Eight or ten thousand of them have percussion locks and bayonets; but the remainder are flint-lock muskets and carbines of an obsolete pattern, and may be had for seventy-five copeks (about fifty-eight cents) apiece. A few days ago I discovered that an American here, well known for his treasonable sentiments, had been examining the specimens offered, with the expressed intention of making a large purchase. In the absence of any fund for detective service, I have been voluntarily assisted by two loyal American residents, who have been so successful in following up the transaction that no further steps can be taken without their knowledge. The arms are so worthless, however, that I do not anticipate their purchase.

The imperial court is at present at Moscow, where it will remain for the next three weeks. The internal condition of the empire is generally quiet and satisfactory. Since the promulgation of the plan of judicial reform, the increase in public confidence has been very remarkable. Count Panin, who opposed its adoption, has been dismissed from the ministry.

I have the honor to be, with the highest respect, your obedient servant,

BAYARD TAYLOR,
Chargé d'Affaires.

Mr. Seward's reply is as follows: —

TO BAYARD TAYLOR.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, *December* 23, 1862.

SIR, — Your dispatch of November 28th has been submitted to the President. A perusal of it produces the same impression which follows the reading of the dispatches of all our represen-

tatives in Europe, namely, that the government of the United States is regarded by foreign governments as weak and in critical circumstances. The existence of such an opinion in Europe is natural. Our utterances, which are controversial, because we are really free and confident of the national safety, however we may seem to despond, too often present the government in this light. This is the result of a commendable impatience for greater activity, with the promise of greater and speedier results. The insurgent emissaries in Europe inculcate the same opinion, and their prejudiced or interested European sympathizers have the public ear in Europe, as insurgent exiles always do. Nothing, however, could be more injurious to the country than a seeming admission of the justice of the opinion in question by this government. This sentiment was among those which induced my instructions to yourself, Mr. Dayton, and Mr. Adams, to ask no explanations, and make no comments on any explanations which should be offered by any of the three powers which lately engaged in a correspondence with each other concerning American affairs. The note which you have addressed to Prince Gortchakoff, exhibiting our resources and advantages, was written before you received this instruction ; and it is believed that, from your known ability, you have made the argument presented a strong one, and therefore the President, so far from censuring you for the performance, is rather gratified with it. But it will be well for you, nevertheless, to explain to Prince Gortchakoff that this government would not have instructed you to write the paper, and that for the special reason before mentioned it would not have approved of it had the government been advised of the preparation of the document. At no previous time since this civil war began has this government been better assured of its ultimate success in the present contest, or had more gratifying proofs of the strength of the very extraordinary political system which was bequeathed to us by our fathers ; and the President is no more likely to accept overtures of foreign mediation in our affairs than the government of the United States is likely to offer its mediation in similar affairs to any other nation.

To-day members of Congress arrive here who have been duly elected in Louisiana ; and this is a palpable demonstration that the crisis of disunion has passed, and the process of restoration has begun. . . .

In regard to Russia, the case is a plain one. She has our friendship, in every case, in preference to any other European power, simply because she always wishes us well, and leaves us to conduct our affairs as we think best.

I do not misunderstand the seductions which partisan divisions existing here, not in reality disloyal, offer to foreign powers. Such seductions are always offered in every civil war. I can, however, hardly remember a case in history in which any foreign state listened to such persuasions with any advantage accruing to itself or to the state in whose behalf its sympathy was moved.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

TO HON. W. H. SEWARD, SECRETARY OF STATE.

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
ST. PETERSBURG, *January* 21, 1863.

SIR, — Your dispatch No. 10, of December 23d, was received on the 17th instant. The first portion of it, which relates to the impression conveyed by my dispatch No. 21, of November 28, 1862, has, I trust, been already answered by my subsequent dispatches. I consider that a part of my official duty is to acquaint you, without reserve or modification, with the state of public opinion at this capital concerning the events of our national struggle. These statements, however, are entirely of an objective character, and I have unfortunately chosen my words if they suggest the inference that I have in any manner shared the doubts and anxieties which I have described as being prevalent here.

On the contrary, I have invariably expressed my confidence in the strength of the Federal power and the successful issue of the struggle, not from a sense of official propriety, but from my own unshaken, individual faith. I believe, however, that you will not have misunderstood me in this respect.

I have just returned from an interview with Prince Gortchakoff, which I had requested immediately upon receiving your dispatch. . . . "Tell Mr. Seward," said he, "that the policy of Russia in regard to the United States is fixed, and will not be changed by the course adopted by any other nation. We greatly desire, as you know, the termination of your unfortunate struggle, but we shall not offer our friendly mediation until it is certain of being accepted on both sides, — by the Federal government and

the Southern States. We earnestly hope for the maintenance of the Union, but at the same time we have no hostility to the Southern people ; and for the sake of both sides we shall gladly proffer our services when they are mutually requested, but not until then." This reply, I trust, will prove as explicit and satisfactory as you could have desired ; but it is probably no more than the course of Russia hitherto has led you to anticipate.

I also gave the Prince the explanation you required, concerning the statement of the strength and resources of the United States, which I sent to him, unofficially, in November. In compliance with your request, I informed him that you would not have instructed me to take this step, and therefore would not have given your sanction, had you been informed of it in advance. He answered that he regarded the paper at the time he received it entirely as a confidential communication ; that he had read it with great interest, and was very glad that I had prepared it, as it contained important facts which had not previously come to his knowledge. He further said that he regarded the relations between the two countries as possessing, necessarily, something of an intimate and confidential character, and my act was therefore especially that of a friend.

The best justification which I can offer for an unauthorized step of the kind is the good effect which it evidently produced. I did not venture upon it without careful deliberation, nor can I now perceive, looking back to that period, that it was ill-judged. For the previous two months our military operations only had been watched by European observers ; and in November the impression was very general here, even among our friends, that the national cause was about to fail. I do not suppose that, except myself, a single diplomatic representative at this court had faith in our success : our real sources of strength were overlooked ; and the imperial government, hearing nothing but unfavorable opinions from all quarters, showed signs of impatience and despondency. It seemed to me that Russia had deserved, by her steady friendship towards us, that her confidence in our national power and stability should be supported. Such support I knew would, under the circumstances, be acceptable to her, no less than advantageous to us. The paper I prepared was a simple exhibition of our actual strength and resources ; it contained no argument ; it was sent to Prince Gortchakoff unofficially ; and, as I have to-day learned from his excellency, the act was under-

stood precisely as I had desired. Before receiving your last dispatch I had considered that I was incidentally justified by the closing words of your dispatch No. 9, of December 7th, stating that the President's message and the accompanying reports would be very useful in enabling me "to show to Prince Gortchakoff the grounds of the public confidence in the stability of the Union." I had already endeavored to do the same thing by anticipating some of the statements contained in these documents. . . .

I have the honor to be, with the highest respect, your obedient servant,

BAYARD TAYLOR,
Chargé d'Affaires.

The diplomatic correspondence attests the closeness with which Bayard Taylor applied himself to the duties of his office, and the assiduity with which he followed every clew which seemed likely to lead to important results. He did his work with something more than conscientious fidelity; he was inspired by patriotic zeal. Nevertheless, it was with delight that he seized upon every free hour for his novel, for the articles which he was able to send home, and for the poems which came to him. "The Poet's Journal" appeared at this season, and his American correspondents kept him informed of its fortunes. The poem from its structure was so far a reflection of his personal history that the public, which does not trouble itself with fine distinctions, insisted upon accepting it as a literal transcript of his experience. No artist who allows himself to use the results of his own moods and thoughts, careless of the likeness or unlikeness to external circumstances, can help feeling a sense of annoyance when his work is treated as a thinly disguised revelation of his personal history, and Bayard Taylor had the mortification of seeing his poem set forth by the publishers in such a way as to give a quasi-confirmation to the popular conception of its intention.

TO JAMES T. FIELDS.

UNITED STATES LEGATION,
ST. PETERSBURG, *December* 16, 1862.

. . . The days are now at their darkest, — five hours of sunshine, — but the season, thus far, has been rather mild. With my pelisse of raccoon and my cap of skunk-skin, I take my daily walk beside the frozen Neva. Sables are so expensive as to be vulgar, and skunk (if you only knew it) is infinitely handsomer.

I see that my "Journal" is published. But why, oh why, *did* you issue such an advertisement? It implicates me, indirectly, as being

"Of the race
Who hawk their sorrows in the market-place,"

gives a false idea of the book, and will be no advantage to its reception by the public. I see the newspapers are beginning to speak of the book as my "Life-Story," which is dreadful. The "Journal" is not entirely the record of my own experience, though that certainly forms its basis. Ernest is only half myself, and Edith is only one fourth my wife. The story is a mixture of truth and poetry, and was never intended to be put forth as a personal record. The advertisement will be accepted everywhere as having my sanction, the thought of which gives me a cold shudder. If you had said nothing of the kind, you would have left an air of mystery about the book, which would have been far more attractive (for business purposes) than an explanation so naked as to be almost shameless. But the mischief is done, and for all the rest of my life I shall be annoyed with impertinent questions about an experience which the public might have surmised, but would have had no right to assume, if it had not been stated in this way. I never thought to warn you against anything of the kind, because you have always been so discreet and considerate heretofore.

Please send me a dozen copies of the book, to Trübner, from whom I can get them through the English bookseller here. I should also like to have copies sent in my name to Thackeray, Tennyson, Kingsley, Arnold, Browning, Proctor, Freiligrath, Tom Taylor, and Hughes; also, to Adolf Strodtmann (care of Hoffman & Campe, Hamburg), a German poet, who translates American authors better than any other living man. Let me also know how the book is received at home. I shall be glad if

you can forward me any notice of it which is really intelligent and discriminating. The usual wishy-washy notices I don't care to see.

My novel is nearly finished. My wife thinks it fine, but she 's not impartial. It is at least entertaining, which is the first requisite, and also quite original in its subject. It ought to be a success, but there 's no telling in advance. We send greetings to all friends.

TO R. H. STODDARD.

UNITED STATES LEGATION,
ST. PETERSBURG, *December* 23, 1862.

Many thanks for your letter, which came yesterday. I am too glad at hearing from you to scold you for what you have not told me — though I might reasonably complain of your not sending me your "column" from the "World." Pray send me any sensible and discriminating criticisms. Of course, I don't care about seeing the usual wishy-washy stuff of which "book notices" are made. You are quite right about the advertisement of the book. I am very much vexed and mortified, and have written so to Fields. My object was simply to represent in poetry the moods of such an experience as mine, not the experience itself. Your criticism, nevertheless, is correct, and I wish you had made it when you read the MSS. The poems, as a whole, lack distinct form, and I could easily have corrected this fault. I could very much improve them now. I think I am a better poet now than ever before ; at least, I see my own deficiencies more clearly. I have lost, may be, a little lyric swing, but I had an overplus of it at the start. Why do you give your opinion so — hesitatingly, I was about to write, but not quite that — with a half-apology for it ? I detect, in fact, Dick, or rather feel, in reading your letter, a lack of your usual downright utterance to me, almost implying a fear that I shall not understand you properly. Whenever I write trash I want one man to tell me of it, and that man is yourself. You and I, I think, will always understand each other completely. . . . I have made a number of lofty titled acquaintances, but, between ourselves, I would n't give *you* for five crowned heads, nor L. for twenty-five princesses in moire antique, with pearls as big as walnuts. These people are fearfully and wonderfully dressed, speak French nothings with great elegance, but a square mile of them could n't get up such an evening as we two and you two, with Stedman, Tom, Graham,

Booth, George, and the rest. The fact is, I have been used to the best society in the world at home, and this is coming down a little. I study hard at Russian, which is a tough but most attractive language. I like it hugely. "Hannah Thurston" is nearly at the end of her rope. I shall be sorry when I get her off my hands, for she is pleasant company for me. . . .

TO JAMES T. FIELDS.

UNITED STATES LEGATION,
ST. PETERSBURG, *January* 24, 1863.

. . . Your account of the sale of my poems and the reception they met with is very pleasant to receive, though nothing can quite console me for the manner of the announcement. The first effect of it reached me in the New York "Times," so thoroughly mean and nasty that I tore up the paper lest my wife should see it. If I had chosen to represent my own history, out and out, with real name, I should have boldly done so. Petrarca, Dante, Byron, and Longfellow (in "Hyperion") have described theirs, and no one finds anything wrong in it. But I have not chosen to represent more than certain moods or phases of passion out of what is not an unusual experience, and therefore do not wish the poems to be read with the impression now given to them. However, I shall write nothing more of the kind, in all probability. My present plans, at least, include something very different as my next poetic venture. I hope you will have given heed to my request, and have sent me any really critical notices, if such have appeared. I have not written any rhyme since "The Test," but have two poems in process of mental incubation.

For the last month I have devoted myself to sickness, balls, and diplomacy. First, I had a week's attack, then my wife, and now our little girl is just turning the crisis of a violent fever. The winter is disgustingly warm, and correspondingly unhealthy. Our skating melts as fast as it freezes, the ice-hills loosen and slip down in avalanches, and the splendid winter teams of the *noblesse* bump along the streets, more in mud than in snow. We have had some grand balls at the court and elsewhere, but one soon gets enough of this brilliant artificial life. My wife has been presented to the Empress (the Emperor presented himself without ceremony), and we are now invited to all the solemnities going. My diplomacy, owing to circumstances, has both been very important to the country and very successful ("though I say

it that should n't"), and I shall therefore take my probable failure of the appointment very philosophically. The fact is, I scarcely expect it, knowing so well the usual practice of our republican government to consider only party services, without regard to fitness or propriety. But I shall soon have completed six months' service as independent representative, and can then return home, if need be, without pecuniary loss, and with a good deal of valuable experience. I am satisfied, at least, that I was right in coming here, however my further plans may fail.

In Russian I begin to read with tolerable facility, even poetry. It is a tough language, though, I assure you. But in society here one rarely hears anything except French. The tone of the higher Russian society is quite free and agreeable, with a certain democratic air. I saw the Emperor the other night, at a private ball given by Count Apraxin, sit down and play a game of cards like any other mortal, and the dancing and conversation went on as if he were not present. You would n't see such a thing in London or Paris.

I get the "Atlantic" regularly from Trübner, and find it a great consolation. I must say, however, that I am glad to reach the end of "Mr. Axtell." Holmes's "Hunt" is admirably written. I congratulate you on keeping up the magazine so successfully, and am glad to hear of your good publishing business. Remember me to all the good fellows (and there are many of them) in Boston.

UNITED STATES LEGATION,
ST. PETERSBURG, *February* 18, 1863.

Your kind little note, with the photos — excellent ones — reached me safely. I am very glad to find that you had no hand in the unfortunate announcement: it was incredible to me that it could be so. I have never been more astonished than when I saw it. We will let the matter drop, as one of those unpleasant features of life which must be forgotten, as far as possible. . . .

Just now I am completely used up with splendid festivities. The marriage of the young Duchess of Leuchtenberg with Prince Wilhelm of Baden has given rise to a succession of court balls, which last nearly all night, which I must attend (for official reasons), and can't slip away from before the end, because such delinquency would be noticed and reported. I am heartily fatigued in body and mind, and look forward to my approaching departure with complacency.

I shall certainly not get the appointment. If I had succeeded in bringing ridicule on the legation, if my dispatches were written in shocking English and without the least evidence of prudence or judgment, I might have some chance. But as every dispatch from home expresses complete satisfaction with my proceedings, I am sure that I shall fail. Every evidence of fitness tells against me. I am not square enough to be put into this round hole. I am serious. . . .

I shall leave here about the 1st of April, on a flying trip to the Caspian and the Caucasus, first sending my family to Germany. Shall reach home in July or August, entirely satisfied that I came here, but not sorry to get back again.

I have been treated this winter with the most grateful kindness and courtesy by all members of the imperial family. They know something about my books, it seems ; the Empress, in particular, has questioned me a great deal about my travels. She is one of the most charming women in Europe. Lent begins next Monday, and then I shall get a little rest from these social labors ; for labors in some respects they are.

In the early spring Bayard Taylor had the good fortune to intercept dispatches from Mr. Benjamin, Jefferson Davis's Secretary of State, to Mr. Lamar, who had been appointed agent of the Confederacy at St. Petersburg. The dispatches contained instructions not to permit the introduction of a clause prohibiting the African slave-trade in any treaty of amity and commerce which the Confederate States might make, after Russia should have recognized their independence, on the ground that the treaty-making power of the States was not authorized to deal with the subject. It was classed among those powers which the Confederate States, "without delegating them to the general government, have thought proper to exercise by direct agreement among themselves." In transmitting these dispatches to Mr. Seward, Bayard Taylor caustically remarks, "It is a curious illustration of the combat of the powers of light and darkness for the possession

of the world that, on this 3d day of March, 1863, the day of jubilee, on which twenty millions of serfs become free forever, I forward to you an insidious document in the interest of human slavery."

He sent copies of the dispatches to Mr. Dayton, the United States Minister at Paris, and to Mr. Adams, at London. Mr. Dayton, in his acknowledgment, says, "As its use was intended solely for the season subsequent to the acknowledgment by foreign powers of the Confederacy, it may be questioned whether Mr. Benjamin has lately read the story of the milkmaid, her eggs and her chickens!" Mr. Adams, after exposing the sophistry of the dispatch, says shrewdly, "The truth is that the President's proclamation [of January 1, 1863] has laid a stumbling-block in the way of all these intriguers in Europe, which they do not yet manage to evade. In this country it has developed an amount of popular sympathy which for the moment checkmates the energies of all the upper classes. In all Europe the issue is plain between vested rights and popular liberty. The bald pretense that these people are struggling with oppression is refuted by the proof given that on the contrary they are fighting only to establish it. In opposition to all this, what is the effect of such a document as the present but to show the way in which the conspirators cower under the apprehension of a possible application to their case of the opinion of the civilized world? Verily such is the doom of the unrighteous! Jefferson was right in saying that he trembled for his countrymen when he reflected that God is just."

It was not long after this incident that Bayard Taylor learned of the appointment as Minister to Russia of Hon. Cassius M. Clay, who had regretted his resig-

nation when Mr. Cameron came to take his place, and had sought a reappointment upon Mr. Cameron's return to America. Bayard Taylor resigned his position at once as secretary of legation, remaining only long enough in St. Petersburg, after Mr. Clay returned, to pass over the papers of the office and make necessary explanations.

TO R. H. STODDARD.

ST. PETERSBURG, *March* 15, 1863.

. . . I have not much news to give since I wrote to L. There is a slight let-up in the social tread-mill, and I have made use of it to work at my novel. I am at the thirty-first chapter, and there will be only five more. It will be finished in a fortnight, greatly to my regret, for the writing of it has been a positive pleasure to me. I have written only one poem recently, "The Neva." We are both now rather glad that I shall not be appointed minister; we could hardly endure two more years of exile. If my novel succeeds, I have two more planned out in my brain, and that will give me occupation at home. All I want is to get above the necessity of lecturing. The "Tribune" is now making money, and my lost revenue from that source will soon be restored, I hope. I have learned a great deal here this winter, and the knowledge is satisfactory in every way. Not the least refreshing result is the new delight in our old life with you, after the contrast of this splendid but hollow existence. I always wanted to know this sort of thing as a part of my cosmical experience. I have it now as thoroughly as if I had lived here twenty years.

I suppose Clay will be here in five or six weeks, and then I shall at once go "where the sands of the Caspian are sparkling" with a tooral looral, etc. (see Tom Moore). "My friend," the Grand Duke Michael, is now commander of the Caucasus, and I expect he will entertain me properly when I visit him. But I will write to you again as my fate develops further. . . .

TO HIS MOTHER.

ST. PETERSBURG, *April* 11, 1863.

. . . We are delighted at the prospect of getting home again, and shall come back thoroughly rested and refreshed. If I could

only manage to live without being obliged to lecture, I should be perfectly satisfied. Perhaps my novel may prove a success, and then I shall be able to do it. I did not know how much my mind had been exhausted until this relief showed it to me.

ST. PETERSBURG, *May* 11, 1863.

I believe I have not written to you since the arrival of the new minister. I will do so now, as I shall probably leave here in a week, at farthest, and will be hurried during the last days of my stay. Clay came on the 29th of April, but was not received by the Emperor until the 7th instant, until which time I remained *chargé*. Since then, I have been posting him in the business of the legation and putting the papers in complete order, so that he can do without a secretary until somebody is appointed for him. I wrote to the President in the most positive terms that I would stay under no conditions, and a letter from Cameron, dated April 20th, says that he told Lincoln the same thing. Cameron says he is just about to visit Cedarcroft, and I presume he will have been there long before this reaches you. In that case he has probably hinted that the government (President and Secretary of State) feel that I have been treated rather shabbily in the matter of this mission, and propose a special piece of work for me. What it is I am not now permitted to say, because I shall not decide whether to accept it or not until I get further details from Washington. I will only say this, — that it will postpone my return about six months. It is something special and temporary, involving the highest confidence and trust, and altogether more distinguished and important than the Russian mission. You are to keep the matter a profound secret, not even telling thus much to any one outside of our immediate household. In case I accept I shall be sorry not to get home so soon, — though the delay will be slight in proportion to the great advantage gained, — more sorry for your sakes than for ours, because I know you must miss us, having less variety and entertainment to fill out the time than we have. But I must ask you to have a little patience, for the sake of the great advantage. My one ambition is to be able to live without lecturing, so as to be more at home and devote my time to authorship ; this business will enable me to do that.

The special mission thus referred to was to the Persian court. The amity between the Russian and

United States governments had been strengthened by the ordeal of the war for the Union, since Russia alone of the great powers had unequivocally shown herself a friend of the Union. It was conceived that this friendship could be sealed more completely if the United States were to enter into diplomatic relations with Persia, since it was clear to statesmen that the movements of Russia in the future would be on that frontier, and any moral support which the United States, as an English-speaking people, might thus grant to Russia would be of peculiar value. All this appears to have been only vaguely outlined. Explicit instructions were to follow, and for these Bayard Taylor impatiently waited, first at St. Petersburg, and then at Gotha.

TO HIS MOTHER.

GOTHA, *June* 22, 1863.

. . . I am looking every day for the dispatches promised to me from Washington. My presentiment is that the new offer will be, on the whole, hardly worth my acceptance, and that we shall return home this summer. The work proposed for me to do is very agreeable, but I fear the remuneration will not be what it should be. I shall only take it in case it pays well, and can be accomplished in six months. . . . M. and I have an intense longing to be back in Cedarcroft. . . . M. has translated "Hannah Thurston," except the last three chapters. There are thirty-six in all. You only heard seven before I left home. A publisher in Hamburg has already offered to bring out the translation, and will pay two hundred thalers for it. Putnam is very anxious to get the original. I have also a letter from —— about the "Tribune," which is doing remarkably well, in spite of the high price of paper.

While waiting for definite news from Washington, Bayard Taylor made excursions to the Bohemian Forest, and with his wife to Coburg, where they were the guests of their Highnesses the Duke and Duchess, and

to Switzerland and the Italian lakes. On their return finally to Gotha, July 23d, they found letters from home announcing the death of Bayard Taylor's youngest brother, Frederick, who fell at Gettysburg. This decided them to return at once to America.

TO HIS MOTHER.

GOTHA, *July* 24, 1863.

I hoped this blow might have been spared for *your* sake. I will bear my share of it, though to me it is very, very hard. Nobody knows how dear Fred was to me: through him I knew what a brother's love meant. I had brighter hopes for him than for myself: he was better and nobler than I. A purer, braver, and more beautiful soul never visited the earth. Let us at least be thankful, even in our sorrow, that we possessed him, — that the glory of his life and death has become a treasure that cannot be taken away from us. If we must lose him, we could not lose him at a better time, or in a more glorious way. Thank God that his precious blood was not shed in vain, but helped to buy the victory which saved our country! Thank God that he fell in the front rank, and that his passing away was painless and sublime! We must think of these things: they are a sad consolation in our bitter loss. No stain rests on his memory. He stands in the ranks of the perfect heroes.

I anticipated the news. I awoke on the morning of the 4th with a terrible weight in my heart, — a weight which I carried with me and could not shake off. When I saw the outside of the letter yesterday, I knew what it contained. The blow was not less severe because it was softened by anticipation. I had tried to overcome my fear, to create an artificial hope, but in vain. Something told me a great sorrow had fallen upon us. Try and bear it until we come to you; for we are coming. I have no heart to serve an administration which has so prolonged the war by its miserable incompetency. You need us now more than the country. We shall be back in six weeks from this time. I have to-day written to Liverpool to take passage, and to St. Petersburg to have my boxes sent on.

I will write to A. to-morrow. I cannot write more now. I can no longer see through my tears. My poor mother and father! I would gladly bear a greater pain, if I could make yours less. God bless and keep you!

Bayard Taylor and his family reached America September 8th, and went immediately to Cedarcroft. Later, he sought an explanation of the Secretary of State for the singular manner in which he had been treated. No satisfactory explanation was ever given. Some faint murmur of "no funds" was allowed to take the place of an explanation, and when he went to see Mr. Lincoln the latter was astonished to find he was not in Persia. Mr. Lincoln had left everything to Mr. Seward, and had taken it for granted that instructions and funds had been sent months before.

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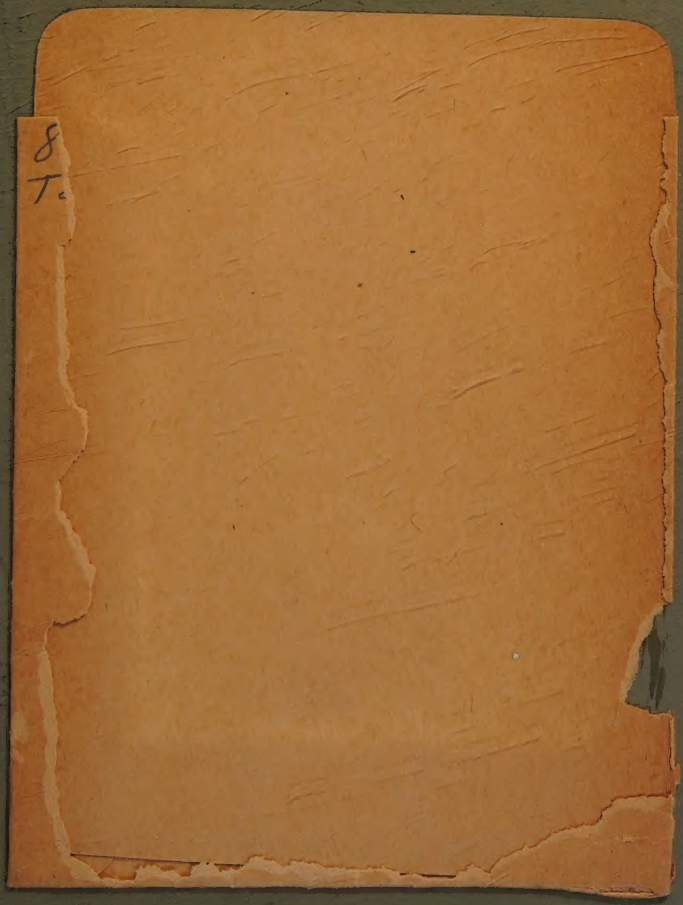

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